

59 The NEW SMART SET

In Combination
with McClure's

The
Young
Woman's
Magazine

JULY
25¢

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**The Art of
Making
Friends**

**Women In
Washington**



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**ORANGE
LIFE SAVERS**

*fruit
drops
with the HOLE*

Famous Artist Now Makes Lonely Wife Happy

She Gets Extra Spending Money And Real Fun Out of Life By Clever Plan. Now She Reveals Easy Way For Any Woman To Do The Same And Get \$85.00 Worth of Gift Wares and Beautiful Art Lamp, Too. All Without Leaving Her Home—And Without Canvassing.

By Elizabeth Cromley

IS IT right that any woman be denied the happiness, amusements and luxuries every woman craves? Can love alone make up for the sacrifices women must make when the family income is barely sufficient to make ends meet?

So many married and single women are deprived of the luxuries of life and don't know how to get them. But this little woman—Mrs. Pearl Sperling—found a way. A way so clever, so easy, so full of thrills that I was assigned to get her whole exciting story so that other women may win happiness and make extra money too.

Life for her, too, was lonely. Luxuries for her, too, were but a hopeless dream. And then—the great adventure came! It was an artist—a famous artist—Monsieur Gabriel Andre Petit—who showed her how to get this extra money and happiness in her spare time.

He told her of a peculiar plan just evolved by the big institution which he directs—a plan which has enabled hundreds of married and single women everywhere to make hundreds of dollars in spare time having a new kind of "fun"—making new friends—amazing other women—receiving their compliments. "What a fascinating way to get money—what a dignified, pleasant, easy way," she exclaimed.

And she says there is no canvassing—no tedious work—no experience needed to start it—and no money to risk. And she could do it in either spare or full time, just as she pleased. All she had to do was follow a simple, easy plan and her loneliness could end—her financial problems could be answered. "What a delightful dream," she thought. "If it would only come true!" And it *did*!

In a quaint little Michigan village, named Adrian, there is a famous institution, known throughout the world, that specializes in beautiful hand decorated Giftwares for the homes of America. Fascinating, unusual, useful objects of art—things that captivate women the instant they see them—things difficult to purchase in regular stores—bridge prizes, gay toys, lamps and shades, wall plaques, batik drapes, incidental furniture and an endless variety of similar novelties. Now the sale of Giftwares of this kind has become so widespread throughout America that to even dream of decorating them all in their studios in Adrian would be utterly impractical. It would require thousands of employees. So a clever plan was evolved. Now this great institution wants women everywhere to do this fascinating, easy, dignified hand decorating at home, in spare time or full time, at exceptionally big profits per piece. They give you a warranty of satisfaction and back it up with a \$1,000.00 Gold Bond. They don't ask you to risk a cent.

No experience or talent are necessary to start. No canvassing or soliciting essential—you don't even need leave your house. You do the decorating according to a special 3-step secret chart method and make a big profit per piece. Even a youngster can easily follow this amazing chart system of decorating. They furnish everything you need to start—besides the instructions they send you at once without extra cost a great, big, generous artist's kit worth \$10.00 so that you can begin to make money immediately. You'll earn more than money—you'll win the admiration of both men and women. You'll gain a reputation for cleverness. You'll become a real personality—a woman who does things. And it's as easy as A.B.C. No tedious study—no memorizing. You learn to do by actually *doing*. It is so easy and so fascinating to do beautiful decorating this simplified way that hundreds of society women have taken it up as a hobby—just for pleasure and to make lovely things for their own homes.

Besides all the profit for such easy work, this big institution shows its generosity by giving new members over \$85.00 worth (retail value) of beautiful Giftwares as a bonus, which you may keep or

sell at a good profit.

Besides this, they send you another gift—a clever Art Lamp that would cost you at least \$15.00 if you had to buy it. Don't send a cent for these two generous gift offers—just mail the membership application below and both offers will be sent at once without cost or obligation to you.

As Mrs. Sperling said herself, "I have good times. This is the meeting place for young and old. It has brought new interests into my life, given me something to think about, something to do, and it is bound to bring the money. My average is now \$170.00 a month."

The big spare time money and the new happiness this profitable home fun brought to Mrs. Sperling is merely an example of what hundreds of other married and single women have done with this clever plan. Women who merely wanted something amusing to occupy their time have found new interests doing this clever work. Women who needed extra money to meet living expenses, to buy dainty things, to send their children to college. Yes, and widows who were compelled to support themselves and their families found salvation and financial independence in this easy way. Some have made as high as \$50.00 to \$75.00 in a single week. Others, in spare time, have made up to \$5.00 in a day. And all in a dignified, pleasant, easy way. For example, Margaret C. Broughel of Connecticut made \$325.00 in just two weeks. Mrs. Mary Schobert of Wisconsin made \$200.00 from October to Xmas. There are hundreds more good money earning records in the files from other women like yourself.

Now they offer steady occupation to more married and single women all over America. Don't worry about experience or talent. Their clever method will quickly enable any woman to decorate dainty things. And your income can start right away. Just fill in and mail the Application below—start making this money at once. No obligation to get the offer of \$85.00 worth of Giftwares and the \$15.00 Art Lamp at once. Send no money. Nothing will be sent C.O.D. This is not an order. But act at once if you want this opening. Fireside Industries, Dept. 69-H, Adrian, Mich.



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Dept. 69-H, Adrian, Mich.

I hereby apply for the occupation you offer in my town and the offer of \$85.00 worth of Giftwares and \$15.00 Art Lamp (retail value.) This is not an order—send nothing C.O.D. I am to pay no money for this generous offer.

I would like \$_____ per hour.

I can devote _____ hours per week.

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The NEW SMART SET

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JULY, 1930—VOLUME 86, No. 5

The Young

Woman's Magazine

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Fortieth Anniversary

THE MODEL LAKEWOOD THEATRE AT SKOWHEGAN, MAINE
EQUIPS ITS DRESSING ROOMS WITH THESE FAMOUS
CREAMS AND LOTION

Perfect Cold Cream
Perfect Vanishing Cream
Perfect Cleansing Cream
Vivatone



CLAIBORNE FOSTER, bright particular star of the Lakewood Theatre, is well-known to Broadway for her outstanding performances in "The Patsy," "Other Men's Wives," etc.

The Lakewood Theatre is one of the conspicuous successes in the Little Theatre Movement. The charming colonial building (shown above) is thronged each night with smart theatre lovers from the fashionable New England coast resorts. The season is from May to October... new plays are given each week starring well loved Broadway players... if you're touring New England this summer don't miss this unique and lovely spot.

The DEBUTANTE Kit

50 CENT TRIAL OFFER



Send 50 cents direct to Daggett & Ramsdell, 2 Park Avenue, New York, for this smart little kit. Contains regular sizes of all four lovely products... enough for several complete facials described on this page. Read the new beauty book in the kit. It will help you to have the dainty cleanliness, the smooth skin that makes any woman more alluring. Send the coupon right now, while you think of it.

DAGGETT AND RAMSDELL'S Perfect Cold Cream has been used for forty years by famous stage stars. The constant application of grease-paint and make-up necessitated by their profession, makes the use of a pure emollient afterwards an absolute essential to keep the skin fresh and fair and free from clogging.

Actresses are notable for their lovely skins... constant care with fine, pure products does it... will do it for you, too. Now that the Daggett and Ramsdell family has grown to four equally lovely products, any woman can give her skin correct modern care easily and quickly at home. Follow these directions:

Daily night massage: apply Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream generously and massage the skin of face, neck and shoulders thoroughly with a rotary motion. Wipe off with tissues. If the tissues look dirty, apply the cream again and wipe it off.

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By and About Women

"BUDDY ROGERS does more damage to female hearts in one embrace, with his heroine, than I do in twenty broadcasts."
—Rudy Vallee.

"IF ANY girl comes in here at six o'clock moaning that she is 'fainting for a drink' and that 'nothing but a stiff Martini' will save her life, I know she must be well under twenty-five." —Beria Ruck, English author.

"LOVE without marriage and marriage without love will be old-fashioned in fifty years." —Will Durant.

"WHAT ever happened to those strong-minded women who swore a few months ago that they would never go back to long skirts, Paris or no Paris?"
—H. I. Phillips.

"THE Daughters of the American Revolution represents something more than the mere pride of ancestry. It stands for no principle or policy not based upon the very words of Washington and his revolutionary compatriots."
—Mrs. Lowell Fletcher Hobart.

"WASHINGTON was one of the most experienced and skilful liars that ever lived." —Rupert Hughes.



"MY HUSBAND kissed me. I saw sparks leaping from his body and felt that I was burned under the right eye. That's the result of marrying a man who is always meddling with radio and electricity." —Marchesa Marconi.



"ATHLETICS make women ugly, and I doubt that women with bulging muscles can attract the most worthy fathers for their children." —Dr. Frederick Rogers, State Department of Education, New York.

"ALL that is best and finest in marriage can be best expressed in the simple formula of 'One plus one is always two'."
—Heywood Brown.

"NO GIRL really marries for money. She gets divorced for that." —Bugs Baer.

"I BELIEVE that women's clubs, including the maligned 'culture and uplift' societies, are the cultural hope of America, even if they proceed on the hemstitched lines of tabloid thinking." —Fannie Hurst.

"BEAUTY, indeed, is often the greatest of all handicaps for a girl in New York."
—O. O. McIntyre.

"I AM not one of those who lose their pearls or have them stolen for publicity purposes. I have been far removed from that sort of thing since I became a princess." —Pola Negri.

"LONG dresses are intended for teas, formal dinners and balls. Never, never had I intended them for the masses. I have never before been so upset."
—Jean Patou.

"EVERYWHERE in America the women were beautifully dressed and groomed. They have pride in themselves and a lovely manner. Even the girls in the cafeterias seem to be wearing Paris gowns."
—Vivian Guy, English Artist.

"WOMEN are at their very best when they have passed the thirties." —Maurice de Waleffe, French writer.

"THE Bible is the greatest sex story ever written." —Mae West.

"IT IS not uncommon now to hear very young children call their fathers 'stupid' and to hear adolescent youths describe their parents as 'encumbering baggage'. This breakdown of domestic discipline constitutes one of the most urgent problems of the present day." —Pope Pius XI.

"I HAVE enjoyed myself tremendously. I think the 'pub' is a splendid place, so cosy and homely." —Queen Mary, visiting Anchor Inn.

"COWS, chickens, lilacs, that sort of thing ought to do me so much good because they're so restful and I've been so leapy, so nervous." —Betty Compton, on retiring to her farm.

"STRANGE is insect life. Among katydids there are twenty males for every female. This will interest women, for the katydid is one of the noisiest of insects. The males make all that racket."
—Arthur Brisbane.

"SUCCESS has killed more people than bullets." —Texas Guinan.

"I HAVE found no suggestion of sex discrimination in the House of Representatives since my election in 1928."
—Ruth Hanna McCormick.



"A YOUNG woman must be as beautiful as possible to secure a husband. In such a case it may be better to fix up her devitalized teeth rather than extract them until after she is married." —Dr. C. F. B. Stowell, prominent Chicago dentist.

DO TELL!



THE mean time—the morning after.

BOBBY—Pa, what's a weapon?
Pa—A weapon, my son, is something to fight with.
Bobby—Is ma your weapon, pa?

WOMEN seldom suffer untold agonies.

HEWITT—How did you come to be arrested in the park?
Jewett—For walking on the grass.
Hewitt—What were you doing on the grass?
Jewett—I had to go on it to read the sign.

THE man who believes a woman can't keep a secret should ask her age.

MR.—I thought you told me women don't talk about such things.
Mrs.—Why, my dear, I don't think it was a woman who told me.

VIRTUE is too often someone else's reward.

KID BROTHER—Guess the Lord didn't make everybody, 'cause I heard sister Jane say this morning that her friend made himself right at home.



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*The undergrowth must also be removed
in order to prevent a bristly regrowth*

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By mail, in plain envelope, tell me
about **ZIP** and how to be entirely free
of hair. Also send "Beauty's Greatest
Secret" without charge.

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because
IT'S OUT**

Overcome Annoying Perspiration with **AB-SCENT** Harmless, Colorless Deodorant, 50c

The Truth About Cosmetics

By Mary Lee

THOSE two little round affairs in the center of this page are the newest method of self-torture on the beauty market. They are called Ann Zell Truth mirrors, and George Washington had nothing on them for veracity.

The whole trick, I'm told (I'd never know that much naturally) is that they are made of pure, white glass, just like those persistent little mirrors with which the dentist whisks about your bicuspid. Most mirrors, it seems, are just old window panes backed with color, usually silver.

Be that as it may, these Truth mirrors show you up in a crueler light than your worst enemy could. The big break on that, however, is that you can't do anything about your enemy's cattiness, but you can do something about changing the old appearance after one glance in these horrible examples.

For myself, one look and I changed the color of my lipstick and decided to use less cold cream. I think they'll do similar things to you and I think you'll like them. They come in several sizes, from a purse variety—which isn't magnifying—at fifty cents, to the large magnifying sizes, with handles that hold tweezers for the old eyebrows, at fifteen dollars.

And, speaking of changing from cold cream brings me, with all the naturalness of a freight train in a flower garden, up to the subject of *Ambrosia*. Or should I say the *Ambrosia* menace?

For menace *Ambrosia* is—to all the other cosmetic firms—but a blessing to all little maidens with oily skins. *Ambrosia* isn't new, of course, being a year old on the general market and very, very big for its age. But the effects of it are new and far-reaching.

Never in my personal experience have I known of a lone product that has caused so much havoc and so much praise. All the regular firms that have been putting out cold creams, cleansing creams, tissue creams, vanishing creams—in fact everything but the cream in your coffee—wish *Ambrosia* were in the middle of the deep, blue sea. And every girl with oily skin seems not only to be using it herself, but to be going about trying to get every other girl to use it. I've never heard such a word-of-mouth campaign on anything, ever.

OF COURSE, if you have been breathlessly following the adventures of this face of mine, you know that it is drier than the Congressional Record—and *Ambrosia* is not at its best on such. But oily skins are much commoner than dry ones (just proving how exclusive my skin is) and so, anything that really aids them is bound to have a great big vogue. *Ambrosia* really does work. It tightens oily skins just the amount they need to be tightened and seems to reduce their tendency toward blackheads. Some girls use it as is every night. Others—and I endorse this plan highly—use *Ambrosia* one night and cold cream the next. And moreover it comes in a slick new bottle at various sizes and prices that, as the phrase has it, fit every purse.

Either way, this preparation is making all the other firms look at the subject of liquid cleansers closely. Dorothy Gray already has one, called Skin Toning Lotion, which I like a

lot for dry skins, and there are several others just about to pop forth.

I think this is really a step in the right direction, and if this new trend should put several cold cream companies in the dust, I think it's their own darn fault. They have overstocked the market on creams. Getting in on a good thing, they couldn't let well enough alone. They not only tried to sell every woman a jar of cold cream, but tried to sell her forty jars of about ten different varieties. Then a large number of them began taking the lanolin out of the original formulas—and lanolin is one of those elements that have been absolutely proved medically as being helpful to the complexion.

Take the new Rigaud cold cream, for example. It seems pure enough but it is utterly lacking in distinction. It comes in the plainest of square, white jars wrapped around with a dull brown label. It is perfumed with their *Air Embaumé* but that to me, translated roughly, has always had the most awful

grave-yard sound. I don't see how a cream like this, coming into to-day's highly competitive market, even expects to make the grade.

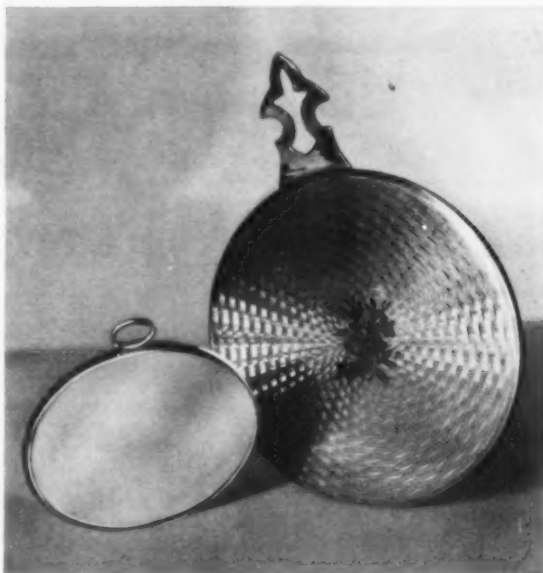
DuBarry, the beauty line of Richard Hudnut, has just launched a special new black-head preparation. This differs from most in that you roll your own—or, rather, mix your own. The preparation comes in powder form, most agreeably scented, in a tall pink can. You mix it with a little warm water, apply it, allow it to remain about five minutes, and then remove it with clear, cold water—and lo and behold! Once a week is said to be enough for blackheads that aren't too awful and twice a week for those that are. All this for one small dollar.

WITH the advent of the travel season I always begin looking around for new kits for beauty travel and one of the nicest that has

appeared on my desk for many a season is that put out by the house of Pierre. Pierre is an interesting soul who has lived in Europe most of his life and studied the hair and the skin of queens, czarinas and such. Go into his New York shop and he has the most devastating way of telling you just what is wrong with your hair cut, your shampoo and your make-up. He was one of the men who held out on the subject of the permanent wave until he knew that it had been evolved to the place where it was harmless. In other words, he's honest and intelligent.

His new beauty preparations impress me the same way. His little traveling kit is very appealing because it is light and compact. Elizabeth Arden, for instance, has the most heavenly of all traveling beauty outfits but it is both expensive and heavy.

The Pierre kit comes in a cool lavender tin box. It holds an astringent lotion, a skin tonic, a jar of nice, cream rouge, a box of powder (in a lavender satin and gray suede box that's a pet), a basic cream—I suppose he means foundation—a cleansing cream and a package of cleansing tissues. If I were in the business of advising boys instead of girls, I would advise any boy who wanted to make a heavy hit to slip one into the girl friend's hand some evening instead of that box of candy.



It Was the Greatest Shock of My Life to Hear Her Play



—how had she found time to practice?

"WELL, Jim—I told you I had a surprise for you!" She beamed at her husband, delighted to see how surprised—and pleased—he was.

And I was astonished, too. Quite casually she had gone to the piano, sat down—and played! Played beautifully—though I had never seen her touch a piano before. I didn't even know that she could read notes. Neither of us could conceal our curiosity.

"How did you ever do it?" her husband asked. "When did you find time to practice?"

"And who is your teacher?" I added. "Wait, wait!" she laughed. "One question at a time. I have no teacher, that is, no private teacher, and I do my practicing between dishes."

"No teacher?" "No—I learned to play the piano an entirely new way—without a teacher. You see, all my life I wanted to play some musical instrument, and the piano appealed to me most. I thought I'd never learn how to play it, though—for I haven't much time to spare, and I thought it would take long, long hours of hard work and study. And I thought it would be expensive, too."

"Well, it is hard work, and it is expensive," I said. "Why, my sister?" "I know," she laughed, "but I learned to play the piano through the new simplified method. Some time ago I saw an announcement of the U. S. School of

Music. It told how a young man had learned to play the piano during his spare time without a teacher. I found that thousands of others had learned to play their favorite musical instruments in this same delightful easy way, and so I decided to enroll for a course in piano playing."

"But you didn't tell me anything about it," Jim said.

"Well, you see, that was my big surprise. Ever since I received my first lesson I've been practicing by myself—during the day while you've been away at business. I turned my spare moments between house-keeping and shopping into something pleasant and profitable."

"If you planned to surprise me—you've certainly succeeded," said Jim.

Learn to Play at Home

This story is typical. There are thousands of men and women who have turned their spare moments into valuable time. In hours that would otherwise be wasted they have learned to play their favorite musical instruments through the U. S. School of Music.

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Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor.



Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company
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Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

Name.....

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"Now . . . I can stand the Public Gaze" . . . Can You?

MOMENTS THAT MATTER: When you slip your beach coat from your shoulders and your bathing suit seems all too brief . . . When you tee off in front of a watchful gallery and the sunlight glances on your stockingless legs . . . When the dashboard light of your favorite roadster shines full on your sheer chiffon hose . . . When you raise your arms to pin back a stray lock and your dress is sleeveless . . .

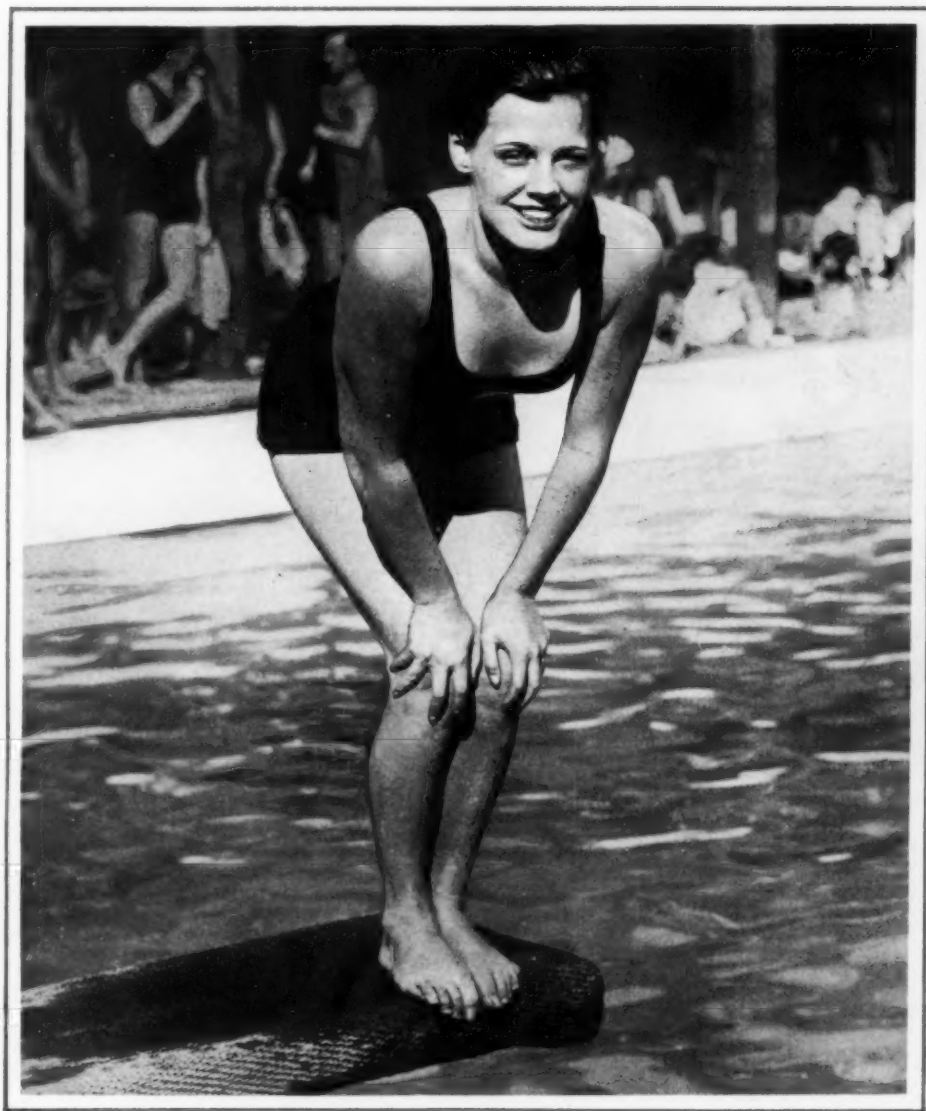
You can meet such moments with nonchalant poise if your skin shows no trace of ugly superfluous hair. And it's so easy to keep your under-arm, fore-arm and legs free of fuzzy growth when you use Del-a-tone Cream.

Perfected through our exclusive formula Del-a-tone has the distinction of being the first and only white cream hair-remover.

Easy to apply as cold cream, Del-a-tone actually removes hair safely in 3 minutes or less. When you see how smooth and clean it leaves your skin, you will understand why actresses and society women, who are constantly in the public gaze, consider it an indispensable aid to loveliness.

Del-a-tone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper, \$1. Money back if desired. (Trial tube, 10c —use coupon below.) Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co., The Delatone Bldg. (Established 1908). Department 657, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Smart Set's Hall of Feminine Fame



THE SWIMMER

WORK isn't the only way to fame. Play sometimes gets you there. Little Eleanor Holm always loved the water. Born and brought up in New York City, she went, one summer, on a vacation to Long Beach, Long Island. There she learned to swim. She seemed just naturally to excel. She was on the Olympic team at fourteen. To-day, at sixteen, five feet tall and weighing a mere hundred pounds, still in high school, she holds the world's record for medley swimming at three hundred yards and the one hundred and fifty yard back stroke title



THE GALLERY OWNER

A CHARMING answer to whether or not a woman can have a home and a career is Mrs. Helen Hackett, the youngest woman in the United States to both own and direct an art gallery. Married and with an infant daughter, Mrs. Hackett still found the time and the wish for other interests. She entered business as assistant to Marie Sterner, another gallery manager. In two years she had learned enough to enable her to branch out for herself. To-day finds her very successful, happy and famous for her very fine collection of contemporary paintings



THE ANIMAL BEAUTY DOCTOR

RITA KING'S love for an ugly pet dog rewarded her with a novel money-making idea. She longed to have her ill-favored canine win a prize, so she cast about for ways of beautifying him for a dog show. He didn't get a prize but Rita learned much about glorifying his and other breeds. That started her thinking. With her father and mother she launched "The Dog and Cat Beauty Parlor" where pets can be manicured, shampooed, permanent-waved, dry cleaned or reduced in weight. New York's animal aristocrats are now weekly visitors



THE PUBLISHER

WHAT about the working wife who works for her husband? Blanche Knopf proves charmingly and efficiently that it can be done. Her husband, Alfred A. Knopf, is president of the distinguished publishing house of Knopf & Co. Mrs. Knopf is vice-president. He attends particularly to the editorial end of the business, while she concentrates on the publicity and sales promotion departments. Besides being at her desk daily from nine to five o'clock, Mrs. Knopf finds time to keep up both a town and country house and to look after her young son

THE FLYING WAITRESS

BACK in her home town of Betterton, Md., young Beulah Unruh dreamed of becoming an aviatrix. There were no flying fields nearby and she had no money for instruction, but Beulah didn't let that stop her. Coming to New York, she got a job as waitress. It was hard, tiring work but on her "day off" this undaunted girl took lessons at the famous Curtiss Field Airport. Now she is ready for her commercial pilot's license and her future appears brilliant





THE EXTERIOR DECORATOR

RUTH CARROLL'S parents were determined their child should become a musician, but she was determined to be an artist. Enter Ruth's astronomy professor at Vassar to break the deadlock. He commissioned Ruth to make a painting of a winter eclipse of the sun. The completed picture was so excellent Ruth's parents relented and she entered art school. When the leading museums had bought several of her works, Ruth started on murals and found a new career. She made paintings for the foyers of apartment houses—and a fine income for herself

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So many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of 50 cent dentifrices. Cold Cream, for example. Talcum. Handkerchiefs. Hose.



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trial convinces you of its
exhilarating after effect



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Now that delightful sensation is brought to you by Listerine Tooth Paste—25 cents the large tube.

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gleaming. How it invigorates the entire oral tract. Millions, finding that Listerine Tooth Paste gives such pleasant results, have rejected older and costlier favorites. The average saving is \$3 per year per person.

We'll wager that once you try it, you too, will be convinced of its merit. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



THE PRIMA DONNA

ALL young American singers turn their eyes in the direction of the Metropolitan Opera Company—but only a few arrive there. At the age of thirteen, Kansas City-born Gladys Swartout was singing in her first public recital. Having difficulty with one note, she signalled her accompanist and calmly took the whole phrase over again. Such poise, plus a really beautiful voice, brought her local fame and a job in a church choir. Followed much hard work culminating in her brilliant debut in "Romeo and Juliet" at the Metropolitan last winter

EAT and be Happy

FOR your "dressing" take three parts of the elegant Gibson Girl to one of the hoyden flapper, add a pinch of the mid-Victorian belle, mix thoroughly, and you may serve yourself as a style model of 1930.

But aside from clothes to achieve the desired flavor—decidedly anti-mannish but not too sweet—the required curves in the latest geometrical decree of Dame Fashion must be built up from the inside.

Eat more, is the edict. And for several months past, word has been coming from various parts of the country that the days of starvation diet are over.

Farmers have hopes of regaining the 20% decline in the consumption of wheat. Restaurateurs are beaming, bakers and confectioners are happy as larks, and feminine good nature is said to be on the increase.

With a little fat comes jollity!

HOLLYWOOD, the very citadel of scientific banting, where the weight of beauty was watched almost hourly, has fallen. Frances Edwards, hostess of the commissary where the stars of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer foregather for nourishment, reports the following debacle:

"The average luncheon check has gone up from twenty to twenty-five cents more than the average for the past five years, and represents a piece of pie or French pastry, formerly omitted. They're all eating more, and I'm glad of it. I was worried about that dieting. For weeks Joan Crawford's lunch was crackers and mustard, with a bite of apple picked out of a piece of pie.

"They all watch their weight even now, but the new styles and the return of contours give them five to ten pounds' leeway over the weight they used to consider ideal.

"You would be surprised at the crowd that consumes oatmeal and

corn mush now. Orders for cheese are frequent. All are eating candy."

Six months ago such a statement would have been considered the first sure sign of utter insanity.

LET us see how New York behaves on the rotundity trend. Mrs. Mary York, managing director of the *Sutton*, a new women's apartment hotel, has been quietly keeping tab on her guests since the 1930 styles arrived from Paris, and this is what she has to say:

"For a while the eighteen-day diet was almost a religion among business women. They followed its admonitions carefully. They would not enter a restaurant where there was a possibility of having to deviate from the prescribed meal. But the new styles seem to have made roundness and femininity popular again. Girls don't care for extra pounds any more."

And if they are consuming the extra chocolate eclairs so fast that the head of a chain of restaurants says have doubled in demand, it would look as if the fair ladies were now seeking poundage.

Can it be that the famous "perfect thirty-six" of a bygone day, with its thirty-one inch waist and its thirty-nine-inch hips (recently prescribed by Uncle Sam, by the way!) is to come back as the new ideal of feminine form?

When one hears of a celebrated actress boasting of tipping the beam an extra stone, which happened not long ago, almost anything can be expected.

EVEN Business demands more "eats". Recently at Temple University, Philadelphia, Professor



T. L. Bolton conducted a series of food experiments on twenty girls to determine the energy value in business of feminine workers as related to their daily diet.

AFTER prolonged tests, which required some 500,000 calculations, it was determined that additional sweets resulted in greater efficiency and the saving of nervous wear and tear. Said Professor Bolton:

"On the basis of our findings, hard-working business and professional men and women would do well to keep in the drawer of the desk a box of good candy or candied fruit. When energy begins to flag, in mid-afternoon, these quick-action foods will act as an emergency ration and supply the calories needed for the rest of the day's work. The sugar in afternoon tea, or in sweetened cold drinks, will have the same effect."

Back of Dr. Bolton's investigation, says the *Scientific American*, "lies the growing belief on the part of employers that unwise reducing diets are responsible not only for frequent illness, but for decreased volume and lowered quality of work. As the food within the body approaches exhaustion, work power begins to fall off, and fatigue sets in."

So eat and be happy and—efficient.

An HONEST



By

Margaret Culkin
Banning

MADELINE was facing life. She knew there was no use in getting up—and yet, on the other hand, there was no use in not getting up. Lying in bed in a dismal little room wasn't going to help her any.

But outside the dismal little room lay miles and miles of sunlit Chicago in July, of theatrical offices which were not in the least interested in finding her an engagement, of theatres with other girls rehearsing in them. While on her table lay the letter from Scott saying that he had not been able to get any bookings for their act.

He had written it instead of telephoning, which was rather yellow. But then, if the question of money had not been involved, she herself would have ditched Scott three weeks ago, when she first saw what he was.

He was a second-rate vaudeville actor in the first place, and in the second he had proved to be neither a pleasant nor a trustworthy partner, certainly not one with whom she would be willing to travel about the country. Still, a couple of engagements in or around Chicago was all she had hoped for, with enough money to give her something to go on and enough success or personal notice to help her to step up to something else. She wasn't even going to get that now.

Thousands of girls, she told herself stoutly, are stuck like this all the time, all over the country, right here in the city. But even that companionable thought failed to help her much.

SHE got up and did a few exercises, more from habit than necessity, drew a black satin kimono around her with a motion picture air and went down the hall for a makeshift shower.

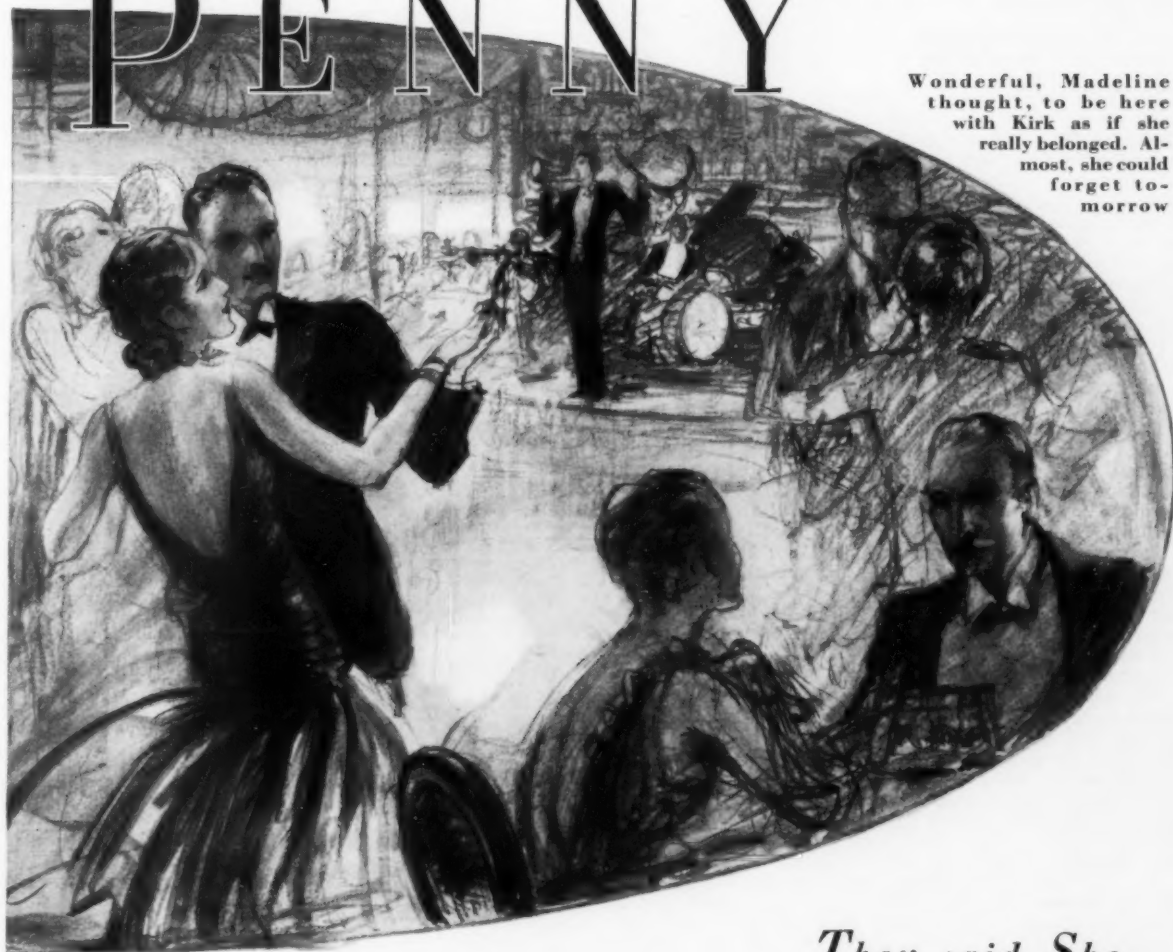
After that, her three garments, stockings and street slippers took only a minute to slip on, and she finished off with the careful adjustment of a small black hat and two minutes' work with her lipstick. Madeline never did anything but her lips, for she had the fine-grained, olive skin of an aristocrat and knew how to let well enough alone.

She drew the covers up on her bed, made a few general gestures toward order and, picking up her purse as if it had plenty of money in it, went out to further confuse Chicago. Her black georgette dress with its tiny swinging cape had a correct air of coolness and restraint and her slippers had come from Gallery's. So had the bill, three months ago, and it was still coming.

Two things were on her mind as she walked along. The first was whether to get a milk chocolate now and call that both breakfast and lunch, with the crackers she could ask for with it; and whether she would go back to the Rennett Agency or try the Merrill Vaudeville. They were the only two that seemed to be booking much.

The Rennett Agency had got her the act with Harry Scott

PENNY



Wonderful, Madeline thought, to be here with Kirk as if she really belonged. Almost, she could forget to-morrow

They said She Was Ritzy, But She Knew How It Hurt to Take Tips

and Ed Rennett would not be too pleased to see her come back. Still, it might be just as well to get her story in first, before Scott.

ED RENNETT, untidy and fagged from the heat, greeted her disconsolately. From the way he talked she knew Scott had been in already. "Everybody's stuck," said Rennett. "You've got to put up with things, Miss Starr. It's no use being ritzy, you know, if you want to get in vaudeville."

"I don't know where you get that stuff about my being ritzy," Madeline came back; but even as she said it she despised his wilting collar and the fetid smell of his office. It was so hot that they were both poor at posing. He thought she wasn't going to get by and he showed it.

She went to the Merrill office. The reason she had not gone there before was because she knew they only liked to handle sure acts. But to-day she was in no mood to discriminate.

The wind of desperate hope blew her along, right through the Merrill office, past the reluctant stenographer, past a couple of lounging men and a waiting fat lady, and into the presence of Merrill himself.

He was a thin, sour-looking little man and he looked at her as Rennett had, without enthusiasm.

"What experience have you had?" he asked her coldly.

She told him of her eight weeks on the *Pleiades* circuit.

"Yep. And the act busted up. What you looking for now? Single or team?"

"Single," said Madeleine.

"Can you sing blues?"

"Oh, yes."

He nodded toward a piano in the corner of his disorderly office.

"Shoot," he invited without cordiality.

She hated to sing blues. They didn't suit her voice somehow, and she hated especially having to sing them here. Sometimes, when her mood was right, she could fake blues rather remarkably. She did what she could now, but there was no kick in it.

Merrill was not rude. He did not even tell her that she couldn't sing blues. He was too wise to insult anyone; experience had taught him that you could never tell who might unexpectedly get by.

"It's pretty dull," he said. "I don't know of anything for you now, Miss Starr. Keep you in mind. You've got to put your personality over pretty big in singles. I might be able to get you a song and dance act in some cabaret. You dance?"

"All kinds."

"Costume—ballad stuff, maybe," he said appraising her legs, arms, shoulders. "Sing ballads?"

"Yes." She made another movement toward the piano.

"Don't bother now. How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"All right. I'll let you know."

But she knew that, barring miracles, he wouldn't.

OUTSIDE in the street, she consulted her smudged list of agencies. She might as well go down the line while she had her nerve up. You never could tell. Someone might just be looking for a girl to-day.

It grew so hot after midday that the city seemed to slouch under it, to open its shirt collar, not to care how it looked. Madeline had a soda at three o'clock. She went into Huyler's and sat at one of the little round tables far in the back, where the heat might possibly not yet have penetrated. She tried a chocolate peppermint soda for inspiration, making it last as long as she could while she weighed her chances and tried to decide what to do next.

In her purse were three dollars and twenty-eight cents. She could live on that for several days, as far as food went, but if nothing turned up then she wouldn't even have the price of a wire home. She'd have to get a job.

The last bubble of soda was exhausted; she lingered as long as was compatible with what she had paid for it, and then braved the street again. The thick, parching air met her like a blow. On Michigan Avenue even the lake looked still and exhausted.

She went down along the array of shops, retreating under their awnings to avoid the menace of the sun, and gazing idly in the windows. To-day even desire was beaten out of her. It was ridiculous to be as near the edge as this. No job, and Scott had been so sure, so boastful about making money on that act.

She stood before the windows of *Nicolette's* and regarded the few cool white things displayed for the very rich. Madeline loved *Nicolette's* windows. She sighed and passed on.

Three or four doors farther along, an imitation of *Nicolette's*, jauntily called the *Maison de Paris*, made its boast to the world. Madeline stopped there also, because inside the entrance was a little curved arcade through which one might pass and perhaps cool off a little.

Her eyes were scornful as she looked at the display. The evening dresses were all wrong, and the sport things on the other side tawdry. Not a decent thing in the window, she thought, and then a little gilt sign caught her eye. "Sales-lady wanted." She looked at the sign for two minutes, then opened the door and walked in.

A welcoming person, noting Madeline's correct costume, came up to her.

"Can I show you something?"

"The way to the office, please," said Madeline. "I'm looking for a job and I saw the sign in your window."

"Oh, you'll have to see Mr. Hirtz. He's back there." She pointed indifferently.

MR. HIRTZ had a manner of great and subtle shrewdness. Madeline quickly classified him as having taken a psychology course to increase his efficiency and drive. He questioned her closely.

"No experience?"

"Well," said Madeline, "I like clothes. And I've bought some in my day. I think I could probably sell them."

Mr. Hirtz looked at her and tried to make his eyes intensely keen. Madeline rather high-batted him, but he liked it. He felt tempted to experiment. She had style and would save him many interviews if she worked out—and it was too hot for many interviews. Besides, the sale went on in the morning. He asked more questions.

"I will try you," he said at length, condescendingly. "Be here to-morrow by eight sharp and Miss Murphy will show you the stock. Miss Murphy!"

The welcoming lady came back and accepted an invitation to meet Miss Madeline Starr.

"Odd name," she said, by way of being cordial.

Madeline, whose family name had made American history, asked Miss Murphy if she really thought so. She herself felt a little odd as she left the shop with the knowledge that she

was to reenter it as saleswoman next morning. Still, it was a job.

She went back to her little room on the top floor of an exceedingly respectable rooming-house. There she reapplied the uncertain shower and did what she could with rice powder and courage to smarten herself up. The whistles had just blown five o'clock furiously when someone called her to the telephone. She hoped it would be Kirk McWilliams and it was.

"How are the footlights?" he asked.

"Don't talk theatre to me,"



Illustrations by

HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

said Madeline. "I've had enough of it to-day."

That was ambiguous but it put him off.

"Free to-night?"

"Maybe—later—" She couldn't let Kirk take her to dinner again. She'd dined with him the night before.

"If I breeze around about nine-thirty? How about a ride and hunting up a little dance?"

"Aren't you going out in the country where it's cool?"

"Not if I can see you. Duck the ham actors and come along. Will you?"

"About ten then," she conceded, as if that was the best she could do.

WHEN he had rung off she tried to cool herself with thoughts of how it would feel to have the rush of air on her forehead as they drove along the boulevard. It made her a little dizzy, and she suddenly remembered that she had had nothing all day but the milk chocolate and the ice-cream soda. She'd go out and get some dinner—dinner at Miss Susan's. She needed good food.

Miss Susan's miniature restaurant hardly vulgarized itself by a sign. *The Virginian* was painted above the entrance, but the letters had become blackened and everyone called it "Miss Susan's". The food was so good that men came there by



Blues...sensuous,
heart-stirring.
Madeline hated
having to sing
them in this hot,
dirty office, with
Merrill watching

themselves, men who lived at the great hotels a block or two away.

Madeline came in prettily, the black georgette dress now over the palest of pink slips and another hat, of pale pink velour, crushed down over her eyes. The old ducky at the door who took wraps and things and called taxis, greeted her with effusive deference.

"Yas'm," he chuckled, "sho been hot. I reckon yo' all tired of dat show business to-day! Yes ma'am!"

Madeline smiled at him but it hurt. Everything pressed on the raw spot. She wasn't in the show business to-night. She was a shop girl, a girl who was going to sell clothes, who simply hadn't been able to put her act over, that was all.

It was table d'hôte at Miss Susan's. Madeline ordered the chicken and Miss Susan came over herself to explain why things moved slowly. Miss Susan, a born Southerner, liked

Madeline and knew more about her than did most of Madeline's drifting acquaintances. The name Starr meant something to Miss Susan. A Starr had been in the United States Senate when Miss Susan's cousin from Virginia was there. Miss Susan had quickly found that out.

"The kitchen's upset," she said now. "I had to call up the David Hotel for a waitress and she's slow on her feet. Nancy had to go to the hospital for an operation. Poor Nancy! I certainly do miss that girl."

Miss Susan had only three waitresses.

"You're pale to-night, child," she said. "This heat's draggin' you out. Why don't you go home to your folks for a rest?"

Madeline shook her head.

"I've been resting and studying all my life, Miss Susan. Got to get somewhere first."

Miss Susan patted her hand affectionately and moved on. Madeline's appetite had dwindled. She wasn't hungry after all, and her dollar-and-a-quarter dinner was half wasted. It distressed her.

YET at ten she was dancing in the greatest hotel along the lake shore, in the vaulted room across which the musicians' unsurpassable melodies rose and trembled, while the first breeze coming up from the lake struck across the luxurious open cabaret as if to pay tribute.

Kirk danced beautifully and didn't talk much. Madeline liked that always, but most of all to-night. As she danced, in the same slippers which had trudged the pavements in search of work, exhaustion went out of her and she forgot even the oppressive heat.

[Continued on page 80]

Are WOMEN Good



P & A



P & A

A good sport and a poor one. Lady Mary Heath gamely retired from an air derby and refused to explain that she did it to give poorer flyers a better chance. Suzanne Lenglen (below) plays sick rather than face a tennis defeat

"The World's Fastest Snappy Sidelights on the

IN 1920, aboard the Olympic ship, sailing for the greatest event in the world of sport, there was a little girl of fourteen whom we all came to love. She was the especial pet of Loren Murchison, the great indoor sprinter, and myself. We used to sneak candy from the commissary for her, and she would follow us all over the boat, pleading for another piece. We were her self-appointed guardians, even though she didn't need any, and wherever Murch and I went, Aileen Riggan went with us. She was such a lovable nuisance we never considered her seriously as an athlete. In fact, in common with lots of others, we wondered how she had ever won a place on the swimming team.

We got to Antwerp and there fourteen-year-old Aileen answered that question most thoroughly. She faced the greatest divers in the world. Her grace, her beauty and her technique matched her rivals'. But she had one more thing that put her over and made her victor. That was plain, blind courage.

It was the final diving trial of the day. There was a diving platform that had been condemned, high up in the air, and condemned for just that reason. Aileen climbed up to it, stood poised for a minute and then with one beautiful dive came down to win the Olympic title.

Four years later, we were all aboard the Olympic ship once again, sailing this time for Paris. Aileen Riggan was quite a young lady now, with a string of swaggering swains. But Murchison and I were still her "official representatives" and all dates, dances, and engagements had to be made through us. It was great fun and the surest way of making enemies that I have yet discovered.

That year Aileen was favored to win the diving event. But she didn't. She was defeated by the narrowest of margins. But did she whimper or cry about it? She did not. She proved even more wonderful in defeat than she had been in victory. She grinned gamely.

A little later in those same Olympics, Murchison and I were both beaten in the hundred meter runs. We were disappointed, I must admit, but we didn't take the matter greatly to heart until we were returning to the start. There was Aileen, who had

accepted her own defeat smiling, weeping over us. Then we began to feel sorry for ourselves and a little puffed up, too, that such a girl should cry over us.

THAT year the friendship of Helen Wainwright, the greatest all-round swimmer of her time, Helen Meany, diving star, and Aileen began. They were immediately dubbed "The Three Musketeers" and their friendship and loyalty to each other has been one of the most beautiful in the sport world. Those who doubt that girls can see each other bask in the limelight of fame and not be jealous should know the story of those three girls who have again and again competed against

S P O R T S ?

By
Charlie Paddock

Human" Puts Over a Few Sportswomen He has Known

each other and yet lived and loved as sisters afterward. Gertrude Ederle later joined their triumvirate. "Trudy", a quiet, undemonstrative girl, needed this friendship to make her into a great athletic figure. Indeed, anyone who knows the real story can tell you that the stalwart Ederle would never have swum the Channel had it not been for the competition of Helen Wainwright, the advice of Helen Meany and the encouragement of Aileen Riffin.

Trudy, with that swimming of the Channel, became, of course, the immortal girl swimmer of all time. And if all the catty prophecies about women were true, that would have been Trudy's chance to forget her friends. Instead, she refused to accept any tour which did not include them. Three of them went out together, Helen Meany staying in the amateur ranks to win the Olympic Championship which her friends had already captured. This Helen did in the Games of '28.

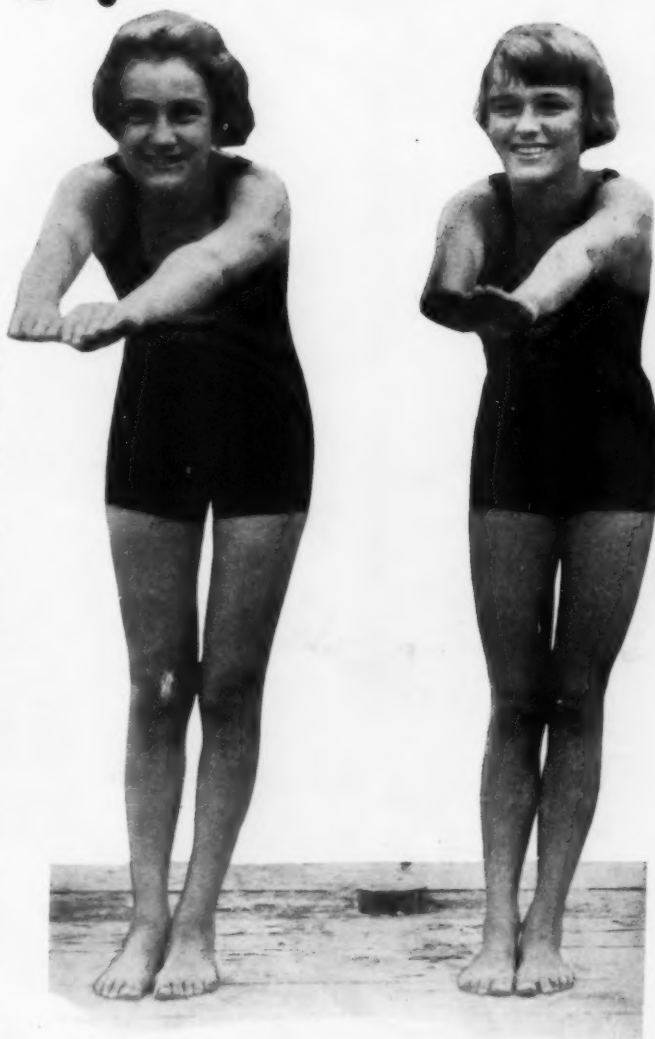
Since then, though the four of them have been separated a great deal, they hold regular reunions, for the bonds of their friendship have become the most important forces in their lives. They are champions—and sportswomen.

It seems to me that such loyalties answer the question as to whether or not women are good sports. Sportsmanship is primarily instinctive and a heroic act is generally the result of an unconscious command. You don't say to yourself, "Here is a chance for me to show my sporting spirit". You don't think about what you are going to do. You just realize your obligation and perform it. Those who are associated with athletics from early youth have a distinct advantage in this respect.

In looking back over a long period of association with the leading athletes in the world, I'm rather convinced that the majority of men are better sports, in the truest sense, than women. Men are quieter winners and possess better self-control than our feminine champions.

NO MAN could have acted as some of the girls in the 1928 Olympics did. There were several frantic hair-pulling scenes enacted before the finals of the four hundred meter relay race, while fifty thousand amused spectators looked on. Those girls did not all speak the same tongue but what they said to each other meant "fight" in any language and they went to it, tooth and nail, literally. Yet a few moments later they proved themselves courageous competitors, battling every inch of the way down that soft cinder-path at Amsterdam.

Only a few weeks ago, a veteran of nineteen who had won the Olympic title in her event, faced a sensational newcomer in women's track and field athletics. The distance was once around a small indoor track and the Olympic champion took the pole away from the challenger. This so incensed the latter that she struck her competitor a terrific solar plexus blow, doubling her up with pain. The champion, though momentarily checked, was not beaten and made a brave finish to win by inches. The loser followed the winner to the dressing room and



International

The smaller of these water babies is Aileen Riffin, whom sheer nerve made a champion. The pal at the left is Helen Wainwright, the greatest all-round swimmer of her time

said, "I'll get you yet and get you right." They will meet again soon and no one cares to predict what will happen the next time.

These incidents, though typical of girls who have not been in athletic competition long, are overshadowed by the splendid spirit of our feminine champions.

Take the story of Lady Mary Heath's flying at the Cleveland Air Races during the summer of 1929. Lady Mary had gone to California for the express purpose of taking part in the Los Angeles-to-Cleveland Derby. After she had entered, rumors came to her that some of the other competitors thought she possessed too much flying experience and should be barred. Lady Mary withdrew and refused to state why she had done so. Even when she was accused of [Continued on page 92]

MILTON'S

PARADISE



MUSIC like the sound of a distant waterfall; frail, tinkling, insistent. Music smooth and lustrous as apricot velvet. A little more volume, as if in triumph, and with it the military tramp of feet and a lilting blend of voices.

Louder still, one vast melodious chiming, as the stage billowed with a mass of uniforms and ivory satin, mellowed by floodlights into the semblance of one enormous golden tulip.

And so, under a suspiciously spontaneous hailstorm of applause, the shimmering curtains reluctantly drew together, marking the passing—into the microphone, posterity and obscurity—of *Stupefaction's* "Spectacles of 1930".

The salaried audience, much too neatly turned out and

aristocratic-looking to be quite real, heaved upright, and a few of the more hopeful directed coy glances at an upper box well out of camera range.

Throughout the last half hour no less a person than Mr. Abraham Zoop, *Stupefaction's* overlord, had been peering bird-like over its plush railing, but now he was not to be seen. The extras, therefore, ceased straining their profiles and clambered out of the Biltmore Theatre in downtown Los Angeles, much favored by picture companies when a revue was to be filmed.

The upper box, nevertheless, still sheltered the palpitating president, who, gasping feebly, appeared to be giving an imitation of the Dying Gladiator. His eyes held a dazed expression and his pudgy face was a mixture of incredulity and joy



"Say, dearie," snapped Dora Delura, "if you left out the steps you've swiped, all you could do is bow on and off!"

as he blinked excitedly at the other members of his party.

"Oh, that finalee!" he croaked. "It's got me all worked up, I'm telling you! I feel like I had a toothache all over, y'understand, only it don't hurt. Well, Spook, it looks like we had one of them there epics. Am I a prophet?"

MR. SPOOK TORRANCE, as became a silent partner, rattled off a series of elephantine nods. His wife, otherwise Dora Delura, now sidetracked to oblivion through having a creaky voice, continued to squeal delightedly and flash all her diamonds at the same time.

The mountainous Mrs. Zoop beamed happily and fanned her husband with a lace handkerchief. But in a corner lounged a dark, not too-handsome youth, wearing a talkative suit and the four millionth copy of the shirt Maurice Chevalier was supposed to prefer.

What Happens When Broadway Meets Hollywood and Dan Cupid Goes Talkie

By

Stewart Robertson

Illustrations by

R. F. JAMES

"Not bad," said the youth, with the boredom of a railroad information clerk.

"Was I a poet," Mr. Zoop was commencing, "I'll bet you I could toss off—what's that? 'Not bad!' Since when you're a critic, Milton?"

"Don't go making yourself purple over him, Abe dear," soothed Miss Delura. "You've got the most majestic, voluptuous and ear-tickling show that ever hit a screen, and one per cent of the profits would be enough to keep this human static of yours in college—or out of jail—for the rest of his life."

Young Milton Zoop flushed to the roots of his lacquered hair as he faced his elders. "Gosh, Miss Delura, a fellow has the right to speak his mind. I know something about show business. Why, when I was at Harvard—"

"You spent most of the time seeing musical comedies over in Boston," finished Spook Torrance, grinning at him.

"Pay no attention to that Harvard talk," advised Mrs. Zoop, frowning at her offspring. "Eight colleges he's attended in two years! Dora is right, Milton. Your Poppa is a great man and you should be proud to give him a couple cheers—you, who couldn't stay at Rensselaer Polysomething long enough to learn how to spell it! Believe me, I'm blushing for you."

"Leave him to me!" yelled Mr. Zoop. "All you women are doing is to make him more stubborn. Maybe he's got an idea under that slippery thatch—who knows?" He eyed his son ironically. "Well, Kid Einstein, what's your theory?"

"The whole show is just a lot of claptrap in swell togs. You throw in your regular picture stars and expect them to make good in silly sketches. They look uncomfortable, and I don't blame them. Then you add some cheap vaudeville to bolster it up. No plot whatever. Your chorus is fair, though."

"So the chorus is fair," scoffed Miss Delura. "How sweet of you! Why, you snip, those are the niftiest four hundred legs that ever swung into a bell step! And trained to perfection, too."

"That's what ails them," defended the perennial freshman. "They're too much alike. No personality. One Peach Melba intrigues the appetite, but who wants to look at four hundred of them?"

"It costs a million and he calls it claptraps!" groaned Mr.



Milton, dazed, watched the singer carry her off. "Opal," Mr. Kilpatrick flung back at him, "won't be dancing any more, either, now I've clicked"

Zoop. "You hold him, Spook, and I'll sock him right now."

TORRANCE chuckled amiably. "We're big enough to stand a little criticism, Abe. What he's trying to tell us is that the show is like a plate of hash served at the Ambassador. Perhaps he's right, but we'll do a lot better with our next shot. Say, why not let him help us? He might learn a few things."

"The best punishment he could get," exulted Abe. "You hear that, Milton? Start weeping, why don't you?"

To his astonishment, a large and beatific grin spread slowly over Milton's face.

"You mean I can stay out here and help create things?" he quavered. "Say, that isn't punishment; it's my idea of Paradise. I'll do anything, Pop, anything at all. Just slip me something with a plot, and you'll see. And I'd like to discover new stars, too. When I was at Princeton—"

"You discovered it was an hour from New York," chided his father. "Well, Broadway and Hollywood is different, Milton, and I'll bet you didn't see that in no book. What'll we sentence him to, Spook?"

"Give him what he wants, of course. He'll be surprised to know that we own the rights to a lot of those Broadway hits he's so fond of. He can just roam around offering suggestions, and pretty soon he'll know that art and labor are twins."

"A sort of supervisor without a salary," leered Mr. Zoop.

"All right, we'll intimate with 'Hips ain't even chosen yet, so convulsions he's having!"

let him get Ahoy!' The cast he can go—hey, look, the elder Zoop pointed to his son.

MILTON had turned the shade of pale seaweed. "It's all right, Pop," he managed to gulp. "I guess it runs in the family. Did—did you say 'Hips Ahoy!'?"

"Why not, after it ran in New York all last year? I suppose you think it's too good for us, hey?"

"I know it backwards!" said Milton happily. "Then why tremble? Maybe," suggested the canny Abe, "it's got you scared, taking hold of a big success like that?"

But Milton was not listening. He gazed unseeing out into the now deserted theatre, and his lips moved as though in delirium. "Opal," he babbled, "Opal, my—"

"Opals your elbow," said his father indignantly. "Them things is bad luck and I got six feet of that with you on my hands." He shrugged helplessly at the others until he noticed that Miss Delura's green eyes were fixed shrewdly upon his son. "You know what's nibbling him, Dora?" he whispered.

Miss Delura smirked.

"Seeing that a couple of thousand cavaliers have looked that way on my account, dearie, I certainly do. He's gaggroggy, that's all. Hi, Milton, what's she look like?"



"Huh?"
 "Who is this dame
 that's so fond of jewelry?"
 his father chirped.
 "Opal Maloney," breathed Milton bliss-
 fully.

"She's to me the same as if she never was born,"
 asserted Mr. Zoop.

Milton faced his parent with a new determination. "A big man like you wouldn't go back on his word, Pop? No? Well, listen. Opal Maloney played the cabin girl in the original 'Hips Ahoy!' and she's a friend of mine! The first idea I'll give you is to sign as many of the stage cast as you can find, and I'll wire Opal right now."

"Just a second," drawled Miss Delura. "What can this Maloney kid do that Hollywood can't? I never even heard of her."

"Well, she's not exactly a prima donna, but—her numbers were the show's big moments. She'll be a knockout. She's a real dancer, Miss Delura, with legs as—"

Dora reached for her uneven hemline, and the next moment a pair of silk-encased limbs were shimmering like silver birches in the Spring. "Anything wrong with these, dearie?" she inquired.

"They're the best I've seen in Hollywood," said the junior Zoop with bulging eyes, "but—"

Down went the legs and up came Dora.

"But can I dance? Say, I'll bet you that, aside from these dames that teeter on their toes, I can imitate any hooper within thirty days."

"But you're retired, and even if you weren't, a star couldn't take a small part like the cabin girl. And even if you would," blushed Milton, as he prepared to dash for the telegraph office, "I wouldn't hire you, see? because you don't affect me like Opal does!"

TWO weeks later the bewildered Milton spun dizzily in the center of the whirl that marked the opening day's work on "Hips Ahoy!"

Stage D was a wrangling, perspiring mass of workers. Electricians uncoiled yards of treacherous "spaghetti", property men collided with messenger boys, carpenters hammered at nothing in particular, while the sound engineer indulged in considerable body English as he showed exactly how he wanted the microphones hung.

Eighty chorus girls, tastefully attired in running pants, jerseys, rompers or faded bathing suits, were scattered about on convenient oases. A scowling collection of barbers' enemies were identified as the orchestra. Off in a corner, awed and silent, were four of the players from Broadway. Milton, feeling like Crusoe when he discovered Friday, trotted gladly toward them.

"Here he comes!" shrieked a frizzed blonde, hopping on well-sculptured legs. "Oh, you great, big wonderful man!" and Miss Opal Maloney charged roguishly up to him, looking, Milton told himself, like the great little pal she was.

Indeed, with her pug nose, her generous mouth, and her jaunty air of hard-boiled good-fellowship, Miss Maloney resembled anything save a person who would upset any Hollywood thrones.

"Nix, not on the set," whispered Milton. "It's all business here, honey."

"What, not nice and chummy like when you used to come down from Yale? Or was it Brown? Anyway, how can I stand it, my big, handsome boss?"

"Sh-h-h-h," begged the sub-supervisor. "I—I'm not really anything but an expert. The High Mogul is—"

A DOOR flew open with a deafening crash and, like a shell ejected from the breech of a cannon, Mr. Eli Gimmick bounded into their midst, glaring through his goggles with a wolfish leer. Mr. Gimmick, director-extraordinary, combined the knack of making weak stories strong with the manners of a corporal, and now he began roaring above the tumult.

"All principals forward! All the chorus will limber up! Everybody on their toes for good old *Stupefaction!*"

The four people from the original production rose to their feet and faced half a dozen regular photoplayers who eyed them with veiled belligerence. Mr. Gimmick gestured recklessly as he made the introductions.

"I guess you know each other," he boomed, "especially Carlos Cabrillo. A swell silent star, a knockout in dialogue, and now he's uncorked a nifty singing voice. Rosie Redpath plays the vamp, with one song that she'll wrap up. Old Grosvenor Hoople does the captain, Lancelot Leake, the menace—and Linda Trident, with Pinky Pierrepont, the young love stuff."

"And this lady," gritted Milton, bowing toward a pettish redhead, "is none other than Miss Warrington, the original prima donna. 'Hips Ahoy!' couldn't be presented without her. And this—"

"I'll say it couldn't," interrupted Mr. Gimmick fervently.

"The others," said Milton determinedly, "are Opal Maloney, specialty dancer, and The Two Gasparillas, *adagio* artists, all I could locate from the real show."

"Milton, you'll slay me," grinned the director. "From the way you talk, you'd think a hooper was something that lived in the tops of trees and had to be snared with a net before dawn. Say, I can trip over a hundred of 'em any time I feel like it."

"Not like Opal."

"We'll soon see. What do you do, Maloney?"

"Soft shoe, tap, eccentric. I was a panic every night."

"Never mind that Broadway melody, sister. Say, your voice sounds like somebody tearing a hole in a tent! That reminds me, I don't remember hearing your test."

"If you'd read the book carefully," said young Mr. Zoop, "you'd know that she hasn't any lines. She just dances."

"And you paid freight on her just for that! Get out there, Maloney, and let's see you. Hey, Frascati, give us her first number."

OPAL slid out of her two-piece green jersey, revealing a sturdy, bloomed little figure heavily banded with muscle on the calves. The orchestra swung into tune, and for five minutes she triple-tapped [Continued on page 90]

The Matchmaking QUEEN



Keystone



Keystone

The union of Crown Prince Umberto, of Italy, and Princess Marie José, of Belgium, marked the fulfillment of a daughter's dreams and a royal mother's ambitions

Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, whose shy, retiring, studious nature has not prevented her from engineering two brilliant love matches right in her own family

WHAT daughter is more fortunate than one whose mother can engineer her into a happy and successful marriage? What mother can do more than to bring about a happy marriage for her daughter or son? But how few such mothers there are!

The recent fiasco of the engagement of H. R. H. Princess Ileana of Rumania to the Count of Hochberg was a great surprise. For had not Queen Marie been heralded as the match-making Queen of Europe? Yet by allowing her daughter to follow a heedless infatuation and by failing, until too late, to inquire into her prospective son-in-law's qualifications, she not only jeopardized that favorite daughter's happiness but placed her in a position of ridicule before the whole world.

The truth is that Queen Marie has not been a successful matchmaker. Her older son and heir to the throne, Prince

Carol, made a *mésalliance* which his mother succeeded in breaking up. She then led him into a marriage with Princess Hélène of Greece, which likewise ended in divorce.

Because of these unsuccessful marriages and because of Prince Carol's entanglement with Madame Lupescu, he has brought political disorder upon his country and disgrace upon himself. This is just one example of the far-reaching consequences of any royal marriage. Love alone cannot be the criterion. All sorts of considerations must enter in, and a happy, successful marriage among kings and queens and their kin is the exception more often than the rule.

Queen Mary of England has not succeeded in persuading the Prince of Wales to marry, and two of her other sons remain single. In Italy, the two eldest daughters of the royal house married against their parents' wishes and below their station, and Princess Giovanna, 23 years old, is still on the

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Some Intimate Revelations Based on a Personal Audience with Elizabeth, Queen of the Belgians

By
Constance
Drexel

eligible list. In Spain, the two sons and the attractive daughter of King Alphonso who have reached marriageable age, are not yet mated.

HOWEVER, though unsuspected by the world at large and known only by the initiated few, there is one Queen in Europe who well deserves the title of successful match-making mother. Strangely enough, in contrast to Queen Marie of Rumania, this queen is shy and retiring.

I refer to Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, who not only engineered the recent brilliant match of her daughter, Princess Marie José with the handsome, dashing Crown Prince of Italy, but also that of her son, Crown Prince Leopold, with the lovely Swedish Princess, Astrid.

This means that her only daughter will be Queen of Italy and that her son has won for himself and for Belgium's future Queen the one girl who was most likely to marry the Prince of Wales. What is more, not only were these genuine love matches, but they were highly satisfactory to all concerned from the political, racial and social points of view.

Queen Elizabeth has another son, Prince Charles, Count of Flanders. Will this royal mother now concentrate on his marriage with one of Europe's remaining princesses, and if so, which one?

In the case of her son, it was quick work. Eight months after she had him meet the Swedish Princess, they were married. In the case of Princess Marie José, the Queen started in when the Princess was a little girl. At the age of eleven, she sent her to school in Italy and she has been sending her there on every possible pretext ever since. Such technique is unheard of in royal circles. Isn't it the rôle of the Prince to go looking for his Princess?

That is what King Alphonso did. He went to England to find a wife, and fell in love with Queen Victoria's beautiful, golden-haired granddaughter and namesake, now Queen Victoria of Spain. That was according to custom, and the Queen of Spain has stuck to it. Maybe if she had sent her undeniably stunning daughter, the Infanta Beatrice, to Italy, there might be another tale to tell. Rumor has it that the Spanish Ambassador in Rome, Count de la Vinaza, did his



If ever there was a royal romance, it was this, between Belgium's Crown Prince Leopold and Sweden's lovely Princess Astrid. Note her hand seeking his

best and that the Crown Prince favored an alliance with the brilliant, ancient court of Spain rather than with Belgium.

Excepting the Prince of Wales, the heir to the throne of Italy has been the best catch in the royal marriage market. The only son in a family of girls, he has been marked since babyhood. Tall and handsome, with a face and figure like an Apollo Belvidere, in appearance every inch a King, in looks he has it over the Prince of Wales. And being the only son of a father who was an only child, his early marriage was even more vital for the continuance of Italy's royal house than that of the Prince of Wales, who has several brothers.

There was grave danger that, with girls—from those bearing the proudest and most historical titles in Italy down to the latest musical comedy success—at his beck and call, the dashing Umberto might not marry at all. And but for the Queen of Belgium's astute campaign [Continued on page 102]



"I'm fed up," Leonard said. "Have been for months. There's no other woman. I just want to quit, that's all!"

IF SHE had lived in ancient Rome, the admiring conscript fathers, the predatory young men of pleasure and the envious courtesans would have called Patricia Dwan, "Univirae." But she was living in ultra-modern Reno for the necessary three

months, so to the transitory divorce colony she was known as an "Airedale".

The terms are synonymous. *Univirae*, literally translated, means "to one man", and an airedale dog, mistakenly or otherwise, is credited as being, above all other dogs, capable of a deep, abiding and unswerving loyalty to only one master. He is preëminently a one-man dog.

Hence, when a sophisticate speaks of "an Airedale" he means a one-man woman and applies it just as infrequently as it is deserved to that rare—oh, so rare—woman who has taken all the priceless jewels of her affections from the casket of her heart and showered them upon one man—for better or for worse, forever and forever.

*Because She Was
Just a One Man
Woman in Reno
They Called Her*

A I R E

Obviously, Patricia's choice of a recipient for her emotional jewels had been for worse, else she wouldn't have been in Reno seeking a divorce. But, just as obviously, they had been bestowed forever, at least as far as men

in Reno were concerned.

By the time she had served two of her three-months residence in "the biggest little town in the world", Patricia had refused seven proposals of marriage from as many eligible husbands, tarrying in their flight from one wife to another, and three times as many proposals that included everything but matrimony.

Her attraction for men was remarkable, in view of her competition, of which, I am sure, she was unaware. At the time of her residence there, Reno was literally inundated by a wave of beautiful and bored wives seeking what Judge George A. Bartlett has termed, "the cure for marital ills".

Shortly after noon, which is breakfast time in the world's divorce capital, Virginia Avenue resembled the line of march in a beauty pageant. Yet, as a slightly huffed beauty remarked one day in the dining room of the Riverside Hotel, "that Dwan woman shows she doesn't want men and they flock around her just to be chased away, while we ambush them and they never light. There's no sense to it."

THERE didn't seem to be. Patricia, compared with most of them, was as a dove to a bird of paradise. She was not homely, but she was not beautiful. She was a quiet blonde lady on the youthful edge of her thirties, with blue eyes, even white teeth which showed to advantage when she smiled, and a shapely body which could be athletic on occasion, but which was normally the slightly voluptuous collection of curves that is associated with successful wives.

Her conversation was not brilliant nor seductive. Indeed, it was largely confined to her eyes, which were mirrors that reflected the mood of the person who happened to be talking to her. These seem to have made up the sum of her attractions.

That, at least, was the theory arrived at by Clay Sanborn, connoisseur of women, on the moonlit night that Pat, with smiling lips and cold, furious eyes, informed him that she was

By
Charles J.
McGuirk

Illustrations by
H. R. BALLINGER

DALE



one of the many millions of her sex who objected to being mauled by a man, even though he had, like Clay, given her a charming dinner and a pleasant evening at Lawton Springs.

The theory was born in the brief, shocked silence with which he received this information.

"I see that now," he admitted finally. "But, believe it or not, it's the first time it has ever been called to my attention. What is it, Pat? Something the matter with me? Am I getting too old or something?"

The set smile leaped from her lips to thaw the ice from her glance. She believed him implicitly. He was about her own age and was in Reno for the second time to divorce his third wife. He was immensely wealthy, handsome, and as gallant as the fabled Don Juan, with a reputation possibly a little murkier.

"I think," she told him, "that women have spoiled you terribly, because it is always women who make your kind of man. It's a shame, too, because, while they have given you passing pleasure, they have robbed you of the ideal of our sex your mother must have given you. They have ruined a very wonderful husband for somebody."

HER hand went out impulsively and closed over the one of his that lay on the steering wheel of his racing roadster.

"I like you, Clay," she admitted. "A lot. Even though I've heard—and believe—some of the terrible stories they tell about you. But I don't love you. I never could. I'm one of those mythical women you read about but never see. I've loved one man. And I'll never, never get over it."

He sat there without moving, looking moodily at the hand lying on his, then at the piquant face that had taken on the wistfulness of the moonlight.

"An Airedale," he pronounced.

What, she asked him, did that mean?

"A one-man woman. A widow with a live ghost." He thought that over. "Well," he continued, and wistfulness had touched his voice, "maybe it's better to have loved and lost than to have misplaced the capacity somewhere in a parade."

He grinned suddenly. "I've got your number, Pat. You look like a wife and you're a wonderful listener. And there's no confidante in the world for a man like a listening wife, whether it's his own or somebody else's. From now on, I'm

"Of course." Pat tried to smile. "I . . . Just as you say . . ." She wouldn't try to hold any man, even Len, against his will



"This you, Clay? Patricia speaking. I've been thinking it over, Clay, and honestly, you're mistaken about my being an Airedale. I'm not . . . Prove it? Of course . . . Yes, to-night!"

tame as far as you're concerned. I'll respect the ashes. Is it a bet?"

"It's a bet," agreed Pat, smiling through a mist that was not moonlight, and they sealed the bargain with a handclasp.

MAKING ready for bed that night, she stood at the window of her apartment bedroom and looked out over Reno sleeping all in silver under the moon.

Across the street the trees of Wingfield Park etched their shadows on the broad, white-graveled walks, and the empty benches looked like ugly, discarded old women sprawled with arms outstretched. Her eyes traveled eastward along Virginia Avenue and rested upon the Washoe County courthouse. "The Women's Exchange," they called it in Reno, because so many women had divorced one husband to marry another there. Standing there, touched with silver, the courthouse seemed a brooding palace in a lovely dream, but it really was a charnel-house of affections that had passed. It was the mausoleum of the dead happinesses of divorced women. And her happiness, too, would be buried there within the month.

She was, she realized, growing bitter again. She unclenched her hands and felt the stigmata of her nails in her palms. To her ears came the chuckling chortle of the Truckee river and by stepping closer to the side of the window and pressing her forehead against the pane she could see the jewels of spray as the turbulent little stream emerged from under the Bridge of Sighs.

Her eyes followed the river southward and swept over the skyline of the sleeping little city. It was beautiful in the moonlight. She realized suddenly that Reno had become endurable, a thing she wouldn't have believed possible two months ago.

Her first impression of the town had come to her through a cold drizzle of rain as she alighted from the Overland Limited at 11 o'clock at night after her three-day journey. As she walked into the waiting room she was jostled by a boisterous crowd of divorce colonists who were speeding a brand new *divorcée* on her way to San Francisco.

The new *divorcée* was full of emotion and about half full of wine. She had laughed hysterically, and wept bitter tears and then insisted on kissing every man in the station, a plan from which she was dissuaded only by main force.

PATRICIA sighed and turned away from the window. Life had improved since that tragic night and the two miserable weeks immediately following it. She had since come to realize that those two first weeks are the worst part of the "Reno Experience".

During their passage she believed herself outcast and *déclassée*. She was the discarded woman, scorned by every married woman and the prey of every man. And the fact that it was through no fault of her own made not the slightest difference.

So she remained self-imprisoned and unutterably miserable. She had her meals served in her rooms, though she braved the lobby twice a day as she hurried out on brisk, furtive walks in the cool, crystal air. These walks, somehow, picked her up and made her feel better.

Finally, driven by sheer loneliness, she had crept out and shyly accepted the easy camaraderie of other women in like case who had come to think of divorce merely as an unpleasant experience.

She started to undress slowly in the darkness. She wondered what Leonard was doing at that moment. Hurrying to the office. Or, perhaps, already there. What time was it? There was three hours' difference between New York and Reno. She read the illuminated dial of her traveling clock. 4:30. He wasn't even stirring.

Drowsiness assailed her even as she slipped between the covers. Leonard, like a lot of other men, had been a wonderful lover but an unsatisfactory husband. No, it wasn't he that had been unsatisfactory. It had been she. He had told her so.

It was her fault. It was any woman's fault who couldn't hold her man. Or was it? She honestly blamed Leonard's mother. She believed she had ruined him as marital material years before she, Patricia, had known him. Years before he had even grown up.

Mrs. Dwan, mother of the handsome man with the thick black hair, the soft brown eyes and the petulant mouth, was "the other woman" in her case. When this thought had first come to Patricia, she had smiled ruefully at it. It had seemed so ridiculous. Now, she was firmly convinced it was so. His

mother and the great business his father had left him were the two things that had broken up their marriage.

Patricia turned over on her side to watch the moon paling in the sky. It left the earth in darkness save for the hard, winking brightness of the electric street lights. Memories of her married life came tumbling through her mind.

Her courtship. Leonard had been a delightful wooer. Her marriage. He had made a handsome groom. Her honeymoon. During it he had revealed a strain of whimsical tenderness toward her which had not left him in the nearly five years of their married life. The end of that union had been as sudden as a flash of lightning from a swiftly darkened sky. It still bewildered her.

LOOKING back, she could see she had not given him all the attention a wife should give a husband. Especially a husband who, all his life, had been spoiled by his mother.

They had quarreled that night over some little thing like the way he had played a bridge hand. She was coldly—and maybe cuttingly—pointing out the error of his persistent over-bidding. And he had stopped her.

"Look here, Pat. Let's quit all this." His light tone had been charged with menace.

"All this? All this what?"

"All this being married. I can see you're fed up with it. So am I. Have been for months. It's not the fault of either of us. You've been a wonderful wife. There is no other woman in my life. There is no woman at all. I want to quit. I suspect you do, too. I know you will when you realize I don't love you any more. Go to Reno. Get your divorce. I'll settle any amount on you you wish. Only, I want it over."

She had tried twice to speak before the words finally came. She could still hear her low hard voice coming through dry lips.

"Of course. I . . . Just as you say. I think—I . . . We've always agreed to divorce each other if either—"

"Thanks. That's settled. Perfectly friendly and all that sort of thing. Modern. What's the use of being unpleasant? Well, Old Darling, I'll see you before you go—"

Pride had sent her hurtling to Reno for "a really modern, friendly divorce". She would not try to hold any man, not even Leonard, against his will.

She wondered if he was taking good care of himself. He was such a child about his health. She had cautioned him in her last weekly letter to him about carrying his topcoat to the office, even on pleasant days—fall weather was so changeable and treacherous—and to be sure he got at least two good nights of sleep a week.

What would he call her in his answer? "Darlingest" or "Darling Pat"? She chuckled softly, awakening herself from the depths of a pleasant drowse. What was the term Clay Sanborn had used? "Greyhound"—no, "Airedale"!

Airedale—a one-man woman. Well, no woman would ever be able to return that compliment to Clay. She never would. Even though he was such a pleasant boy. Well, she was an Airedale. And glad of it. She loved Len Dwan so!

Sleep swooped down upon her as dawn reddened the eastern mountains.

SHE opened her door on a crack, because it was only 10 o'clock—practically dawn in Reno—and because, garbed as she was in black silk pajamas and a short black coat lined with brilliant orange, she had to consider not only convention but also her spectators.

She took five letters from the obviously reverent bellboy and thanked him with a smile that set him back on his heels and lit up the rest of his day.

When she had closed the door on his dazzled eyes she dropped into a chair and shuffled the letters swiftly, with the air of a gambler searching for a favorite ace.

Three were local bills. A fourth, from Mamaroneck, had been penned hurriedly in a scrawling hand by Margaret Leland and would contain items of current scandals set forth with a candor which comes only with a lifelong friendship. The last, a long, thin envelope, was Len's. And there her search ended.

She tossed the others on the table and began to play with it as a cat does with a newly captured mouse. She turned it on end. She held it to the light and her clear eyes crinkled at the corners as she tried to calculate how many pages it contained. She scrutinized earnestly the hand in which it was addressed. She pressed it suddenly [Continued on page 78]

*Implacable in his Hate,
Bully Mueller Invades the
Florida Plantation of the
Marbury Girls and Issues
His Vicious Ultimatum*



The Flying Knight

BEAUTY in distress. That, perhaps, was the last thing Dave Ordway expected to find when his crippled plane nosed downward into a grove of Florida's citrus trees. Yet scarcely had he disentangled himself from the wreck of his beloved Wasp, than he came face to face with two stunning girls clad in overalls and sun hats.

Dave, pleasurably surprised at finding them in this back-country wilderness, was the more taken aback at their cold reception. Even his accident did not move them. They were, the elder told him, cousins—Joan and Sally Marbury; and the trees he had cut down were partly theirs and partly those of a neighbor named Mueller. But when Dave offered to settle with this neighbor the two girls expressed the greatest alarm. He mustn't, they told him, go near Mueller.

It was rather, however, what they left unsaid about this neighbor that determined Dave. He was in no hurry to get anywhere; only the night before he had been aboard the yacht of his friend Gerry Fleming, in St. Petersburg, and had left out of sheer boredom. Boredom, that is, and Barbara Holworthy, who had just broken their engagement.

But now a trick of Fate had landed him in the midst of a promising adventure. And at his offer to repair the girls' bat-

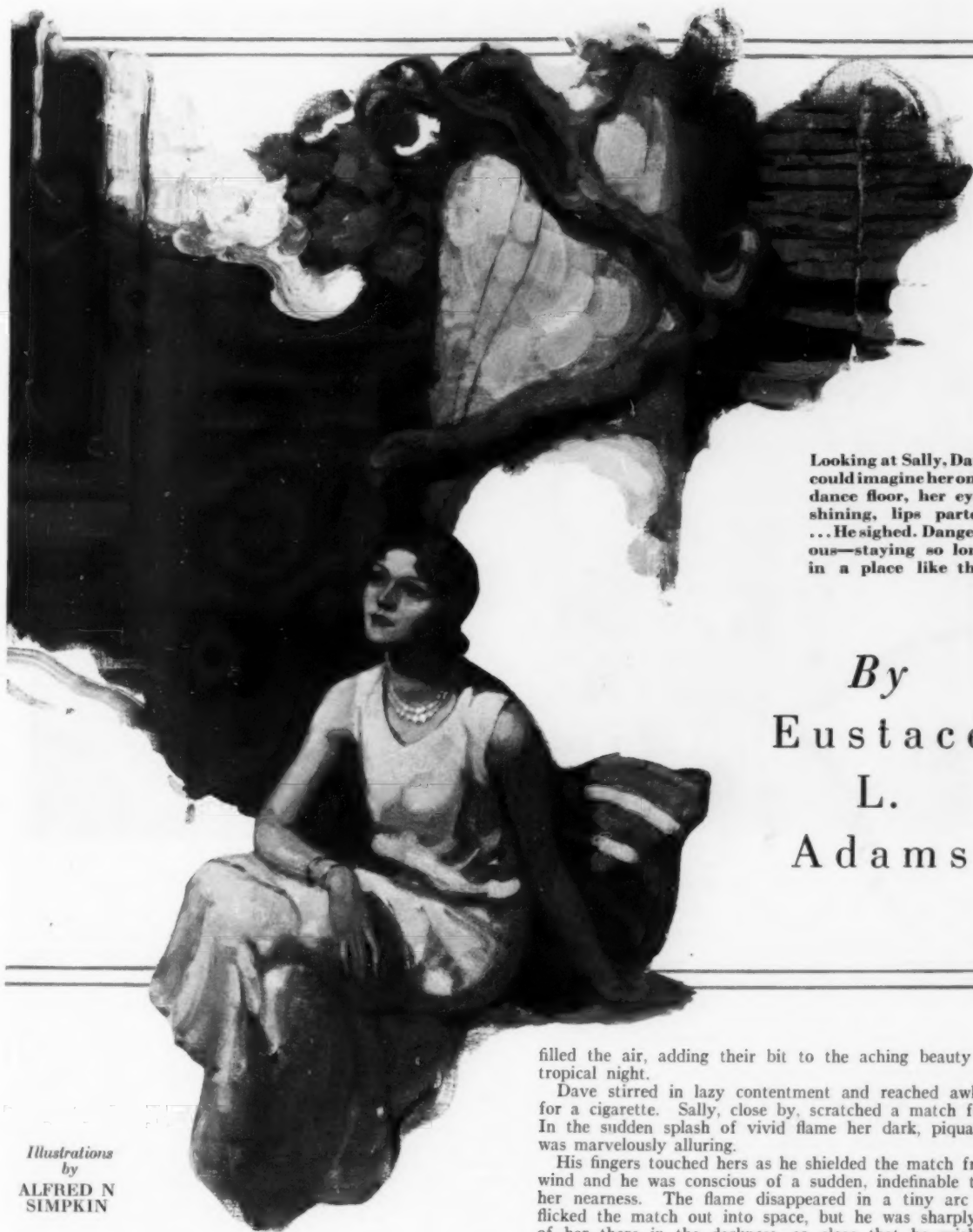
tered Ford so he could call on Mueller, they relented and took him to their plantation home. There Dave confirmed his impression that they were not natives of this place.

JOAN'S father had bought the plantation during the boom, and then when the bottom dropped out of everything, he had died, leaving nothing in the world but this estate. The two girls were making a desperate fight to win a living from it, despite the encroaching jungle and despite their ugly neighbor.

Dave's chance encounter with Mueller, later in the day, resulted in ignominious defeat. The man was a bully and had, at the point of a shotgun, stripped Dave of his valuables to pay for his trees.

The flyer spared the girls these details and learned from them that Mueller also owned at least one plane—an amphibian. Later that night they were roused by the sound of explosions nearby. Mueller had set fire to the wreck of Dave's Wasp.

The flyer and the two girls rushed to the spot and there were met by Mueller, shotgun in hand, accompanied by a bull-necked Italian. The fight which followed would have ended in Dave's death, had it not been for Joan. With the gun Dave



Looking at Sally, Dave could imagine her on a dance floor, her eyes shining, lips parted ... He sighed. Dangerous—staying so long in a place like this

By
E u s t a c e
L.
A d a m s

Illustrations
by
ALFRED N
SIMPKIN

had knocked out of Mueller's hands, she stepped in and forced Mueller and his aide to retreat. Then she and Sally carried the unconscious flyer home.

THREE evenings later, after the first dinner Dave had been able to eat downstairs, he sat with Sally and Joan on the wide veranda, glorying in the soft, fragrant breeze.

Over the clump of kumquats across the road rose the first red glow of the full moon, etching the softly waving tree tops in outlines of black against copper. Vague, sense-stirring odors

filled the air, adding their bit to the aching beauty of the tropical night.

Dave stirred in lazy contentment and reached awkwardly for a cigarette. Sally, close by, scratched a match for him. In the sudden splash of vivid flame her dark, piquant face was marvelously alluring.

His fingers touched hers as he shielded the match from the wind and he was conscious of a sudden, indefinable thrill at her nearness. The flame disappeared in a tiny arc as she flicked the match out into space, but he was sharply aware of her there in the darkness, so close that he might have touched her.

How unflagging had been Sally's patience when he had lain helpless in the big guest-room bed, unable to move hand or foot for the searing pain that accompanied the slightest effort! To be sure, it was Joan who had saved him when Mueller would have kicked him to death, but it was Sally who had persuaded him to eat Hannah's dainties and who had convinced him he *must* remain in bed.

He could imagine Sally on a dance floor, her eyes shining, her lips parted in a smile of contentment. To think of such a girl spending her days under the white hot sun, spraying



Mueller shook his fist at Joan. "Listen, girlie," he snarled, "if you know what's good for you, you'll get 'em all outa here and not let 'em come back. See?"

trees, picking fruit! It was incredible. But there she was. A palm tree rattled its dry leaves. A hunting dog bayed in the distance. The moon, unbelievably large and close, was lifting its sharp red rim over the orchard. There was magic here. Dave stirred restlessly and sighed. Dangerous—to stay so long in a place like this.

"NO PACKAGES for me at the cross-roads store?" he asked.

"No," replied Joan. "The boy waited until the afternoon bus from St. Petersburg passed, but there was nothing for us but the part for the Ford. The old car runs now."

"Guess Gerry must be out cruising again," he murmured. "Or maybe he's too busy rushing around doing nothing at all. I suppose I should have been a little more urgent in my letter."

"Didn't you tell him you'd been hurt?" asked Sally. "I told him I'd been just a wee bit bruised," laughed the flyer. "The only things I laid any stress on were that he was to send me a complete new outfit of clothes right away and that he was to order me another Wasp plane. But Gerry's a carefree soul. In a couple of days he'll wake up to the fact that he was supposed to do something for me. Then he'll scurry around, all full of regrets and cast-iron alibis for the delay."

He fell silent again, bewitched by the glamor of the fragrant night. What did it matter whether Gerry sent his things today or to-morrow? Time stood still, here.

But no—things did change. If these girls were to cease their work, the waiting jungle would sweep over the plantation even as it had smothered the country club and the new houses of Cathay. It was there, just beyond those kumquats, crouched,

never relaxing its silent, ominous vigilance. And a mile or two away dwelt men who went about armed and watchful, men whose very presence was a threat which could not be overlooked.

"WOULD you sell this plantation if you could find a purchaser?" Dave asked suddenly.

"Oh, if we only could!" sighed Sally.

"Who would buy it now?" asked Joan.

"I might," he said with sudden inspiration. "I've often thought I'd like to own a citrus grove."

"If I had a little less conscience, I'd take you up," laughed Joan.

"I'm serious, Joan," he said, warming up to his idea. "Listen. I have more money than I know what to do with. There's nothing to keep me in one part of the country. I have an apartment in New York that I only use a month or two out of the year. I have a little place on the *Avenue du Bois de Boulogne*, in Paris. I have a furnished room at Mineola where I can be close to the flying fields when I feel ambitious. But most of the time I just spend rushing wildly around the country, looking for something to keep me interested."

"Why don't you go to work, then?" asked Joan critically.

"I can't bear the idea of being tied down to office work. I'm a confirmed sufferer from the wanderlust; have been, ever since the war. Can't seem to stay put in one place very long. I've had spurts of ambition every now and then and have called on some of my college friends with the idea of asking them for a job."

"They sit behind big polished desks, their legs ankle-deep in



Oriental carpets, selling bonds to their friends or trying to think up some new advertising wheeze for a hair tonic or a shoe cleaner. When you take them to lunch they eat too much, smoke too many fat cigars and talk too much about their business. So my ambition oozes out of me. I invite them to take an airplane flight with me and escape while they're thinking up reasons why they can't accept."

"What would you do with this place if you bought it?" Joan asked curiously.

"I'd buy Mueller's plantation, or run him out of the state," he answered promptly. "I'd make his life so unpleasant that he'd give up fruit farming and take to deep sea fishing for a living. Then I'd hire plenty of labor and see if I couldn't show a profit on these groves. It's beautiful here and I'd love to own this place. What do you say? I know you want to sell it and I'm willing to pay your price."

"It's wonderful of you to think of it, Dave," Joan said softly, "but I'm afraid it wouldn't do."

"Joan, you're perfectly crazy," Sally wailed. "You're so obstinate sometimes. As if you hadn't told me thousands of times how much you hated all this hard, back-breaking work and how you wanted to sell the place. We'll both be too old to enjoy life before you ever find anyone else to buy it. You're just stubborn! It's unfair for us to have to give the best years of our lives to this ramshackle old house and these hundreds of rows of frost-bitten trees. Please, Joan!"

DAVE, smoking in silence, sensed that this was a topic that had been discussed times without number. He thought it best to change the subject for the moment.

"How long has our friend, Mueller, lived here?" he asked.

"About five months," replied Joan, a note of relief in her

voice. "He bought up his place—about a thousand acres—at a foreclosure sale. He arrived in half a dozen expensive cars with six or seven tough-looking men. He hired all the negro labor he could find and leveled off a landing field. Then a plane began to fly around. A few of our neighbors drove in from miles away to welcome him into the community, but they were driven off by armed watchmen who said that the 'No Trespassing' signs meant everybody."

"When did he start to bother you?"

"We met Mueller and that big Italian when we were working on our trees near his line. We didn't like the way they looked at us, so we came away. They came over to call on us that night. Mueller called Hannah a liar and tried to bribe her when she told them we weren't at home."

"Next time we happened to meet him he told us that if we weren't nice to him we'd be sorry. Then things began to happen. Our Ford went out of commission. Our sprayer broke down. We found some of our trees girdled. It's been just one thing after another."

"What does he do with his airplane?" asked Dave.

"I don't know. But it comes and goes as regularly as clockwork. He doesn't fly in it very much himself, because I've seen him many times when I knew his plane was out on a trip."

From beyond the groves to the west came the sound of an engine. The three sat silent, listening.

"It's a motor car," said Dave.

The noise grew closer, rising and falling in volume as the driver adjusted his speed to the ruts and bumps of the long neglected road. The long, conical beams of the headlights cut twin slices out of the night.

Dave could hear the sound of [Continued on page 110]



P. O. A.

WOMEN in WASHINGTON

By
Helen
Christine
Bennett

ONE Saturday in May, 1915, I stood at Fourteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., exactly at noon. As the whistles blew and the chimes rang, doors opened and out poured a wave of women. From the gray building which houses our Department of State, from other buildings up and down the street they came, a flood of long-skirted, slow-moving females.

I stood and watched the human tide, my eyes opening wider and wider. Run-over heels and scuffed high-laced shoes, sagging skirts four years behind the fashions, rusty-black, outmoded hats perched on frizzes or topping wispy locks—what a lot of lackluster frumps there were! Here and there among them was a trim, well-done figure; here and there a smart young girl. But for the most part the view was discouraging to an ardent admirer of her sex.

Washington is a favorite city of mine and my visits are frequent. But last week, fifteen years after that sad impression, I took my post at the same corner, prepared to watch the 1930 tide. As the clocks proclaimed the hour, out they came.

I flattened myself against the buildings to let them pass, and my breath quickened. Something about this flood of women was different. There were more of them; many more of the younger ones. But throughout the mass, young and not so young, there flowed a new spirit.

They all moved *faster* than the women of fifteen years ago. Their frocks were but a year behind the times, if behind them at all! One suspected that the short skirts on shapely legs were a declaration of independence rather than a matter of indifference. I fairly gasped as two women in their fifties swept by me, as stylish stouts as I ever

saw at a Park Avenue tea! In the past fifteen years something has happened to the women who work for Uncle Sam, something that has asserted itself in an altered appearance. What?

A PART of this improvement can be traced to our national prosperity. During the 1927-29 period, women generally just got over being shabby, and it will take more than the market crash of 1929 to stop them from continuing to be smart. A part is due to an increase in Federal salaries. But these are only shadows of the real impetus.

In 1915 very few women in governmental positions considered them as anything but a place to work. In 1920 women voted for the first time. To-day, ten years later, women of ambition, of achievement, of recognized standing in their own fields seek Uncle Sam's service because they like it.

They hold posts of distinction and of importance; they are frequently the arbiters on technical subjects. The girls coming into the service look at them and become ambitious. The older women in service insensibly rise to their standards. So our Washington, the loveliest city in America, is further beautified by an army of twenty-six thousand well-groomed, alert women.

Twenty-six thousand is no small figure, yet this Washington army is but a third of the women actually engaged in working for Uncle Sam. Of our 587,665 government employees—doesn't it make you feel affluent to visualize that number working for you?—over eighty-two thousand are women.

From far-off Shanghai, where A. Viola Smith settles the problems that come to an American Trade Commissioner in the Far East; from the Western Coast of South America, where Frances E. Willis serves us as vice

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The Girl Who Demands Distinction plus Dollars for her Labors Will Find Unusual Opportunities in the Service of Uncle Sam

consul at Valparaiso, Chile; from the islands of the Pacific where Jeanette A. Hyde is our Collector of Internal Revenue; from Chicago, where Myrtle T. Blackledge holds a like office; from Washington itself, where there are to-day women Chiefs of Bureaus and Members of Commissions; from Boston, where Mrs. Anna C. M. Tillinghast is our Commissioner of Immigration; from Cleveland, where Mary Woods is the branch manager of our Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, and from similar posts of grave responsibility all over this country and abroad, comes thrilling testimony.

YOU didn't know that we sent women to far-off countries, and that both there and at home, so many occupied responsible posts? Neither did I, until I set about finding what had uplifted the chins and the chests of that army of women in Washington. What I did find out can be summed up in a single sentence.

For the first time in our national history any woman who goes into United States Government employ stands a good chance at preferred service—which means appointments of some distinction, fair salaries, as government salaries go, prospects of travel in this country and abroad.

Annabel Matthews' recent entrance upon her duties as Member of the Board of Tax Appeals made history for women. She takes her seat there as the first woman member, appointed by President Hoover. Miss Matthews entered the Treasury Department as a clerk. She became a tax expert, studied law at night, was admitted to the bar in 1921, and appointed attorney in the office of the Solicitor of Internal Revenue. In 1926 she was chosen by the men of her department as the expert to represent them in the Economic Conference conducted in London.

At the moment of writing, Ruth B. Shipley, Chief of the United States Passport Division, Department of State, is at The Hague, conferring with experts from many countries on the codification of international law. She is the one woman of a delegation of five from this country. Mrs. Shipley began in 1914 as a clerk in the department; she was promoted and became assistant to the Chief of Co-ordination and Review. All along the years her work in any capacity provoked the most enthusiastic commendation.

"Mrs. Shipley," said Assistant Secretary of State Wilbur J. Carr to me, most emphatically, "is one of the most efficient employees, man or woman, to be found."

I think that anyone who used to go abroad and who still takes trips abroad—man or woman—will agree with him. For since Ruth Shipley has had charge of the Passport Division, there is no languishing of applications until one frets and sweats in terror that no passport will appear in time for sailing. Instead, passports arrive with heart-warming celerity; forms have been clarified and simplified and the necessary red tape has been cut to a minimum. To Ruth Shipley the honors!

I HAVE used this remark of Assistant Secretary Carr's because I wanted to give him an opportunity to refute, in print, the general and widespread idea that women have little chance in the Department of State.

"Why," he expostulated, "there is no prejudice in this department against women. Mrs. Shipley's former superior officer, Miss Margaret M. Hanna, also holds a most important position in this department. As Chief of Co-ordination and Review she goes over all mail which carries the signatures of the Secretary and the Assistant Secretaries.

"At the present time we are experimenting with women in the field of foreign service. Conditions in some countries make it advisable, for the good of the service and of the servitors, not to send women. But in the years 1924 to 1929, 817 men and 47 women applied and took the examinations for foreign service. 218 men and 4 women were certified as suitable. All four women have received appointments. One, Miss Pattie H. Field, served four years as vice consul at Amsterdam and was very successful. She resigned in July,

1929, to accept a position with Radio Corporation of America.

"During 1928 and 1929 we have sent Miss Frances E. Willis, of Redlands, California, to Valparaiso; Miss Margaret Warner, of Lincoln, Massachusetts, to Geneva; Miss Nelle B. Stogsdall, of South Bend, Indiana, to Beirut. The time has not been long, but I am bound to say that all reports concerning these appointments have been good."

A vice consulship isn't a great position. Yet it is the beginning of—well, who can say what? The ambassadorship to the Court of St. James is on the same ladder.

After exploding the rumor as to prejudice against women in the United States State Department, I set myself the task



P. & A.

Annabel Matthews has set a new high in positions for women in the United States Government Service. She is the first woman appointed to the Board of Tax Appeals. She started as a clerk.

of finding out just where women were looked upon with favor, and where not.

"H'm," said one woman, who has literally fought her way to her present high standing as chief of a bureau, "what you will be told and what actually happens are two different things. You must remember that men have held the reins here for a long time and that many of them prefer men as their assistants. When there is a choice on the Civil Service Commission ratings, and No. 1 is a woman, the preference is often given to No. 2 or 3 simply on the basis of sex."

I FOUND that statement true and I see nothing that can be done about it. A chief has some rights in choosing people to work with him, and the [Continued on page 104]

*How One Bride
Learned to Her
Sorrow that Tame
Men, Like Still
Waters, Run Deep*



The Husband

GLORIA SPAULDING mailed her letter by the simple expedient of slipping it into her husband's pocket as he finished his breakfast.

"You won't forget it, will you?" she inquired anxiously. "It's awfully important, dear."

"Why? Are we still getting after-the-wedding-presents?"

"Oh, no. But Marge is coming to the city next week, and I can't let her go to a hotel."

"Quite right," murmured Gregory. "Filthy places, Chicago hotels. What has the Blackstone to offer in comparison with my wall-bed and your cooking?"

"Gregory! Don't be sarcastic before evening. Marge simply must visit us. Why, I went to school with her and had her for a bridesmaid."

"Oh! One of those."

"You remember her?"

"Not individually, but sufficiently. She looks like a composite photograph of all the girls who have been running through here in the last four months. She smokes anything I don't lock up. She talks about dear old Elmhurst and Miss Lally who used to teach English, and do you remember the day the boys hired the buggy and drove up to the front door."

"She makes cryptic remarks and glances at me and giggles,

as though I couldn't wait to find out what she meant when I got you alone. Instead of sitting down, she curls up; she tucks her feet under her and shows too much of her legs. Far be it from me to slander your friends, but they've got the homeliest knees I ever had to look at."

Gloria registered amazement. "But surely you like to have new faces around!"

"Not when I have to be stepping on them all the time. I'm a lawyer, not a hotel keeper."

"But one extra person is no real trouble."

"I'D AS soon have one extra piano in a rowboat. I'm a simple man with simple tastes," Gregory insisted. "It gives me no particular thrill to hide in the closet while your friends slit hither and yon in their nighties. I find no romance in sorting my clothes out of a pile of silk remnants after we've taken turns getting undressed in the only bedroom."

He rose defiantly and moved toward the front of the apartment, indicating by emphatic noises that he was about to leave for the office.

"But really, dear," argued Gloria, trailing him to the door, "you'll be mad about Margery."

Gregory stepped into the hall.

"If she wants to sit up until two o'clock, like the last one,



Gloria tried to look on indulgently while Gregory taught Marge to play chess. He was certainly out-doing himself to-night

Illustrations

by

RUSSELL

PATTERSON

Tamer

By Hunter Eaton

I'll probably get so mad about Margery that I'll strangle her and throw the body on the gas-log."

He closed the door and was gone—gone without another word—gone, for the first time, without kissing his wife good-by.

Gloria stared for a moment at the blank panel and raised a hand to her twitching lips. Then, as though realizing that his departure removed all necessity for self-control, she burst into delighted laughter.

Strolling into the living room, she picked up Margery's letter and glanced through it once again. Wrote Margery:

Grace just blew in after much visit to your establishment. She reports you hold to your old convictions. I'm not sure you're wrong. Helen keeps her husband under glass, like a herring in a delicatessen, and if I know men he's about due to kick the cover off. I'll be in Chicago myself next week, and perhaps I'll get a chance to see how Gregory is developing under your system.

"Helen always was a fool," mused Gloria. "She's just the sort to herd a husband. She'll learn that the best way to lose

a man is to let him see that you're worried about keeping him."

How was Gregory developing? Marge should see. It would be nice to see her again, and there would be a comfortable triumph in listening to her clever chatter while Gregory made an obvious pretense of listening. What an idiot a girl must be to let her husband regard other women as strange curiosities. Familiarity had bred in Gregory a very satisfactory contempt.

"Do you like her?" she would ask him, after Marge had retired to the wall-bed.

"You mean this new one?" he would reply. "Why, sure—she's all right, isn't she? Talks a lot, though. When are we going to be alone again?"

That was the cornerstone of the system; never letting him forget the wonder of being alone together, never allowing him to tire of single companionship. The soundness of the theory was already so well established as to rank a mathematical certainty, and unless Marge had changed enormously she would be the very person to carry on the good work.

GLORIA was amazed to remark so little change in Margery, after these last four months that had so changed everything else. Her hair, to be sure, was a slightly different shade, but it was undeniably the same hair. She had the same languid voice and the same pansy-blue eyes.

It was amusing to catch the old names and phrases which linked the past to the present, while Marge justified Gregory's prediction by curling up in strange places like a friendly kitten. She examined the wedding presents with appropriate squeals,

but Gloria was anxious to exhibit her chief treasure. She darted to the door at the sound of his latch key.

"She's in the living room," whispered Gloria, snatching a moment for wifely admonition. "Do try to be nice to her."

"I'll do my best," promised Gregory gloomily.

This was the vindication of Gloria's theory; most wives would be begging their husbands not to be too nice to the adorable visitor.

"Here's Gregory," announced his wife from the doorway.

Margery lowered her blonde head until she gazed up at him from under startling lashes. She did something ineffectual to remedy the exposed condition of her firm, round knees. She smiled, very gently, as though she knew a secret too amusing for words.

"Hello, Gregory," she murmured. "I'm Marge."

Gregory tossed his brief case into the corner and crossed the room in three long strides.

"Look who's here!" he chuckled. "So Marge is you! Why didn't Gloria tell me?"

Margery's offer of both hands was enthusiastically accepted.

"But what do you mean, dear?" asked Gloria. "Why didn't I tell you what?"

"Surely you remember there was just one of your bridesmaids that gave me the well-known flutter, but you always claimed you couldn't tell which one I meant. Of course, it was Marge. I described her perfectly, if a bit poetically."

A tiny frown of bewilderment gathered between Gloria's brows. She was certain he had made no such reference; as a matter of fact, he had referred to all her attendants as the "necessary evils of matrimony."

"I come home, all unsuspecting," he continued. "I walk in as though it were a perfectly ordinary day, and—Marge is here."

Gloria's face cleared. Dear Gregory! He was certainly making an effort, but she now caught the false note in his voice. Marge didn't know him well enough to detect it. Still, it was nice of him to try so hard, instead of treating her after his usual manner—as though she had come to read the gas-meter.

"You two amuse each other while I get dinner," she suggested.

"Take your time," offered Gregory. "I'm a little low on parlor tricks, but Marge will no doubt develop my latent possibilities. My first effort will be an imitation of a hungry lion pouncing on a dog-biscuit. Take this chair, Marge. You'll be more comfortable and a lot safer."

MARGERY betrayed a becoming timidity.

"But that's your chair," she protested. "Gloria said I could do anything else I pleased, but that you went mad and bit people when they sat in your chair."

"That's all right; I'm on a diet."

"I'm afraid."

"I can be terrible when aroused by opposition."

"You paralyze me."

Gloria moved toward the kitchen with an indulgent smile. Gregory was behaving beautifully, but she feared he had pitched his performance in too high a key. He would never be able to keep it up during the two days of Marge's visit.

A polite shriek from the room behind caused Gloria to turn hurriedly. An agitated flash of silk stockings informed her that her husband had put Marge in her place. Literally!

Gloria gasped and continued to the kitchen. She was certain now that Gregory was overdoing it. Before long he would slump back into his regulation patient politeness and little Marge's feelings might suffer. Even so, this was an amazing development.

How had he picked her up? She had been curled into a compact and sleepy ball in one corner of the big davenport, but she seemed to have uncurled somewhat in transit.

Gloria tried to evolve a formula for scooping up a protesting girl as she pared the potatoes. One arm, of course, would go under the back beneath the shoulders. She lit the flame under a saucepan with automatic efficiency. But what would one do with the other arm? She opened a can of mushrooms. And what had become of Marge's arms—those slim, white arms with the exciting dimples at the elbows?

The problem of disposing of four arms led to a certain mental confusion, making her feel rather like an octopus. "Or half an octopus!" she corrected herself with a little laugh.

She must forget it. She wasn't living up to her theory.

Gregory, like herself, was efficient, and he had deliberately set himself to feign an interest in Margery. Of course, he must have perfect freedom. Helen, now, would probably be worrying herself sick and making a fool of herself. Gloria merely wondered if Marge were wearing enough clothes.

"Is anybody interested in dinner?" she called, and wondered why she had summoned them just that short minute before she was really ready.

"We're on our way." It was Gregory's voice.

Now that she reflected, she had been hearing Gregory's voice almost exclusively. Marge had apparently confined herself to saying, "How perfectly *fas*-cinating!" Well, no one knew more about entertaining a man than Marge; but Gloria had forgotten that her husband belonged to the class for whom the technique had been evolved.

Possibly Marge could keep him interested until it came time to leave, but it was doubtful. As soon as the trifling inconveniences began to make themselves felt he would retire into his shell and become the handsome shadow in the background.

"MY FIRM will have to change its name," Gregory announced gleefully at dinner. "Marge has decided to study law because it's so *fas*-cinating."

How did he dare? But Marge merely laughed at the drawing imitation of her pet phrase. Well, there was no doubt that Gregory could make himself attractive when he chose.

The real test would come after dinner, when Gloria and her guest settled down to finish their talk of old times and old friends—a talk barely started before Gregory came home. Possibly Marge wouldn't be offended if Gregory ran out to the club; he had earned it.

Curiously enough, the reminiscent conversation failed to materialize. Margery, seeing a chess board on the shelf, confessed a burning desire to learn the game, and Gregory had no course but to accept the rôle of instructor. He even made a convincing show of eagerness. Of course, that was all very well while it lasted, but before long . . .

"And the *dar*-ling little horses!" exclaimed Margery. "Father will have to buy me a set so I can keep a little wooden pony on each side of my mirror."

Gloria established herself on the davenport and reviewed Gregory's satisfactory qualities. How patient he could be when he tried! How convincing his laugh as Marge made the same mistakes over and over! How seriously he poured his explanations into her ready but uncomprehending ear!

Gregory was a dear, but he should see that his pupil lacked intellect to grasp the theory of primary bases. As Gloria remembered it, there were seventeen of them, and she herself knew only five.

No matter. He was very handsome, leaning forward so seriously in the big chair, his firm lips set in a grim smile. Did he notice the soft radiance of Margery's hair against the light, or the soft, blue shadow at the base of her cool throat?

It was fortunate to have found a husband who fitted so perfectly into one's life, permitted one to carry the old associations into the new home. It was pleasurable to show him off this way, and it was obvious that Marge had been impressed. She listened with soft, young lips half-parted. Did Gregory notice?

"Bedtime," announced Gloria abruptly. "We mustn't forget, Marge, that Gregory's due at the office at an unearthly hour to-morrow morning."

"But it's so fascinating!" wailed Marge. "How does he ever remember so much? It must have taken him years."

"I'm not really that old," protested Gregory. "If you'll move yourself, I'll unfold the guest-room."

Gloria noticed that her guest "moved herself" very promptly. Was she, too, recalling the last time Gregory had asked her to move?

"We're quite informal here," Gregory announced. "You may have noticed that there were no finger bowls at dinner. Also, the people across the hall borrowed our extra bathroom and haven't returned it yet. There's no lock on the one we'll be using, so it's just as well to knock before you go in. If you hear two splashes that's all right, because it's Gloria, but if you hear a single splash, that's me, and you'd better wait."

"How fascinating!" exclaimed Marge. "Please, what kind of a splash am I supposed to make?" [Continued on page 100]

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In another minute, Gloria knew, Gregory would offer to take Marge to the station. "Of course," she spoke up, "we'll both go with you, dear"



"PARDON



Mr. Rooney writhed in the pangs of literary creation. Jee-rusalem! Did every guy that wrote a book have to go through this?

THE church was crowded with silk hats, morning coats and chiffon frocks. Millionaires and reporters struggled at the doors for admittance. A long line of Rolls Royces stretched down the Avenue in the spring sunshine, all making for the green-and-white awning where a battalion of police coped unsuccessfully with the curious.

The Heavyweight Champion of the World was about to be married.

On the steps of the church a group of camera men waited impatiently, black boxes in hand, or already set up on tripods. They were clustered about a fat, red-faced little man whose eyes peered nervously out under the rim of a black derby.

"Do you think he'll give us even one shot?" someone asked. The derby spat disgustedly and adjusted a checkered vest.

"Naw."

"Couldn't you talk to him, Billy?"

"Me!" The red-faced man stuck out his chin aggressively. "Me! Say, buddy, I done nothin' but talk to him for two months and a half straight! Do you suppose if talkin' did any good he'd be steppin' off the dock to-day?"

"He ought to give us one picture, Billy, just for old time's sake. We've done a lot for him."

"Sure you have. So have I. Didn't I pick him up when he was a kid and put gloves on his mitts? Who picked all them set-ups that gave him his record? Billy Watson! Who got him his chance with Ramsey? Billy Watson! Yeah, Billy Watson made him Champion of the World—yeah. But a fat lot of good it's doin' Billy now."

He looked moodily down the Avenue, taking in the elaborate parade of motors lining the curb.

"Look at them cars! An' I picked *him* up off'n a

N

My GLOVE!"

By
Ferrin Fraser

*How a Society
Sheba and Her
Shekels Nearly
Sent Mr. Rooney
Down for the Count*

Illustrations by

FREDERICK CHAPMAN

freight car. He never seen nothin' 'till I found him, includin' a square meal. Now he's worth a million plunks an' steppin' into one of the best famlies in New York. It's a funny world!"

"Do you think he'll fight again?"

"Him? Don't make me laugh! Didn't I have him signed up with Battlin' Shawney for a cold three hundred thou—forty per cent cut o' the gate? And didn't he throw it over for a dame? Fight? Naw! He's too proud to fight. He'd rather read a book."

Mr. Watson bit savagely at the end of a cigar.

"Read a book! Can you beat it? Him with the best left hand in the business, him without a mark on his face after a hundred and twenty-nine fights. Champeen of the World! An' he'd rather read a book than knock over all the saps in the division at a quarter of a million bucks a sap!"

THERE was a commotion at the end of the awning, sharp cries from the police to "Stand back!", and a second later two men came up the stone steps.

"There he is!"

"Hey, George, how about a picture?"

The Champion of the World, his broad shoulders faultlessly draped, his silk hat adjusted at precisely the correct angle, did not pause.

"Hey, be a sport! Just one shot!"

Mr. George Rooney, his feet encased in patent leather shoes, his million-dollar hands swathed in chamois, continued his expert footwork up the steps and vanished into the church. The camera men groaned derisively.

"Who does he think he is?"

"Even King George gave me a shot once."

"I bet Battlin' Shawney would knock his block off!"

Mr. Watson removed his cigar, bristling.

"Say! We'd fight Shawney with one hand any day in the week, see?"

"Why don't you then?"

"It ain't my fault, is it? I wanta fight him, don't I? I can't help it if Rooney's dame won't let him fight."

"Any time I'd let a dame tell me what to do! He's just a false alarm."

"Sure he is!"

"He's always acted high-hat like that. Remember when he was training for Remsey up by Albany?"

"It's the dame," explained Mr. Watson. "These society gals'll fight to get their pitchur in the *Times* roto, and start a lawsuit if the *Police Gazette* grabs anything. She's like that, this Vanderpool dame. Ever since George met her down in Florida he's been a changed man. Started studyin' English, readin' high-brow novels, talkin' about some blind guy named Milton. And him with the best left hand in the business!"

Strains of music drifted through the open church doors, cutting short the little man's tirade.

Mr. Watson groaned again and mopped his dewy brow. "For three months," he said dismally, "I been prayin' somethin' would happen. Earthquake, fire, another World War—anything! But I guess I ain't got enough faith. There's the poor sap walkin' down the aisle to let a preacher tie his hands that I used to wind with tape!"

"Maybe he'll give us a picture when he comes out," someone said hopefully.

"With the dame with him? Fat chance! He don't mind pitchurs—it's the dame. She thinks he's too good for the fight racket. Wants to make an author outa him. Can you beat it? She read a blurb in the paper, 'My Fight with John Remsey'—you know, that series Johnny Ferris done—and she thought George wrote it. Ain't that a laugh? I hafta help him write his name on contracts! And she thinks he's gonna write modern novels. And him with the best left hand in the business!"

The organ sounded again—Mendelssohn, this time. Four policemen appeared.

"C'mon—get back now!"

"Hey, don't you see that press card?"

"Can't help it. Orders is orders."

They herded the gentlemen with the black boxes to the edge of the steps. Mr. George Rooney, Heavyweight Champion of the World, appeared in the doorway with his bride, the former Eleanor Vanderpool.

"Hey, George, just one shot!"

"Hold it, George!"

Mr. and Mrs. Rooney descended the steps haughtily. A car was waiting for them, guarded from the crowd by gentlemen in uniforms provided by the City of New York. The Champion and his wife disappeared up Fifth Avenue.

"And all we got," lamented the press, "was the back of his head!"

MR. and Mrs. George Rooney, after an extended honeymoon abroad—during which Mr. Rooney's valuable left hand smashed four United Press cameras—returned quietly to America and their Long Island estate.

Two of Mr. Rooney's ten hundred thousand had created the estate. It stood on a slight rise above the Sound, quiet, secluded, with broad terraces stretch'g down to the beach. Within the Tudor house was a library of ten thousand hand-picked volumes, masterpieces of literature designed to aid the rising author in his new trade.

The Rooney's first reception was a huge success. Everyone who was invited—and several who were not—came to see the much-advertised Mr. Rooney; and everyone went away admiring this handsome giant who had renounced pugilism for intellect and Eleanor Vanderpool, and who stood so coolly calm by his wife's side to receive her friends.

True, he was a man of few words, one of these big, strong, silent men whom society adores. Mr. Rooney's contribution to that evening's conversation was precisely as follows:

"Did you like Europe, Mr. Rooney?"

"Yes."

"One experiences the truly cultural in Rome, doesn't one?"
 "Yes."
 "Didn't you feel perfectly ecstatic in the Sistine Chapel?"
 "Yes."
 "What do you think of Theodore Dreiser, Mr. Rooney?"
 Mr. Rooney's handsome brow became deeply furrowed.
 "Who?" he asked cautiously.
 "Theodore Dreiser."
 "What is he," said Mr. Rooney, "a new welterweight?"
 From then on Mr. Rooney bore a reputation as a wit.

MR. ROONEY'S days were filled with staggering rounds of golf, or exhausting matches of tennis. His evenings were prolonged orgies of conversational art, in which Mr. Rooney contributed enough judicious "yeses" to have satisfied even a de Mille.

One afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Rooney sat on one of their twenty-thousand-dollar terraces sipping tea.

"Seems swell to be home for a change," said Mr. Rooney, stretching. "I'm sorry that mob of newspaper guys still hangs around the gate, honey."

Mrs. Rooney's lovely face expressed displeasure.

"You mustn't say 'swell', George, or 'mob'."

"Well, they are a mob."

"Group, George—group." She regarded her husband with wondering eyes. "You dear boy! Sometimes I can't understand you. You use such beautiful English in your writing, but you are so careless in your speech."

"Yeah," said Mr. Rooney. "Writin' comes easy."

"When are you going to begin the novel, George?"

"Oh, I dunno. Thought I'd rest a while yet."

"I wish you'd begin."

"Yeah. I will some day. Say, that beach would be a swell place for roadwork!"

"For what?" asked Mrs. Rooney.

"Roadwork."

"Whatever on earth do you mean?"

"Nothin'," sighed Mr. Rooney. "Mind if I go up to the house a minute?"

"Don't you care for more tea?"

"Not now. There's somethin' I wanna do."

"Very well. Don't be late for dinner, George. The Websters are coming and—"

"Again?"

"George, dear—"

"Awright."

Mr. Rooney pivoted his hundred and ninety pounds on one heel and loped toward his two-hundred-thousand-dollar house.

Once there he borrowed his butler's newspaper and buried his handsome nose in the sport page.

REMSEY AND SHAWNEY TO BATTLE FOR VACANT HEAVYWEIGHT CROWN

Mr. Rooney read the article with mingled regret and disgust. What he could do to that gabby Shawney would be a laugh! And how! He flexed the best left hand in the business experimentally. Stiff! He oughta get more exercise. The heaviest thing he'd lifted in three months had been a teacup.

Oh, well, a guy couldn't have everything. He had Eleanor. He'd do anything for Eleanor—sure—always. He'd even write a novel!

HE BEGAN the novel a week later, under pressure. Seated at a flat-topped mahogany desk, Mr. Rooney chewed industriously at the end of an ivory pen. The house was quiet as a morgue. The literary giant was in the process of creation!

The giant, leaving his chair, ambled gracefully to a window. Swell day! For a moment he considered a swim in the Sound—be good for his muscles. He gave up the idea when he saw Eleanor walking on the terrace. He'd have to write *something*.

The literary lion unscrambled the drawers of the desk and produced a newspaper clipping. He regarded it intently.

"MY FIGHT WITH JOHN REMSEY"

By

GEORGE ROONEY

(Heavyweight Champion of the World)

That looked swell—"Heavyweight Champion of the World!"

Mr. Rooney remembered that fight vividly. Leg-weary and punch-drunk, in the fourteenth round, he had sneaked over a

lucky right hook. Remsey's eyes had glazed. Then he'd leaped in, left jab, right over the heart, left uppercut and Remsey had gone down . . . "seven—eight—nine"—Remsey was up, groggy—once more the left-right—down again—"ten!" Heavyweight Champion of the World!

The literary giant regarded the clipping doubtfully. It began:

"My victory over John Remsey was the result of the application of pure psychological logic. For a month I had carefully planned the strategy of the campaign I proposed to execute when I encountered Remsey. John B. Watson's authoritative volume on *The Social Significance of Psychological Phenomena*, as well as the philosophy of Santayana and Ibsen, were important factors in my victory. . . ."

Mr. Rooney's handsome face was puzzled. Johnny Ferris, sports editor of the *Clarion*, had written that article. Johnny Ferris was a smart guy; maybe he knew what he was talking about, but Mr. Rooney thought he'd won the fight with that lucky right hook. Still, maybe it *had* been—what was it—"psychological logic" which had flattened Remsey.

GEORGE ROONEY drew a virgin sheet of paper toward him and ceased chewing the pen. Let's see—a novel oughta begin with a guy's bein' born, hadn't it? Sure, that was a cinch. Mr. Rooney put pen to paper.

"My birth was the result of the application of pure psychological logic. When I was to too 2 years old I carefully planned the strategy of the campaign I proposed to execute when—when—"

Mr. Rooney paused in distress. When what? When—well, *when*. That was good enough, wasn't it?

The door opened noiselessly. Eleanor's beautiful head appeared in the crack.

"George?"

"Yeah?"

"May I come in?"

"Sure, honey, sure."

"How is it coming, George?"

"Huh? Oh, swell. Swell."

With some pride Mr. Rooney extended the now defiled paper to his wife.

"I haven't got very far," he said apologetically. "It's sorta hard to get started."

Mr. Rooney watched his wife's face as she read. He hadn't been so fearful of Remsey's deadly right as he was of what Eleanor might think of him.

"Why, George," she said suddenly, "this is beautiful writing!"

"Think so?"

"I do! 'My birth was the result of the application of pure psychological logic.' That's a glorious opening, George. It is deep, basic, thrilling. It interests one right from the start." She read on. "What is this? . . . I carefully planned the strategy of the campaign I proposed to execute when . . ."

"When what, George?"

"That's all," said the literary giant. "When."

Eleanor's eyes sparkled with appreciation of genuine genius. "I see!" she said. "Suspense, drama . . . Oh, George dear, you are going to startle the world!"

"Yeah," said Mr. Rooney.

"When the novel is finished you can write a play after the fashion of Eugene O'Neill, with masks and asides and—"

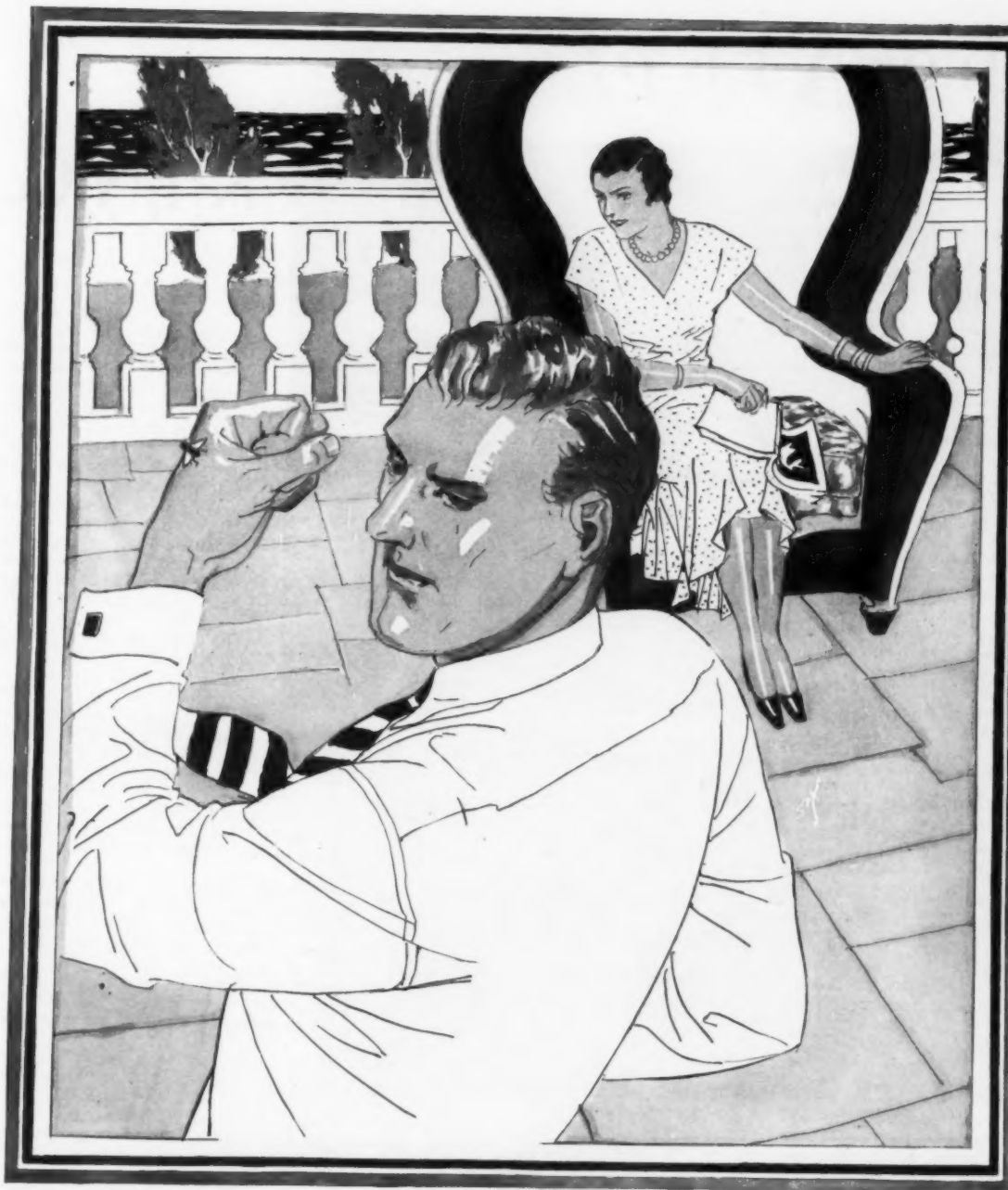
"Sure," said Mr. Rooney. "Plays and novels is all the same to me."

THE psychological novel might have been completed had it not been for the 29th day of October, or the 30th, or the 31st. A great many things in this world might have been completed had it not been for those days, when Wall Street became acrobatic, leaped for a flying trapeze, missed, and expired on the ground.

Mr. Rooney's novel was only one of the things affected. His broker informed him kindly but firmly that whereas on the 28th he had been the possessor of something over a million dollars in paper—at the present price of paper—he might possibly get ten thousand dollars for his present holdings.

Had it happened in the ring, Mr. Rooney would have claimed a foul, but as there was no referee present it went for a knock-out.

Mr. Rooney walked despondently out on his twenty-thousand-dollar terrace and contemplated a blue expanse of water—water, at least, was free. He calculated the running



expenses of his social structure in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars a week. Of course, he could fire that green-eyed butler, and get along nicely without six or eight of those fussy-looking dames in white caps and aprons.

He could, but how about Eleanor? She'd never stand for it. Eleanor joined him on the terrace and he broke the news. She was not greatly affected.

"Well," she said, "I don't see why you are so troubled, George."

He stared at her.

"Where d'you think we're gonna get another million dollars—outa that book?"

"George, dear, you know I have plenty of money in my own name."

A smile of delight wreathed Mr. Rooney's face as he cuffed a bothersome fly with the best left hand in the business. "Say, honey," he sang out, "if you say the word, this fist'll net us three hundred thousand smackers!"

"Sure—but that don't help me none."

"Why not? Until you get your novels selling—"

"Yeah! Say, honey, I can't take no money from a dame."

"From what?"

"From you." Mr. Rooney corrected himself hastily.

"Why, George, you silly boy! Of course you can. And your book will be finished soon."

Mr. Rooney was not enthusiastic about the book. He was experiencing difficulty with the second paragraph.

"No, honey," he said finally, "I can't use none of your money."

He fell to pacing the terrace thoughtfully.

"But, George—"

"That's flat, I tell you, honey." [Continued on page 107]

The Art of MAKING



A beach, a boy, and the beginning of a beautiful friendship. Summer offers many opportunities like this

MARION B. was one of the homeliest girls I have ever known. And she was also one of the most popular. Wherever she went, people surrounded her and whatever she did was news.

Yet, as I say, she was homely. She had a great, wide mouth and large, strong teeth. Her hair, which has a natural wave, was always rather scraggly. And her figure was never one to notice too sharply, since it was thin to the point of actual boniness.

Marion was awkward, too. She was terrifically inefficient, never remembering where she had dropped her hat or left her handkerchief. She had certain small talents but she was rather a dub about using them.

What, then, was the secret of her charm? What made friends cluster about her?

It was just this—and it is a secret I should like to teach all of you. Marion knew how to use her shortcomings to make everyone else about her feel superior. Through her childish errors, her blundering ways, she was always lovingly amusing to her friends.

The girl who isn't popular, the girl who hasn't enough friends, always fears it is due to her own unworthiness. She thinks she has nothing to offer people in exchange for friendship. She has, poor child, what overly sophisticated people call an inferiority complex. And she wishes with her whole heart that she could get rid of it.

Yet that very complex *can* be the greatest possible aid to her in securing the friendships she desires. It can win her popularity, friends and even love, if she once learns how to use it.

DO YOU remember last month what I wrote about conversation? I explained that there are two kinds of silences—the silence of the girl who doesn't know what to say and the silence of the girl who knows enough to listen.

The first type is completely negative to everyone concerned. The other is subtle flattery to the person talking.

Well, the same thing is true of the lone, unworthy feeling that inferiority generates.

That feeling can ride you into utter misery—or you can ride it into complete happiness. In fact, the same thing is true of all our feelings and emotions, and it is this idea that I hope to put over to all of you girls who read this article.

We can all use every little bit of our natures to get from life what we want. We don't need to change much. We simply need to know the rules of the game.

NOW, the ability to talk well is undoubtedly the first thing you must learn if you want to be popular. But certainly the first thing you must *do* is to make friends.

And into this there come two elements—the business of

meeting people who might become friends and the business of making them friends after meeting them.

Right here is where the good old inferiority complex comes in. And a secret which is—no superior person is ever very popular.

A girl with a well-directed inferiority complex can always be popular because, subtly, she makes her companions feel superior. Most of us aren't great artists. Yet we don't condemn a picture because we, too, cannot paint. We praise it, and our praise is balm to the artist!

Making friends is not so difficult as you believe, if only you go about it in the right way; if only you steer your inferiority complexes and refuse to let them guide you into misery.

Everyone is looking for friendship. Even very popular people want more friends, men and women both. Friendship is like happiness—the world cannot hold too much of it.

And sometimes it is only by frankly admitting our little inferiorities that we gain new friends, meet new people.

Let me explain.

YOU wish you could do the things other people do so that you could mix with them and be happy. You wish, for instance, that you knew how to play bridge. Instead of allowing your ignorance to crush *you*, bring it right out in the open and get someone to help you crush it.

We'll take a concrete example to illustrate how it's done.

There's a nice young man in the office. Sometime, just before closing hour, ask the young man if he plays bridge. Don't be timid, or flustered or self-conscious. You're going to ask a perfectly innocent question.

Let us suppose he answers:

"Yes, I play bridge. Why?"

"Well," you reply, somewhat hesitantly, so as not to sound bold, "I wonder if you would teach me a little about it? You see, I'm to be guest of honor at a bridge party—and I can't admit—the hostess took it for granted that I play. If you could teach me a little—well, I'd manage to bluff through it all right. The others aren't very good players, either."

Continuing a Series of Articles Designed to
Help You See Yourself as Others See You

FRIENDS

By
Elinor Bailey Ward

Now, if he's the nice young man you think him, he will dash right out and buy a pack of cards.

See, you've used your inferiority complex! The young man probably has friends, and his friends have others. And if you were to follow the rest of my suggestions, your inability to play bridge might lead you to many pleasant acquaintances through the young man.

After all, don't women always have to appeal to a man's feeling of superiority?

Now, let us suppose you do play bridge, but at the time haven't any one for a foursome. Without seeming imploring or nervous, just in the matter-of-fact way that someone else would say it to you, remark:

"I say, I'm in an awful jam. I wonder if you'd help me out?"

Immediately a natural young man's curiosity is whetted: "How?"

"I've invited some people in to play bridge, and now, worse luck, one of them is ill. Wouldn't you fill in his place?"

If he agrees, hunt up some other girl, invite her to your bridge party and ask her to bring her own escort. And there you are! Right on the top of your own inferiority.

A certain young lady of my acquaintance has the most delightful way of using her unworthiness as an attraction.

"I get out on a springboard, knowing very well I cannot dive. I flop into the water, in a series of belly-whacks. By and by some nice young Neptune comes along and shows me how to get my head in first."

SUMMER is here now, and summer is the time of play and friendships. Everyone likes to play, and no one likes to play alone.

Now is the time when, if you use your wits (and charms) you will start yourself toward popularity for the coming year.

You must go to the beaches, to the tennis courts, to the golf courses. Go alone or with another girl, but, somehow, you must tear yourself away from habitual routine each week end and go *somewhere*.

And take your inferiority complex along with you.

Just suppose we take one of our superior persons to the golf course with us. He thinks he plays well. He sends the sod flying as if it were intended to take wings. He gets in everyone's way, and scowls as if the whole course and its players were in his way. Can you guess how many people would be anxious to join *his* foursome?

Now you, with your little complex, come upon the course. You can't play at all. You struggle along, drop your bag, make

all sorts of mistakes, and take them all very good-naturedly.

People will recognize your plight. They will, because they have all been through the same thing. And they will step forward to help you out of it. Meanwhile, you will be making friends.

The same holds true for tennis, swimming, riding. So long as you are in the realm of Diana, a feeling of fellow-sportsmanship will draw other people to you.

Sally A has a most unusual way of making friends. The way is *via* a huge medicine ball at the beach. Incidentally, she caught her husband with this cumbersome Cupid.

"I just toss the medicine ball about by myself, and seem to be having a wonderful time. Soon, every other girl and half the men on the sand are scurrying around after it. We end up in a fine game."

There is nothing flirtatious or vulgar about Sally A. She has such a genial, frank manner that [Continued on page 106]



Friendship's a game and games are a way to friendship. Take bridge. Even if you can't play it, you can stand around looking interested and interesting



Alexander

The ethereal Lillian Gish is far famed for her rare loveliness. But if you think she is as unworldly as she looks, try and beat her in a business deal!

Beautiful

ONE *idée fixe* has come down to us unchanged from the prehistoric past, although it should have disappeared with the dinosaur and the dodo. Loveliness and intellect, according to this theory, are direct opposites. "Beautiful . . . and Dumb!" That's the way men have wanted their women to be. Even to-day it is taken pretty much for granted that there is a vacuum behind a pair of dark and flashing eyes.

It may have been true in the past, this idea. The pages of literature are full of gorgeous heroines with super-mortal beauty and sub-moronic minds, to judge by their recorded acts and thoughts. But even if the Beautiful but Dumb theory was true then—in spite of startling instances to the contrary—that was Yesterday.

Look at the young woman of 1930. Look at her in business, in the home, in college, career and sport. Or talk, as I have recently done, with "key" personalities in each of these fields. Is she dumb? She is not.

TWO generations ago, women were admitted to only three colleges in the United States, and to one in England. It was argued that the function of woman was to exist, as a thing of beauty, and that all sorts of dire consequences would follow educating the feminine mind.

"No man will marry an intellectual woman," said no less a psychologist and educator than William James of Harvard.

But woman did enter the colleges. And to-day a larger per cent of women students registered at co-ed universities land the coveted *Phi Beta Kappa* than do men!

What of these thousands of college girls who are showing themselves the equals of their brothers? Are they plain, spinsterish and severe, with black-ribboned pince-nez and angles instead of curves? Don't think it!

Mrs. A. H. Brown has spent thirty years of her life in close contact with the college girl, as teacher, professor, and Dean of Women at three of the larger universities, and at one exclusive college for girls in the East. Here's what she has to say on the subject:

"Believe me, the young woman of to-day can become intellectual in the real sense, without losing an iota of her charm and her femininity. There may have been a time when the wise young woman concealed her cleverness because she knew, or was told, that men disliked brainy women. But that time is past.

"In three out of four cases, the college girl of exceptional beauty is also far above the average in intellect and understanding.

"For the past seven years an annual beauty contest has been conducted at the University of Chicago, a school which I happen to know rather well. I think it is rather significant that out of the seven girls chosen since the contests started, all but one was exceptional in her studies, as well as in appearance.

"This year a Miss Eleanor Eastwood was chosen, a charming dark-haired girl who is at the top of her classes, and who expects to major in Archaeology! There were plenty of girls on the campus who possessed the accidental qualities of beauty as they used to be defined—long lashes, a short upper lip, straight features. But beauty means more than that to-day . . . it almost *requires* intelligence!

SO MUCH for the educational world. But what of business; what of that branch of business which is supposedly hardest for women to enter and stay in—the world of finance?

For the past fifteen years Mr. Walter R. Walters has been in employment and personnel work on Wall Street, the world's artery of money. In his quiet office, hung a quarter of a mile

but not

DUMB

By

Stuart
Palmer

*Another Timeworn Myth Goes
By the Board. The Girl of
1930 is as Smart as She
Looks—and Often More So*

above the noises of the Street below, Mr. Walters thought carefully over my question: "Are beautiful women dumb?"

For a moment he pondered. "Do you mean, is there any definite ratio, in my estimation, between the possession of beauty and the possession of brains in women? The answer would be no. But we have to define things more clearly . . .

"Is beauty just a poster effect, the spectacular sort of self-consciousness that makes men turn and stare? If you define it that way, I might say yes. But if by beauty one means the mingled loveliness and charm which make any man want to know the girl who possesses them, then I would answer the question negatively again. Beautiful women of that type aren't dumb.

"If it was ever true, it isn't to-day. Personally, I am of the opinion that the "beautiful but dumb" cliché was started by some woman who was jealous of her more beautiful rival. Beauty is no sign of dumbness; my work has shown me that. We have about fifteen thousand woman employees here, and yet banking is supposed to be the one field which has remained longest closed to women. In hiring and promoting these employees appearance is considered fully as much as any other quality.

"**A**PPPEARANCE — attractiveness of appearance—is what I would class under the head of beauty. Beauty is not absolute—not hard and fast, you know. Many women have enough beauty to be beautiful, if they only knew how to use it. And to-day the woman with brains will make herself beautiful!

"Not for vanity's sake, but purely as a business proposition, it is necessary to make the most of one's appearance. There was a time when employers of women deliberately chose the old-maid type. Many a girl wore flat heels, serge skirts, and pulled back her hair so it would not curl, in an effort to look 'businesslike'. But business is not like that any more.

"Workers have to be efficient, from executive to file clerk. That takes brains. But workers also have to look attractive, and that takes brains *plus* beauty, of one kind or another. That is why so many women are finding happiness in business to-day . . . because they can find scope for their abilities without losing femininity and the other



P & A

The University of Chicago boasts this queen. Miss Eleanor Eastwood, prize beauty and scholar. Believe it or not, her specialty is archaeology



things that they want to have and must have in order to be happy.

"Offhand, I can think of perhaps a dozen outstanding women in the field of finance. (I'm not thinking of trading, although the only woman member of the stock exchange is exceptionally good-looking.) But of this dozen women, (paying and note tellers in banks, officers and contact workers in trust companies, most of them) I should call eight of them 'beautiful'; and the other four are at least good-looking. Incidentally, Mrs. Evelyn B. Nichols has been cashier of the Eastern Exchange Bank for years. She's a grandmother besides, and still beautiful! So you see that the type of beauty which goes with brains can last."

IT IS only a few minutes on the subway from Wall Street to Thirty-fourth Street, where stands the oldest, largest, and most typical department store in the world. I sat in the office of Miss Henrietta Land, employment manager of the organization, asking her the same question: "Are beautiful women dumb?"

She shook her well-groomed head without hesitation.

"On the contrary," she said. "Beautiful girls show ability and mentality above the average, I have found. That is why we consider appearance so much in hiring salespeople. Of course, the emphasis is upon attractiveness, pleasing disposition, etc., rather than upon the display type of beauty.

"Many girls come here, willing to start behind the counter in the hope of getting to be buyers in six months or a year. Many of them have made the jump, and in every case it was because the girl had looks, plus brains. Modern competition is keen. Looks aren't enough alone. Brains aren't enough alone. It takes both to make good.

"Then there's something else notable about women and their appearance here. You would be surprised what the right clothes, the right touch of make-up, the right arrangement of hair will do for any woman. Not one girl in ten is making the most of her good points to-day, though more are trying than ever before. It is interesting to watch girls who start here in this store. Within a few weeks they are dressing more successfully. Soon they learn what to do with their hands, with their voices. Before long they are comparatively new persons. In other words, their brains have shown them how to achieve beauty."

HIGH above the balcony where Miss Land interviews applicants for positions is the floor devoted to training of employees. There is a long corridor, lined with classrooms in which salespeople learn the latest theory and practice of department store psychology. At the end of this corridor sits a personable young woman, Miss Florence Rivers, in charge of promotions.

It is she who decides whether or not Miss Blank is worthy to be a manager, and whether Mr. Smith will be more efficient in underwear than in tinware. It is she who extends the magic wand that makes a hundred-dollar-a-week buyer out of a thirty-dollar-a-week clerk . . . sometimes.

"Beauty is at least one third of business ability for the woman," said Miss Rivers crisply. "In nine cases out of ten, the beautiful salesgirl is promoted first. It's not on appearance alone, but her beauty gives her poise and control and self-assurance which are invaluable.

May Allison, fairest of blondes, who gave up the screen for matrimony. She is now a contributor to the best magazines

Besides, she is apt to have a superior brain. Certainly she never has an inferior one. Her good looks give her an ability to make contacts, both within and without the organization; contacts that are valuable not only to herself but to the firm she works for. Other things being equal, what firm would not prefer a beautiful girl to a plain one as its representative, just as it would prefer a beautiful reception room to a dingy entrance?

"In this organization, as in many others, the girl of exceptional appearance and ability goes on to an executive position. Many times she is in authority over men as well as women. Servants manage her home, and her leisure is spent with friends or with her husband, if she is married. Many large concerns give their women executives a sort of sabbatical year, now and then, for the sake of children.

"As a matter of fact, there is no barrier to the woman of to-day who has the necessary intellect and appearance. She can have everything her mother had, and the blessedness of financial independence besides. Does that sound as if women had been beautiful but dumb?"

IT DID not, to me. But turn from business to the world of the theatre. Here the beautiful and dumb theory would seem to be justified, if anywhere. Here girls are picked for appearance alone. The country is scoured for pulchritude. What of the intellect of these prize beauties?

For some months a certain show has been packing them in on Forty-second Street—a show called *Flying High*, with the inimitable Bert Lahr. *Flying High* is typical of the better run of Broadway hits, and its chorus may be said to be typical of all choruses. The girls are selected for one thing—looks. They're not only beauties, they're picked beauties, selected from hundreds of thousands of young American girlhood. Are they dumb?

Meet the lovely Joanna Allen, whose wonderful dark eyes won her several beauty contests recently in New York City. According to popular ideas of chorus girls, she should spend her time, when she's not on the stage, in gay parties and gold-digging, without another idea in her lovely head. To look at the picture of her on this page, one might be pardoned for thinking so, too. But the truth is that Joanna is sedately taking graduate courses at Columbia University, and her dressing table is usually littered with well-thumbed copies of such light reading as Molière, Tolstoi and Shaw . . . not for publicity, but because she really likes to read!

Peggy Moseley is the vivacious brunette who struts her stuff in the line only a few paces to the right of Miss Allen. Peggy is less bookish; she had enough of books at Hunter College. But this winsome, piquant bit of pulchritude has since won considerable recognition in the world of art. She paints, draws, and models in clay with equal facility, and before this article appears in print an exhibition of her paintings will be held at Grand Central Galleries. Peggy spends her time backstage in sketching personalities. Her plaque of George White adorns the producer's office, and Bert Lahr was so pleased with a painting which she made of him in his famous *pansy-policeman* rôle that he insisted on buying it.

The rest of the *Flying High* girls compare favorably with the two I have just described. None of them could be called dumb, though all are beautiful.

MISS Ann Scarborough, of the chorus of *A Wonderful Night*, recently spoke before the exclusive Book and Play Club in New York City, taking as her topic the subject of this article.

"Chorus girls can't afford to be dumb any more," Miss Scarborough pointed out. "They have to learn dancing—not just steps, but routines that would have made them feature dancers a generation ago. Audience don't want just legs any more. They want charm, spirit, all the indefinable things that make up attraction. And no dumb girl can have them."

Ann herself holds a degree from Nazareth College, Kentucky. She went on to point out that the four girls nearest her in the line-up were all graduates of state universities. Another hit show boasts five col-

lege graduates, one of whom is dancing in the show so that she may continue her college work at Columbia and take her Master's degree!

Madeleine Dunbar, of *Simple Simon*, has finished her novel, and it is now in the hands of a publisher. Peggy Bancroft, of the same show, is a student of sociology. And still the idea persists . . . chorus girls, particularly beautiful chorus girls, are dumb!

LOOK with me toward glamorous Hollywood. No other industry has been criticized as much as that of making films. No other entertainers have been publicized so unfavorably, so extravagantly, as those of the "silver screen".

Here, if anywhere, should exist those mythical "beautiful but dumb" girls. Names are made here in a night. Girls rise from extra-dom to the heights before they realize what it is all about.

Corinne Griffith, loveliest of screen stars, was a waitress in San Antonio, Texas, when fame snatched her up. Hundreds of other stars rose in the same sudden fashion, swept to riches and fame because they screened well, and paying none of that price of arduous study, of painstaking technique, that the stage exacted of Katharine Cornell, Ethel Barrymore and all the other legitimate stars.

May Allison, one of the most beautiful blondes who ever reached screen stardom, retired when she married, and has since become one of the highest paid contributors to leading magazines.

[Continued on page 90]

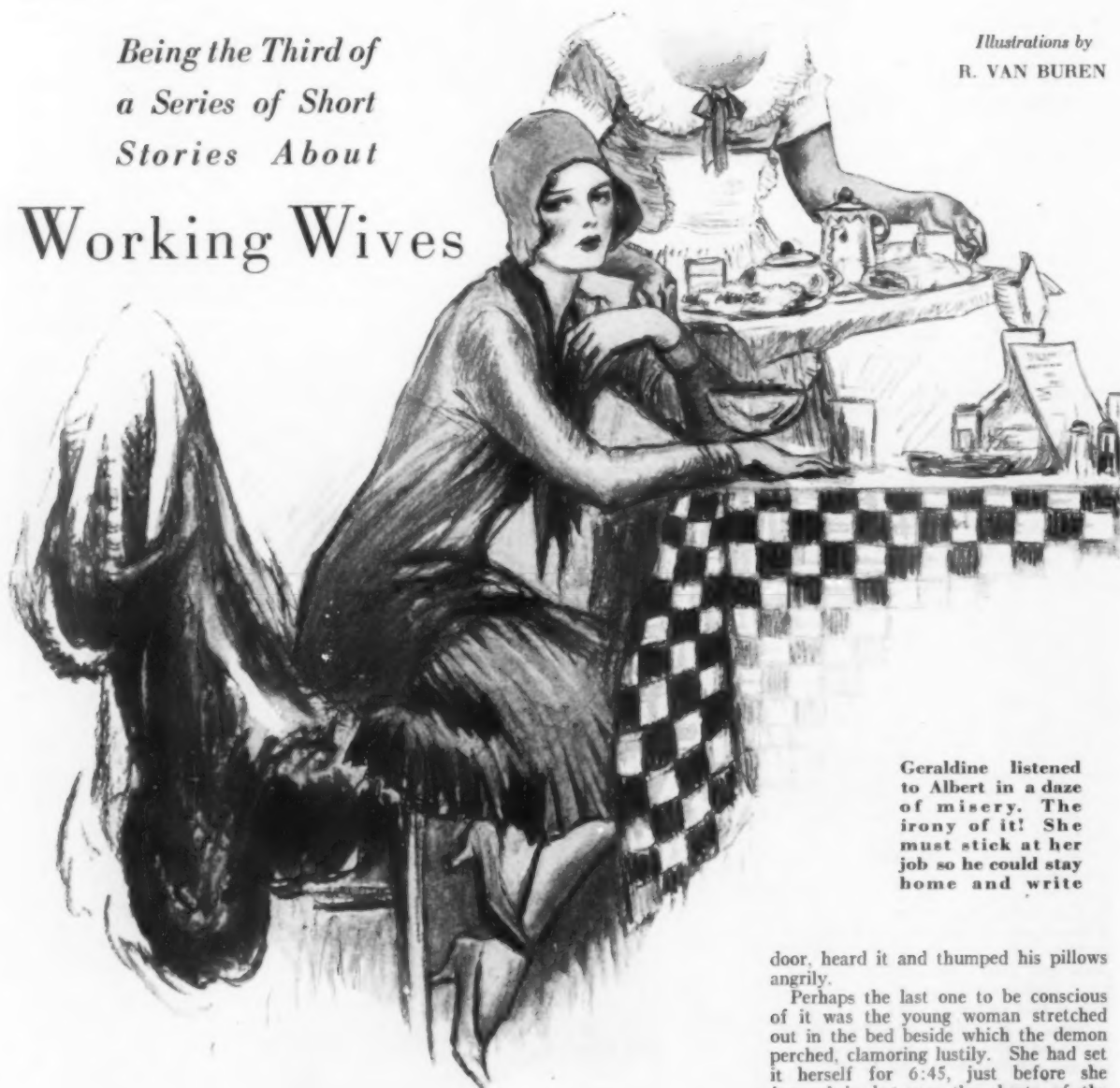
The lovely Joanna Allen adorns the cast of Broadway's hit, "Flying High." Her footwork is no whit faster than her brainwork



So This is Love!

*Being the Third of
a Series of Short
Stories About
Working Wives*

Illustrations by
R. VAN BUREN



Geraldine listened to Albert in a daze of misery. The irony of it! She must stick at her job so he could stay home and write

door, heard it and thumped his pillows angrily.

Perhaps the last one to be conscious of it was the young woman stretched out in the bed beside which the demon perched, clamoring lustily. She had set it herself for 6:45, just before she jumped in between the sheets of the daybed where she had slept every night for a year.

Yet, as her eyes—two inkspots in a white blotting-paper face—opened to gaze around the room, she seemed bewildered.

Then her gaze rested on the round placid face of the clock in its painted red frame, and she sniffed disdainfully. With one hand she silenced the impudent thing, pressing the silver knob at the top of the frame with the familiarity of an old friend.

GERALDINE ABBOTT stretched out her arms, long slender arms like the branches of a young tree. Her back arched under the covers, and she wiggled her toes with refreshing

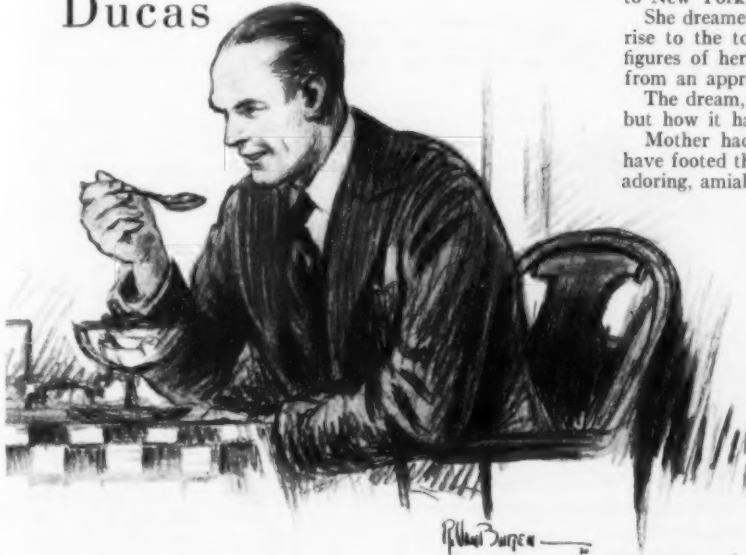
THE alarm clock went off with a clatter. *Zing-ding-whing!* The noise started in the corner of the half-lit room overlooking Abingdon Square; it traveled along the stippled walls, over bookshelves, chairs heaped with sofa cushions, until it floated out of the tall French windows.

The janitor, morosely rolling ash cans out of the cellar, heard it with satisfaction as a puny echo of the clang of his cans. A small boy, bound for the grocery store, heard it and stuck out his tongue. The street car conductor who worked all night and was trying to sleep in the brownstone house next

Copyright, 1930, by Dorothy Ducas

Geraldine Had No Objection to Work, But She Drew the Line at Supporting a Husband

By
Dorothy
Ducas



aliveness. Bit by bit her young body, as slim as the arms and proportionately long, began to experience sensations again.

"Oh hum!"

The words were a signal that Geraldine was awake. She pushed back the covers, slipped her feet into mules adorably red and gold, flung her red Chinese kimono across her shoulders, and went to the window to shut out the air. It was damp, windy air this morning. It brushed through her kimono and cobwebby nightgown, moulding them against her supple hips.

"Just the day," thought Geraldine, running her fingers through her curly black hair, "to sit by my fire and dream on paper."

HER eyes sought the drawing board that lay before the hearth. A piece of paper was pinned to it, two charcoal pencils rested beside it. She walked over and picked up the board, squinting critically.

The figure of a young girl was discovered emerging from a doorway of a building, clearly an office building. The girl wore a tailored suit. Her hat was a cloche. Her purse was the standard envelope type. The face was not yet sketched in under the hat, but the down-slanting shoulders, the unmistakable droop of the hands, told of weariness and melancholy. Printed below were the words: "Economic Independence".

Geraldine viewed her handiwork with something akin to surprise. She never ceased to feel amazed at the things she drew. Not that she thought them remarkable yet. Oh, no. Even as she looked she saw errors. But by gosh! it was an idea, all right, all right!

Flinging the picture down, she marched into the bathroom.

That was what economic independence meant to most women, she thought, as she turned on her shower and stripped off the gay kimono. It meant that to her, too, but how different it had seemed only a year ago, when she was down home.

A half-cynical smile curved her lips as she scrubbed her round shoulders, remembering the Geraldine of Troy, Virginia.

An earnest, enthusiastic girl of nineteen, driving a blue sports roadster along dusty roads until she reached a spot to catch her fancy, then stopping to set up her easel and settle down to work. In those days Geraldine dreamed of coming to New York to study art.

She dreamed a big dream with herself as heroine. She would rise to the top of her profession. On every magazine cover figures of her creation would beam forth, winning recognition from an appreciative world.

The dream, no doubt, of hundreds of clever Southern girls—but how it had shaped all her life since!

Mother had not understood, of course, but Mother would have footed the bill if it had not been for Lee. Lee Carter, the adoring, amiable Lee, to whom she had been engaged since she was fifteen, should not be deserted, thought Mother.

Lee was appalled at the idea himself. Why, they were to be married when she was twenty-one! What good would her art training be in Troy, Virginia?

Geraldine trembled with some of the remembered fury that nineteen-year-old Geraldine had unleashed on the head of unsophisticated Lee—a fury Geraldine, past twenty, now thought useless.

As she stepped from her shower bath she interrupted her reminiscences to be grateful for the thick Turkish towel. It was unusually large and had a border of yellow gardenias. Good old Stella Grant, who had rented her the apartment, had excellent taste in towels, that was certain.

WELL, here she was in New York. Geraldine's face turned suddenly as

weary as would be the face in her unfinished drawing.

In New York, but what good was it doing her? Up every morning as the clock clanged the quarter hour before seven, hurry through her toilet, grab a cup of coffee, off to the subway, packed in with hundreds of men and women as tired-eyed as herself, and as discontented. Into an office at Columbus Circle, down at her desk in a roomful of desks exactly like hers, each with its telephone.

"Good morning. This is the telephone advertising department of the *New York Chronicle*. Did you . . ."

Endless conversations that made up her day from 8 until 4, except for the hour between noon and 1 o'clock, when she munched ham sandwiches and coffee in the *Chronicle* cafeteria.

"If Mother had only encouraged me a little," she murmured, as she dusted her body with lilac talcum, "by this time I'd be ready to do something big!"

Stella Grant's mother, for instance, was paying for her education. That was why Stella had spent two years in New York, and was now in Paris. That was why Stella had forged ahead steadily. She had not had to work at a stupid job all day in order to be able to go to the Art Students' League in the evening. She had given her best energies to her art, and now she was studying abroad on a scholarship.

At this thought a startled expression crossed Geraldine's face. Why, of course! This was Stella's last week in Paris. In another ten days or two weeks, maybe less, she would be home. That meant—and her eyes clouded—Geraldine would have to give up the apartment.

As she lit the gas under the coffee pot, Geraldine sighed. Where else could she live like this for five dollars a week? It was impossible, naturally, on her \$20 a week salary, to spend more than that. She scrimped enough already, to eat, dress and live on her meager wages at the *Chronicle*.

Luckily, the art school charged no fee, but there were materials, art exhibitions. If it had not been for her growing circle

of men friends, she would have gone dinnerless five nights a week.

Geraldine put on a pleated navy blue skirt and a silky blue sweater with red stripes around the cuffs. Above the ensemble her face paled whiter than before, and the dark eyes were like storm clouds.

Yes, she was beautiful, she decided, combing her hair back from her high forehead. She had not needed Albert to tell her she was beautiful. She knew it. She was an artist.

AS IF the thought of Albert had started an electric current, the telephone bell jangled importantly. Geraldine's face brightened, as she hurried to lift the receiver from the hook. She knew what would come to her ears before she murmured "Hello."

"Long life to you, Gerry, my darling! How are you?"

Albert Griswold's voice had a winning warmth that was not lost even over wires. Albert called her every morning at 7:15.

"Feel low," said the girl now, although her tones had the throb of that early "oh hum!"

"My darling, after our romantic evening?"

Albert was not bashful, thought Geraldine. The evening had been romantic, especially the taxi ride around Central Park. How happy she had been, sitting in the circle of his arms! How far away had been everything but his nearness, his ardor! Until she let herself into her apartment, of course, and caught sight of the drawing board dumped on the hearth. She had forgotten Albert completely but he remembered her.

"Even after our evening," she said severely.

"I'm devastated," returned Albert. He sounded entirely healthy.

"Will you let me take you to supper to-night so I may do better?"

She hesitated. Albert made \$60 a week as a newspaper reporter. He had taken her to dinner and theatre the night before, then taxi-riding—\$7 worth. He would be broke to-night and couldn't possibly afford it.

"Why, I'd love to," breathed Geraldine,

"but can you, Albert—after last night?"

"No," replied Albert promptly, "I can't."

She felt herself blushing. Why had she asked?

"But, Gerry, I must see you." There was something eager in his voice now, an appealing something that sent a quiver into her throat. "Couldn't you—couldn't you stake yourself for once?"

Her gasp reached him over the telephone.

"Gerry," he pleaded, "I have something important to tell you."

"Anything more important," she parried, "than what you told me last night?"

She almost heard his "I love you's" again as she said it.

"Yes," answered Albert, "more important than that. It's something that occurred to me while I was sleeping. Maybe you can guess what it is?"

She was silent.

"What do you say, Gerry?"

"Oh, all right," said Geraldine, purposely casual. "Come around for me at school at seven."

"Darling, I love you."

He said it so easily! Geraldine had not been able to say those words to anyone yet. Not yet. Not until she was as sure of her love as she was of her drawing board. Both must be permanent and strong.

"Good-by," she murmured, and hung up the receiver.

HER appetite for the coffee, now pouring its invigorating odor into the room, had mysteriously diminished. She swallowed three mouthfuls, nibbled at a stale roll, then dumped cup and saucer in the sink, pulled the curtains in front of the kitchenette and jammed a blue felt hat over her hair. Her brief case, her coat—and then, equipped for the day, Geraldine Abbott departed.

Mechanically she stopped at the mailbox, inserted her little

brass key, pulled out two letters. With a shake, she put Albert from her thoughts, and opened the top envelope.

It was from her mother, the usual formal little note, saying she was well, although lonely. She wished Geraldine would try to get down home for a visit.

"Fine chance," mused Geraldine. "Why doesn't she send the fare!"

Mrs. Abbott had not sent her any money since Geraldine had packed her clothes and left the nine-room house in Troy, full only of memories for the widow who had come there as a bride. Geraldine's determination was no stronger than her mother's. Mrs. Abbott's sole purpose in staying alive now was the faint, and growing fainter, hope of seeing Geraldine's children. Why should she help Geraldine to postpone that hope?

Vaguely troubled, Geraldine thrust her mother's letter in her purse, and, as she marched down the subway steps, tore open the other letter. A bit of paper fell into her hand, a tan rectangular slip. It was a check for \$200 to Geraldine Abbott from Lee Carter.

Indignation rushed through Geraldine's blood like a malignant fever. Her cheeks filled with color. The letter blurred under her eyes. How dare he? How dare Lee send her money? Trembling, she boarded a train.

Standing between a fat negress with a bundle wrapped in newspapers, and a broad-shouldered workingman against whose back she rested the letter, Geraldine read what Lee had to say. It was penned in writing as legible as type:

"Geraldine dear,

"They say everything comes to a man who waits. I am beginning to believe it at last. I want to be first to break the news to you because it means so much to us both.

"Geraldine, guess what has happened? They have started an Art Students' League in Washington!

(Why, how wonderful! thought Geraldine.)

"When you first confided your dreams of being an artist to me, I am afraid I did not take you seriously enough," the letter went on, "but since you left Troy I have changed

completely. I realize your art work means a great deal to you—more perhaps than anything else in your life. I am no longer jealous. If it is part of you, I love it. Haven't I told you I want you to be happy?

"I have thought and thought, during this year of your absence, of ways to have you come back to me without giving up the work in which you are succeeding so well.

(Oh, yes? thought Geraldine, bitterly.)

"Now comes this answer to all my dreams. Mrs. Grant tells me the new school will be as fine as New York's. It would mean commuting an hour and a half each way to Washington, but that is hardly an ordeal when you have a comfortable home to return to, is it?

"I would do everything in my power to assist you in your work, dear. I am able right now, without waiting until you are twenty-one, to take care of you as you should be cared for.

"Come home quickly, Geraldine. I am sending you the fare, in case you would rather not ask your mother for it. Wire me your reply.

Ever yours,

LEE."

GERALDINE took a deep breath as she folded the letter and check back into their envelope. Lee seemed suddenly real to her. Lee—what a simple, accommodating, generous soul he was! He had no more idea of what art work was than the girls in her office at the *Chronicle*.

A smile that was at once wry and wistful twisted the redness of Geraldine's lips. The check must go back to-night, of course. There would be no telegram. His idea was sweet, but impossible.



SMARTNESS

On a Budget

THAT'S Georgia Mason's slogan and she sticks to it, even when summer comes and sports clothes begin making raids on your fashion allowance. Turn to page 68 and let Miss Mason show you the newest tricks for elegance plus economy

All that traveling from Troy to Washington! It would mean riding in a Pullman train, watching green fields as the car swayed along. Here, she was sandwiched between a negress and a workingman. The odor of their dank clothes filled her nostrils.

So Lee still thought she would marry him, did he? She once had loved him, shyly, inarticulately, like a child. Even now he loomed like a pleasant older brother in her consciousness. Was it that she expected love to be something different?

ALL day at her desk, in between calls, Geraldine pondered on love. She had lunch at a counter in the drug store on the corner, and then walked along Central Park West for half an hour. The grass smelled very fresh, all damp with mist. It was the same grass she and Albert had sniffed through the windows of their taxi last night.

"Am I," wondered Geraldine, "in love with Albert?"

With the rationality of her modern mind she considered the question. She analyzed it, spread it out before her as if for dissection.

Albert, slightly bald at thirty-three, was everything poor Lee was not. His hilarious way of coming into a room, his ardent, compelling eyes, and even his conceit were charming to Geraldine. Come to think of it, she hardly knew anything of Albert's history.

He came from St. Louis; he wrote moderately well and thought he wrote brilliantly. Geraldine knew he would never rise higher than an under-editorship of his paper. But what did his work matter? It was no more mediocre than Lee's highly prosperous small-town factory!

Yes, but besides kisses there were washboards and bread and cheese, arguments, alarm clocks and domestic duties. There was her work. At the reminder of her work, a thrill ran through her breast. Oh, how desperately she wanted to succeed!

Succeed. That was Lee's word—but he, poor lamb, thought she already had scaled the heights. It was not money that Geraldine wanted. It was not even the economic independence of which she had boasted a year ago. The taste of freedom was growing stale. She wanted her workshop, her dreams, her two hands free to create their visions all day long.

Albert knew art as Lee did not. True, Albert said art school was nonsense. His sister had spent a small fortune in study and never had been able to obtain a job as an artist. Albert believed art was a hobby, a recreation.

If it were genius, that was different. Then it might become a means of livelihood, but then it did not need instruction from lesser beings. He was firm on that point. He had coaxed Geraldine to cut her classes. She had doggedly refused, and he had laughed at her.

But maybe, married to Albert, she [Continued on page 88]



This, this was her business—to see the struggles of others and capture them on paper. Love, for her, was a dream—nothing more

Albert had a persuasiveness, an attraction that obliterated his thinning hair, his heavily-shadowed eyes. Facetiously, Geraldine opined he had "it". He must have made love to many women, to do it so well. Oddly enough, she did not resent this. Beneath his suave manner she sensed his sincerity.

Did he love her as much as Lee did? They were different, of course. Albert was a modern man, with a modern man's ideals. Lee was of the Old South, chivalrous, adoring, with no more ambition to make a pal of his wife than her own father had had thirty years ago.

Geraldine felt she knew what Albert was going to ask her to-night. Far-sighted, she wondered what she would reply. Should she marry Albert? What would that mean? She could be happy so long as he had his arms about her.

Illustrations by
LESLIE BENSON



MISS JENNINGS decided to take a chance. Upon her knees, she searched every intersection in the rear wall of the orchestra pit. Behind the drummer's seat was a noticeable crack. Quickly she drew out her curved file. This had to be it!

The Vanishing Drummer

Case No. 2

By Vera Ganue

"MISS JENNINGS, can't you give me *some* hope—*any* hope? This uncertainty is driving me mad—*mad*, I tell you!" The woman's lips trembled. Her voice carried a threat of hysteria.

Adelaide Jennings shook her head ruefully.

"Three of my best operatives lost him again last night."

Mrs. Franklin Houston dropped weakly into a chair, her fingers plucking at her beaded bag.

"It's another woman—I know it's another woman," she muttered. "I could forgive him anything but that, Miss Jennings—*anything*. It's only been lately that this change has come over him. I've tried to find out what is troubling him but he always puts me off. If it's a woman I'll—"

With her small gloved hands she covered her face—a face beautiful in repose, but now contorted with passionate grief.

Emotional outbreaks were not unusual in the office of the Jennings-Foley Detective Agency and Adelaide Jennings watched this one with the air of a physician. She knew from long experience the value of tears.

"There is really no need for alarm, Mrs. Houston," the woman detective consoled gently. "Let me explain what has been hindering us. In the beginning, you made the mistake of entrusting unskilled investigators with the task of watching your husband, and he soon found a way of throwing them off the track. So, you see, when you turned the case over to us we were confronted with a job of what we call 'rough shadowing'."

She smiled with an apologetic gesture.

"WE UNDERESTIMATED your husband's resourcefulness, Mrs. Houston. The first operative I assigned to him picked him up as he left your house after dinner and followed him to Grand Central Station, where he lost him. Last night three of my men took him from the house to Grand Central, but this time they shadowed him farther, into the subway at Thirty-third Street."

"My men followed him to the platform, where he stood waiting for a train. They placed themselves so that when he should board it, one would enter each door, making it impossible for him to elude them . . . And yet he did."

"As no train was in sight he stepped for a moment into the men's room which was behind him. When half an hour had gone by my operatives went inside."

"And then?"

"The men's room was empty."

Mrs. Houston gasped audibly, pleased in spite of herself.

"An old dodge, Mrs. Houston," Miss Jennings went on, "but a slight variant, apparently, with which my men are not familiar. I shall take charge of this case personally from now on, and I can promise you that he will not slip through our fingers to-night."

"Then you will have something to tell me to-morrow, Miss Jennings? Oh, you must. I can't stand this suspense any longer. He is gone until four and five in the morning, and sometimes he doesn't come home at all." She clasped and unclasped her hands. "When I ask for an explanation, he only tells me to trust him and everything will come out all right."

"But how can I trust him, Miss Jennings, when the first investigator I employed trailed him, in company with a woman, to a tenement on the East Side?"

A touch of her former hysteria returned. "That comes of his being a customers' man—"

"Customers' man?" the detective interrupted.

"He has personal charge of the women's accounts at Tait and Jones. They're the big brokerage firm, you know."

"Did Mr. Houston lose any money in the recent crash of the stock market?" Miss Jennings asked shrewdly.

"Why, not that I know of. Many of his customers lost heavily and his commissions have fallen off, naturally, but I don't think our personal funds were involved, for he has not suggested economy."

Miss Jennings rose from her desk.

"Please do not worry any more, Mrs. Houston," she said. "To-night I shall find out where your husband spends his evenings."

Mrs. Houston smiled wanly and moved to the door.

AFTER her client had gone, Adelaide Jennings called in the five operatives she had assigned to shadow Franklin Houston. She looked at them sternly.

"I'm not blaming you, boys," she said. "But that men's room stunt he pulled on you creaks with age. Don't let it happen again. When you pick him up at his house to-night, select some characteristic he can't conceal and don't let him get by you. Jackson, you will be in charge of this evening's outing and I shall wait for your report here."

It proved a weary wait, which Miss Jennings employed in going over reports from various offices in her chain of detective agencies.

Midnight came. One . . . two . . . three . . .

At four o'clock Jackson let himself into the office, a sheepish



THE second of a series of astounding revelations from the case book of the only woman head of a chain of detective agencies. Adelaide Jennings is unique among women to-day, in a profession demanding brains and daring. Miss Ganue, secretary of the Jennings-Foley agency, has set down only actual facts, disguising names of places and people for obvious reasons

A Cross Section of Modern Life as Seen Through

grin on his face.

The woman detective took in the situation with a philosophic chuckle.

"Well?"

The operative shifted uneasily.

"Well, Chief, we picked up our man at his house. He came out wearing a grayish coat, with the collar turned up around his neck, and a felt hat. He took us to Grand Central and then to the subway station. When he went into the men's room we were ready for him. His gag there was simple. When he came out his coat collar was turned down so that his dinner shirt, which we hadn't noticed before, showed. He'd stuck on a little mustache, a pair of tortoise shell glasses and turned the brim of his hat well down over his eyes."

"Not bad, Jackson. Simple but effective."

"You're right, Chief, and he apparently figured it was enough to throw anyone off the track, because when he came out of the men's room he went back to the street and headed across town. At Eighth Avenue there's one of those neighborhood vaudeville and picture houses."

"Yes?"

"Our man went in there, Chief, but not through the front entrance. He went in the stage door as though he'd done it all his life."

"Some girl on the bill?"

"That's what we figured. I left Rice and Murphy to watch the stage door in case he came out with one of the performers. Slattery waited at the front entrance, while Booth and I bought tickets, on the long shot that he might be on the bill himself. We sat so we could watch the door leading from back stage to the orchestra. He didn't come through that, Chief, and he wasn't on the bill."

"When the last showing of the feature was over we came out," the operative went on. "Slattery was still at the entrance. Our man hadn't come out there. We went around to the side and found Rice and Murphy where we had left them. He hadn't come out of the stage door or any of the emergency exits, which are all on that side of the building."

"We waited until three-thirty and gave it up. He must have slipped by us, or if he's still in the theatre I can't imagine what he's doing there, can you?"

Miss Jennings flung her pen down.

"Did you think to look in the orchestra pit, Jackson?"

Chagrin spread over the man's countenance.

"Never mind, Jackson, we'll get him to-morrow night."

Jackson took his leave, crestfallen.

LATER that day the woman detective stalled her client's impetuous questions with one of her own.

"Tell me, Mrs. Houston, does your husband play a musical instrument?"

"Oh, have you found something, Miss Jennings? Yes, Franklin used to play the drums and traps in a college orchestra. He kept them around the house until recently. Oh, what have you discovered? Tell me! This suspense is killing me."

"To-morrow, Mrs. Houston, to-morrow. Only be patient—please!"

"So this is what we've been up against!" Miss Jennings smiled derisively. "And to think his wife was worrying about another woman!"

When the woman had taken her leave, Adelaide Jennings glanced over a report handed her by the man she entrusted with confidential financial investigations. It read: "Franklin Houston—heavy losses in the recent market crash—his wife's private fortune rumored also involved."

The case was beginning to assume a truly pleasing aspect.

That evening, as the feature picture in the theatre on Eighth Avenue was drawing to its final close-up, Miss Jennings dropped into the aisle seat in the first row, which she had reserved earlier in the day. Before her yawned the orchestra pit, bare except for its eight gaunt chairs, its music racks and shrouded drums.

As the lovers on the screen embraced with wooden ardor, one of her operatives touched her on the shoulder and whispered, "He's just come in."

The house lights went up. The door from the musicians'



the Eyes of a Famous and Daring Lady Detective



"A woman?"
Jackson muttered.
"Lord, the fellow
had his nerve! But
Chief, he couldn't have
swung this alone. He
must have had accomplices"

room under the stage opened
and the members of the or-
chestra filed into their places—
one, two, three, four, five, six,
seven . . .

As they began to tune their instru-
ments the door opened and the eighth
member of the orchestra hurried in and
took his place in the far corner behind the
drums.

It was Franklin Houston, his intelligent, sensitive
features stamped into the Broadway mold by the
simple expedient of a small mustache and tortoise
shell glasses. The corners of his mouth had a sullen
droop.

The woman detective smiled to herself—"Money gone in
the Stock Market he turns to the only other business he
knows. Poor fellow, working night and day. Too much pride
to tell his wife, and still hoping against hope that his affairs
will mend. Obvious!"

THE musicians were gathering up their instruments and
turning off the lights on their music stands. The door to
the room beneath the stage opened and they began to file out.
The woman detective checked them off subconsciously—one,
two, three, four, five, six, seven . . . One more to come—the
drummer.

The door swung
shut. What was
keeping him?
Miss Jennings' eyes
swept the pit. Her fin-
gers clutched the arms of
her seat.

The pit was empty!

"Not quite so obvious," she
muttered, as she stumbled up the
aisle. Franklin Houston had made
another getaway.

Outside, she signaled Jackson.

"Houston is in that theatre," she said
crisply. "Stay with him."

The operatives did, this time. In the morning
Miss Jennings found a brief typewritten memo-
randum on her desk. Grim wrinkles appeared
about her mouth as she read:

"Houston came out of the stage door at 4 a. m., in
company with two other men. They all talked for a
few minutes and then separated. Houston went directly
home . . . Jackson."

"Now how does our man spend all that time?" Miss Jen-
nings mused. "And where in the theatre does he hide?"

That was what she intended to find out—what she must
find out, for up to this point her efforts had ended in a
stalemate.

In twenty minutes she was at the stage door of
the theatre on Eighth Avenue. She glanced at her
watch. It was 9:30. Splendid! Too early for
anyone but the cleaners to be around.

She pushed open the stage door and walked
boldly inside, past the Green Room and on to the
now deserted stage. She picked her way through
a broken cobweb of ropes and flats. Groping to
the fire door that led to the auditorium, she swung
it open and stepped quietly out.

In the dim-lit auditorium two scrubwomen were
at work under the supervision of a janitor.

"Is anyone around?" she asked, conversationally.

The janitor shook his head, and went on with his work.

Miss Jennings smiled and lowered her voice to a confidential
undertone.

"I hear they need an organist, so I came to apply for the
job. I've some friends in the main office—"

The man regarded her without interest.

"Yeah?"

"I was wondering—" she hesitated—"I was wondering if I
could just run over the keyboard, to get the feel of this organ?"

At the sight of a bill with a V in the corner, the janitor be-
came more animated. He looked over his shoulder at the
scrubwomen, and held out a hairy paw.

"Yes, ma'am. Help yourself to anythin' you want."

"Where is the switch that turns on the current?"

The man waved his hand vaguely in the direction of the
stage and turned back to his work.

That was what the detective wanted—the run of the place.

She went back stage again without further delay. With
the aid of a pocket flashlight, she found the narrow circular
steel stairs that led down to the musicians' room. It had
recently been done over with beaver board, she noticed, but
gave it scant attention. The door at the front was her real
objective. The door to the orchestra pit.

Extinguishing her flashlight, Miss Jennings cautiously pushed
open the low, narrow door and [Continued on page 86]

TODAY'S VIRTUE



AN UNMARRIED mother! Bravely, gallantly, Pamela Norris faced the terrifying prospect. This, she thought, bitterly, was the fruit of the love she had borne Anthony—a love so great that it surpassed by far the man on whom she had bestowed it.

For only when she told him the truth did Pam discover the ruthless selfishness that Anthony Powell masked so cleverly under the guise of artist and lover. He had intended to marry her, certainly; he still did—when he was ready. But he was leaving for Cuba shortly. The child, he told her, would be an unnecessary encumbrance. There were ways of avoiding that, if she'd only be reasonable and think of him.

Think of him! Wasn't it because she had thought too much of him that she was in this jam now? When he was alone and sick, hadn't she, his model, nursed him—and finally, at his insistence, stayed with him all one mad midsummer night? But now, seeing the man in his true light, Pamela left him.

Pamela felt old, suddenly, and very tired. Lathrop's words came to her brokenly "... chastity in our women . . . we have a right to demand it . . ." Dear heaven, if he *knew!*

Absolutely alone in the world, orphaned by the recent death of her scholarly father, Pam had no one in whom to confide. No one save kindly, elderly Dr. Edwards, who had been Anthony's physician. He, naturally, could see but one thing for her to do—marry Anthony. But when Pamela made it perfectly clear to him why she preferred *no* father for her child, rather than Powell, the physician was deeply moved by her courage.

IT WAS he who found work for her to do at home, in the little apartment she shared with a girl friend, Rachel James. And it was Edwards who, when the time came, sent her off to



By
FAITH
BALDWIN

*Has a Man Any
Claim on the Mother
of His Child—If
She Is Not His
Wife as Well?*

Merton, a little Pennsylvania town where his nephew, John Lathrop, had a flourishing practice.

Pamela, against her own instincts but at the advice of Dr. Edwards, was known in Merton as a young widow, and her beauty and sweetness combined to make her loved by everyone. Her landlady, Mrs. Downes, lavished attention on her, and young Dr. Lathrop saw that she lacked for nothing. Almost, she was able to forget Anthony and New York. Almost, she was happy.

And when, in travail of body and mind, her baby son was born, Pamela vowed fiercely to live for him alone. She had helped Dr. Lathrop with the book he was writing, and now, when she was again able to carry on, he asked her if she'd consider staying on as his secretary?

Pamela seized gratefully at the generous offer. Here was a place for little Bill to grow up. Here was serenity and peace for her. She accepted gladly—and then, struck by something

deeper in the young doctor's words, an earnestness in his tone when he cried, "Why, I can't do without you, Pamela!" she shrank back, afraid, uncertain of him, of herself.

THE moment of recognition passed. Lathrop leaned back in the wicker chair. He said, after a minute,

"I hope you won't regret staying. Funny little town, Merton, but I think you'll come to like it."

"I do already," she told him.

Of course, she had been insane to think—anything. He liked her; he had been kind to her; he felt a certain responsibility toward her, perhaps. And she liked him—she repeated the word *liked*, mentally—so much. Liked him better than any young man she had ever met. She thought, with a little shrinking, of Anthony. She had never liked Anthony. She had been thrilled by him, had loved him, and finally she had despised him.

Lathrop, as his aunt came back on the veranda, was talking of the hospital which his father—dead now these several years—had founded, through the endowment plan of certain well-to-do patients. It had been, in a sense, inherited by the son, who had modernized it, and whose hobby it was.

The hospital was almost all of his life, he explained, laughing, while his aunt commented, "Too much so", in a casual tone. Later, perhaps, he said glowingly, it could be expanded; there would be a training school, charity wards, a clinic.

EARLY, he took her home, on his way to a sudden call. He held her hand for a moment at Mrs. Downes' doorstep and said, smiling, "I can't tell you how happy I am that you are staying."

Pamela went into the house, smiling too. The small, curved person who taught school and who had "gone with" John Lathrop was in the living room, with one or two of the nurses. All looked up as she spoke to them and then ran upstairs to the boy.

When she had gone there was a silence. Janet Bedford, the red-headed school teacher, had a suddenly jealous mouth and envious eyes. One of the nurses, the young one, spoke suddenly of something else. She liked Pamela.

Mrs. Downes got up from the big armchair in the alcove. "He's been sleeping sound," she whispered.

"Thank you. You are a dear." Pamela spoke joyously, out of her amazing sense of security, of harbor. "Mrs. Downes, will you keep us—both—indeinitely? I've said I'd stay on in Merton, as Doctor Lathrop's secretary."

"Johnnie's? Of course I'll keep you. I couldn't—" Mrs. Downes said, hungry eyes on the child, who stirred in his rosy sleep—"I couldn't let you go now."

"John Lathrop's secretary? Humph!" commented Mrs. Downes' sister later. "Pretty easy for her. She hasn't said anything to you, yet, has she, about that husband of hers? Funny," sniffed Sarah, "she don't talk of him or have his picture around."

"She came here through Bill Edwards," Mrs. Downes said, roundly, "and that's enough recommendation for me!"

"Of course," said Sarah sourly, "if you want to bankrupt yourself with extras—cream and all—and wear yourself out for that baby, it's not my funeral. But doctors get to know some pretty queer people sometimes."

She repeated this to Janet, later. And Janet nodded and said nothing. Lathrop was very eligible. A "catch" they called him in Merton. He'd taken her out several times, to parties at the hospital, to a dance or two, and picnics. She'd been so sure of the eventual outcome that she hadn't bothered, much, to hurry things. But now . . .! She thought over Sarah's dour comments later.

"**I'M STAYING** here permanently," wrote Pamela in a few days, to Rachel. "I've a position with Dr. Lathrop. It's peaceful here, Rachel, and I like it. Everyone's so kind."

She went on to ask Rachel to send some of her personal belongings, the odds and ends she had accumulated. Mrs. Downes had said she might rearrange the room to her satisfaction, take down the *Washington Crossing the Delaware* and *Stag at Bay* and hang up her own prints. She'd make this room a home for herself and small Bill. Perhaps, some day, they would have a cottage of their own . . . flowers . . . a back yard.

Dreams . . .

She went every morning to Lathrop's and worked on the book. She had her own little office, and gradually took over other secretarial duties as well: the sending out of bills, the answering of the telephone. As happens in many small towns, he had no office nurse and Pam was often pressed into service to find him for an importunate patient and, by degrees, she came to keep his daybook for him and to know where he was to be found at all hours.

By tacit arrangement she brought the baby to the house and left him on the side veranda and had her own luncheon with Miss Edwards or else served to her on a tray.

So summer slipped away. Then Bill was weaned and could be left with Mrs. Downes, and Pamela was freer to come and to go.

There were days when she saw very little of Lathrop. He would be out on calls, or operating. Other days when she saw him at intervals all day long. Late afternoons or evenings

when he took her with him on his calls out into the country.

They were good friends. Since the evening when he had asked her to stay and work for him, he had said nothing personal; there had not come again that flash of awareness. They were such good friends that she felt safe.

Love did not come like that, she argued when, now and then, something Mrs. Downes would say, smiling, or a look that she would see on Sarah's face, or a chance light remark of one of the nurses would bring her up short. No, love wasn't a slow growth; it was like lightning, sharp, dazzling, lovely and cruel. One moment it was not; in the next you had been pierced by it.

SHE went often with Lathrop to the hospital and waited for him. Once they went together into the country and brought back to the hospital a pitiful, defiant child whose story was commonplace and tragic and drab.

"I hate to let you in for this," Lathrop told her, when he put the girl into the car. But Pamela held her beating hands all the way to the hospital. She knew, she thought somberly—she knew.

"Hush, dear," she said to the girl, "I understand."

Much later, Lathrop told her, "You were heavenly kind to that poor kid."

"I understood," she said, without thinking.

"Oh, now," he smiled and shook his head. "The physical part of it all, perhaps. But the rest—never."

He was indignant at the girl's ignorant parents, and at the man, whom he had taken the trouble to search out—a defiant, sullen lout of a farm boy from another state.

"He'll have to marry her," said Lathrop.

"Oh, why?" Pamela was flushed and earnest. "She'll be so frightfully unhappy with him! He'll beat her! He has, before this! He'll hate her for forcing him into marriage. Couldn't she go away . . . and find work?"

"With a baby? It's out of the question. There's nothing for her but marriage, willing or unwilling."

But the baby died.

"He'll marry her anyway," Lathrop promised.

Pamela looked up across her desk. He smiled at her, abstracted, forgetting his theme in contemplation of her lovely face. She had tanned a little, to an even golden tinge. Her eyes were amazingly blue and her teeth very white against the healthy red of her lips.

A lovely person, thought Lathrop. He was tremendously in love with her; he had known it for some time. But he was in no hurry. He must give her time to recover from that unfortunate—he always thought of it as that—early marriage; to adjust herself to circumstances, to him, to the idea that life was all ahead of her; that at her age, no normal, healthy woman is going to be satisfied with the companionship of a child, no matter how dear.

As for young Bill himself, Lathrop, who liked children and whom children liked, thought of him with a wounding sort of tenderness. "He'll be like my own boy," he told himself. He had no jealousy for the baby; and very little for the baby's dead father.

"He'll have to," he repeated, jerking himself back to the conversation.

"I don't believe in it," Pamela said stubbornly. "A marriage such as that would be wicked."

"It is all that is left to her," Lathrop said. "Merton is too small a place. As far as that goes, most places are small when it comes to situations of this kind," he added thoughtfully, "despite all the 'modern' talk of changing standards. That's surface talk, I think."

PAMELA felt old suddenly, and terribly tired. She dropped her eyes to her note book. Asked mechanically, "Why?"

He hesitated a moment. She had been married, she had had a child, she was a rather grave young person, extraordinarily intelligent. He could always talk to her of anything, impersonally, yet somehow she seemed amazingly untouched by life. He didn't know why; fancied it his instinct concerning her, not realizing it was merely his love for her, which wanted her untouched and thus dreamed of her so.

But the fact that Pamela had been with him during that uncomfortable journey to the hospital with the hysterical girl brought the conversation down to rather concrete instances. He answered her, therefore, by generalizing.



"Sexual standards cannot change, basically, for very sound biological reasons. Perhaps it is old-fashioned of most of us to demand chastity in our women. But we do demand it. And we are right. I have no patience," he went on smiling, "with the talk of companionate marriages and free unions and all the rest of the catch

words that we have been hearing so much about recently."

"Some of the people who believe in—what you condemn," Pamela said faintly, "are hurting no one but themselves."

He caught her up instantly.

"How do you *know*? Because some of them may go, apparently, scot free? But that's not really so. They are answerable to society. I don't condemn them, as you put it. I merely deplore them—the misfits of the race. Not because I'm narrow or conventional, but because I believe in the greatest good for the greatest number; because I feel

Must she, Pamela wondered, take Bill away and start all over again? She couldn't! She was mad to think Lathrop cared for her. And as long as he didn't, would it matter if she stayed?

Illustrations by

R. F. SCHABELITZ

that people who, as they say, lead their own lives, are selfish and cowardly in the last analysis and a drag on, a hindrance to, society as a whole."

He looked at his watch and rose from the edge of the desk where he had been sitting.

"I must go. I've a consultation at Ramsay," he said.

He looked at her contritely. She'd been so eager, so burning in her defense of that other poor youngster, and now she was pale, quiet, a look of tension about her. She took things, he thought, too much to heart.

"Don't start me off on such tirades again," he warned her, laughing. "I'll do what I can for Milly, you know that. But I honestly think she'd be better off as that lad's wife. They may settle down to something like contentment after all. If we let her go on her own again, she'll end up on the streets."

"Oh, no!" cried Pamela, and shuddered.

He thought—She's too sensitive.

He said aloud: "I'm sorry. Believe me, she is the type. Weak, sensual, without character. It isn't all her fault, of course. Her people are a pretty poor lot."

"That's heredity," Pamela said. "You don't think that a different environment would counteract that—overshadow it? I do."

"I'm afraid I don't. In my work I run into too many such girls, from such stock. Women," he said, suddenly unable not to sound the personal note, "should be quiet and strong and lovely—like you, Pamela."

HE WAS gone. She stared out of the windows, listened to his car pull away. Presently she put her head down on her folded arms on the desk. Her note book lay untouched. She remained still, unstirring, for a long half hour.

She did love him. She who had thought never to love again, now loved. And so soon. A year ago she had been in Anthony's arms. A year ago. And in that year she had surrendered to Anthony, repudiated him, borne his child and fallen in love with another man.

It wasn't fair! she told herself desperately. No, she had not "fallen" in love; nothing so sudden, nothing that so conveyed a sense of headlong impetus. She loved him. From friendship she had grown into loving, slowly, irrevocably.

Anthony—that had been like a summer storm, all tempest and lightning and warnings, heat and oppression and a sort of forlorn mothering, an endeavor to keep a non-existent ideal alive and warm in her heart. This was different. This was growth, steady and eternal. Like Nature herself.

That night she started to write to Dr. Edwards. Re-reading the note, she tore it up and threw it in the wastebasket. What had she to tell him, save that she knew she loved his nephew? Unless Lathrop declared himself there was nothing to tell. I should go away, she thought restlessly.

She went into the alcove and looked down at young Bill, asleep, with his small thumb in his mouth. Happy, healthy, innocent. He didn't look, she thought, like a—what was the old biblical phrase—a *bastard*.

She said the word over, setting her teeth in it. Round, full-bodied. An ugly word.

Must she take Bill and go away and start over again for the second time? Where should she go and what should she do? She couldn't go, she cried out, despairingly; it was impossible! It couldn't be asked of her. She was mad to think that Lathrop cared for her. As long as he didn't care, it wouldn't matter if she stayed, would it?

If he knew . . . ?

Things went a little black before her; her heart swayed within her breast and fainted. If he knew . . . ? She dared not think of that. Now that she knew him . . .

Yet Pamela stayed and summer was autumn and Anthony's book came out. It was on the shelves of the bookstore in Merton. She bought it, not wanting to, but unable to help herself, and took it home and read it. Light, pleasant prose that Preston had written, illustrated by really charming pen and ink sketches. Anthony's.

Mrs. Downes saw the book and borrowed it. It was left downstairs for the others to read. Janet read it and was enthusiastic. She knew, she told Pam, a girl who had been a friend of this Anthony Powell's. Nina Sommers.

Pamela started to speak . . . "I know her," she was going to say, automatically. She never said it. Janet looked at her curiously. Saw the sudden uncontrollable flush which crept

from tanned throat to cheek. And so, said nothing, but thought her own thoughts. Well, she hadn't written to Nina in a couple of years . . .

MIRACULOUSLY, it was winter and the months slid by and Pamela had been a year in Merton.

On the anniversary of her coming she went with Lathrop, through a clear cold night, to dine at the home of one of the doctors associated with the hospital, and on the way back he stopped the car on a high ridge overlooking Merton.

The lights of the town lay below them and the silver curve of a moon and the myriad watchful eyes of the stars were above. There was a sweep of road, like diamond dust, a clear wind and the black branches of trees. He took her hand and told her very simply that he loved her and begged her love in return.

"We'll be so happy," said Lathrop, "and I'll love you so much. And you'd help me, Pamela, every step of the way." He laughed, low, and shaken. "The ideal wife," he teased, caressingly "for a doctor. So quiet, so poised and so—so dear. We'll do big things together. You and I—and Bill. Bill's my boy, you know," he told her.

That broke her. Sent her into sudden violent tears, with his arms around her and his face against her cheek.

"Dearest . . . Oh, don't cry, Pamela!" he said urgently. "I can't stand seeing you cry. Can't you care for me, at all?"

She said, after a moment, honestly, "I do care. But . . . I can't marry you."

"Why . . . Why?" He pondered and then asked, gently, "Darling, you didn't make any promises did you?"

Promises? She stared at him, uncomprehending.

"I mean . . . to Norris? It wouldn't be fair, you know. Deathbed promises are—always unfair. Forgive me for speaking of it. But you are very young, Pam, and you were made for love . . ."

She said, torn with a hysterical desire to laugh, to scream—"No—no promises. But . . . I can't."

He argued, mercilessly, "Loving me, you can't? You do love me! You've said so."

After a moment she leaned her head against his shoulder wearily. The tears were still wet on her cheeks. She avoided his seeking lips. Wearily, reluctantly.

"Please don't kiss me . . . please. And—don't ask me again, now. I—I can't bear it," she said desperately.

WITH that he was forced to be content. After all, he comforted himself later, she loved him. Perhaps he had hurried her.

His aunt was perfectly aware of what, as she wrote her brother, was "going on". She forced a confession from Lathrop, a day or two later.

"You're dead in love with the girl and she with you, or I'm no judge," Miss Edwards said sternly. "Why haven't you asked her to marry you?"

"I have," he said mildly.

"John Lathrop . . . ! She didn't *refuse* you?" his aunt asked unbelieving.

"Not exactly. But she didn't accept me, either," he admitted, cast down.

Miss Edwards believed that she understood.

"It's a question of time. After all, she hasn't been—free, very long. You were a little precipitate," she said contradicting her earlier question.

And so he let himself be reassured. He'd hurried her, that was all.

Things were, on the surface, as usual between them. But the undercurrent was there. He had declared himself. Now, every look, every gesture, the chance meeting of eyes or hands betrayed him. *I can't stand it*, thought Pamela desperately.

There was but one thing to do. Go to see Dr. Edwards, tell him the truth, and ask him to be silent. Oh, she had paid! She had borne her boy in loneliness and suffering. Could she not by the integrity of the rest of her life make up for what she had lost?

Was it not possible to live her life out here in Merton, as Lathrop's wife, keeping silence, looking ahead, atoning for the past by the knowledge of what she must withhold from him? She wanted to belong to him, she knew now that the only solution to her problem, the only path to happiness lay with Lathrop; lay in giving her boy a [Continued on page 94]

Smart Set's Service Section



SMART SET'S most interesting letter of the month was one from an enterprising teacher in a Junior High School.

She wanted permission to use our monthly "Hall of Feminine Fame" in teaching classes on careers.

My private hope is that these lessons about successful girls are being taught to little boys. For the girls who are growing up know what they are after and where they are going—but it won't do them any particular good to arrive there unless the modern boy goes along with them.

Boys need lots of educating about these new ambitious girls. But then some of the girls need educating, too.

NOT many months back I wrote here the story of a young telephone operator who, afraid to admit she was married, stayed at her job while, in a nearby hospital, her baby lay dying.

I wrote it really as a human interest story but ended it with a plea for giving married women the right to work.

I didn't know what I was starting. The letters have been coming in ever since—and every one of them has denounced me.

Without exception they have been from single girls and, equally without exception, the writers regard the married woman worker as a menace not only to business but to the home.

One announces that she regards this situation as

Edited by
**Ruth
Waterbury**

worse than the lack of enforcement of the Prohibition law.

Another calls the married woman who works "a cheat, an unmitigated abomination and a symbol of injustice," and ends up by saying

very decidedly—"there should be a law against her."

MUST a married woman sacrifice all right to be an individual? Must she, for the good of society, stay in a narrow, conventional pattern?

Whether or not it is for the best good of society, I doubt that the modern girl will continue to follow this pattern. She has had her taste of freedom and a view of farflung horizons.

She is no longer satisfied with a portion of life's richness. She wants it all—just as man does. She may fail to get it all—just as man fails. But that's what all the shooting's for.

ACERTAIN advertising woman I know is young, beautiful, successful and happily married. I was in her office the other afternoon when the phone rang.

"Oh, yes, Miss Jones," she said into the mouthpiece. "Do stop in with Junior as you go by. And, Miss Jones, explain to him that he's coming up to see Mother's office."

I may be wrong, but I think that's wonderful.



What a gown for a girl on a summer night, fairly whispering of romance, with its long, flowing skirt and its soft, drooping shoulders. Norman Hartnell designed this lovely model in white, pink, blue or black net. \$39.50. (Stern Bros.)
The little rabbit skin is the slickest wrap, properly short and wearable for every season and a mere \$39.50. White only. (Saks—34th St.)

Clothes for a Good Time

By Georgia Mason

SO MANY of you SMART SET girls are catching trains, or jumping into automobiles, or boarding boats—all "going places to do things". A great many places—from the wildernesses of Canada to the capitals of Europe, from the coasts of California to Coney Island. To do a great many things—swim, tramp, play tennis, dance, or perhaps only look on and be lazy. Forgetting business or household or college cares, anyway, for a time, and enjoying your vacations in your own sweet ways.

How do I know all this, you ask me?

You blessed girls have been writing to me from all over the country, faced by this ever new problem.

"I wonder if you would do quite a lot for me, Miss Mason. Could you give me a list of clothes for a month's vacation in Canada, the western coast? I live in Alabama, and haven't the slightest idea what I should wear in Canada. Have you?"

Of course I have—both the idea and all the time in the world, for you, Miss Alabama. So off goes an answer which will bring Canada a little nearer to Alabama, and help one vacationist to get off to a good start and a happy ending.

SMART SET SERVICE

"Dear Georgia Mason—I *should* appreciate advice about clothes suitable for a trip across the continent. I am going from Daytona, Florida, to San Francisco in June. I know nothing about traveling and am anxious to look neat and nice."

I must confess that my heart goes out to a modest girl like that—so modest and honest—and my mind starts working right away on answers. So off goes a letter telling Miss Florida all the things I unfortunately did not know on my first trans-continental trip, and suggesting a wardrobe in which she will look not only "neat and nice", but also smart and *tout à fait charmante*. Which, translated, might mean—"pretty hotsty".

COMES another one: "Oh, Georgia Mason, can you tell me things? I am invited to spend a month in the



Playtime clothes. A flannel skirt in black, navy, tan, blue, maize or white, for \$4.95. A striped sweater in white, pink, blue or maize, \$4.95. A classic beret to match, \$1.95. That's the standing girl's costume. She wears all white tennis shoes, \$6.50, and she's most correctly and inexpensively dressed. Her friend wears a wide-waisted piqué skirt, that launders easily, in pink, maize or blue, \$4.95, and a wool zephyr sweater in white, pink, blue or tan, \$4.95. Her brown leather and white buck pumps are \$14.50. (Outfits from Stern Bros.)

Left: All dressed up and so many delightful places to go in vacation time. The very necessary cape suit is in black, red, brown or green wool crêpe and sports a polka-dotted blouse, \$25.00. (Lord and Taylor.) The sleeveless flat-crêpe dress with its correct deep collar comes in all shades for a mere \$16.75. (Saks—34th St.)

Adirondacks, visiting some adorable people. I ought to have a swell time if I can only manage to look right all the time. For I seem to prick with self-consciousness if I feel that my clothes aren't right. What does a young girl wear at a sort-of-spiffy camp in the Adirondacks? Life in a little Kentucky town hasn't taught me that!"

If I had time, Miss Kentucky, I could bring tears to your eyes—laughing tears—by describing my first visit in the Adirondacks, when I went with a swell wardrobe, the kind I had had for other summers at New Jersey coast resorts! The funny part of the story—and the painful one, too—is that I

Let Georgia Mason Show You How



Patou designed this delightful sports dress in white, blue, green, maize or blue shantung. \$19.50. The little brass buttoned flannel coat in white, black, navy, copenhagen, green, pink or yellow at \$10.75 is very correct to wear with it and it will always be smart. The Basque tennis shoes are pets. \$6.50. (Entire ensemble from Lord and Taylor.)

spent most of my time in other people's clothes—not the best way of making a hit these days when "dressing to suit your personality" seems to be the slogan.

So off goes a letter to Miss Kentucky, full of practical lists and things, which will keep "that bugaboo, self-consciousness" far, far away from her.

Scores of letters, as you see. Interesting me with their problems and thrilling me with their significance.

Well, what can I tell you here about vacation clothes? The most important rule is this: Have a traveling costume, if the heavens fall. Don't compromise with something that seems just as good. The proper dress for the train is not necessarily the best one for a motor. The smart ensemble which your friend intends to wear to the Maine woods won't be of much use to you, on your trip to the west coast in July.

HERE are a few "laws of the road" for you to consider. First—don't be an eyesore.

The best way to avoid that is to see that everything "ensembles"—your hat, your suit or dress and topcoat, your shoes, your purse, your gloves. Remember, you may be sitting across the aisle from a most attractive, prospective fellow guest, or walk through the train in front of the man who two days later will be the new heart flutter in your life. And—see that you have a roomy pocketbook, one large enough to hold tickets and lots of other things without bulging and spilling its contents all over the place.

Second—look neat.

Be sure that you will look as neat after the tenth hour or the third day of traveling as the moment when you start off. To look neat means one thing most especially. Materials that don't crush easily and that don't soil easily.

First in the non-crushable class comes wool, of course, and that is not necessarily taboo for summer traveling. It all depends on where you are going. But—the lacy tweeds, the thin jerseys, the supple wool crêpes are not to be discounted. A suit with an unlined jacket and crêpe de Chine blouses will see you through a long trip without attention. The so-called cotton tweeds, nubby roughly woven fabrics, with uneven color, are the traveler's delight this year. Silk, crêpe de Chine or flat crêpe, has its special virtues of shedding dust and being cool, although it does wrinkle a bit. Or, if you prefer, choose a one-piece dress, with an unlined wool coat; or a silk suit with simple blouses. These are correct.

Third—look nice.

Which shall it be—clothes which make people stare at you, or clothes which stamp you as a lady? Colors which shriek at the world, or subtle self-effacing combinations? Frills, jewelry, laces, georgette—or simple lines, little ornamentation and less jewelry? A little taste goes a long way in answering these questions, and prove the observation that a lady is conspicuous only because she is inconspicuous!

TRAVELING over, now for the vacation itself. Most of this advice can be given with pictures, and I have planned



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to Achieve Smartness on a Budget

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in my fashion photographs this month a regular "educational gallery". And don't imagine for one little minute that I am going to let up on our thrift campaign either. We don't have to, even for our vacation wardrobe.

Sports—whether you play or merely watch—furnish the most inspiration for your wardrobe. Lots of sport things will take you through most of the ordinary vacation. With hot June days in mind, days when you swelter in the office and have no energy left to shop, I chose the little frocks pictured this month to give you as many sport costumes as I possibly could, in one issue of this young woman's publication.

If you look close you'll see there's one for every purse and every personality and all reasonable enough so that you can afford several. You will need more clothes, you know, for two weeks of vacation than for two months of ordinary life. You are doing so many different kinds of things. You are not at home where "freshening up" is simple. You are meeting many new people, and making new friends—leaving impressions which may be most important for your future.

For all these reasons, enough clothes are indicated so that you will always look fresh and interesting. Look at the models I've shown this month and see if life isn't rather simple.



Nifty and thrifty at \$16.50—six frocks at one price to compose a perfect summer wardrobe. At lower left, a printed silk with a wayward one-sided frill in pink, blue and white, or tan, orange and white. (Stern Bros.) The coat of the near-by ensemble is of basket weave in blue, yellow, navy or green with a cunning dress in plain or printed crêpe. (Lord and Taylor.)

Above, a Chuddah silk with short and snappy sleeves, in pink, blue or white; and a crisp, sleeveless piqué in pastel shades, bound with a colorful string belt. (Stern Bros. for both.)

Upper right, one of those silks that loves the tub, called Brittany crêpe, made into a dress with a flattering neckline and a trim vest effect (Stern Bros.) And a crêpe printed in black or blue and collared in white organdie. (Saks-34th St.)



DRESSES at \$16.50. The kind you can put on in the morning and wear through until dinner—dashing through a game of tennis, loitering around the porch, drifting about in a canoe. Dresses of rajah, piqué, plain and printed silk so that you can match them up to your personality in material or color. Sleeveless in case you play a violent game of tennis, little caps if you want to "go feminine" without hampering your serve. Round necks, square ones, frills or more severe lapels—necklines for all of you. For I do hope that you are "neckline conscious". Some of you should *never* wear a round neck; others should shun frills.

If you are one of those girls who insist on mannish shirts of the polo variety—here's a tricky one for tennis or the beach. If you hanker for sweaters, can you help falling for the striped one on Page 69, with the new elbow-length sleeves and its ducky beret? Do you see that it is an absolutely new beret, with elongated sides so that it does not look too out-of-date next to a new brimmed hat?

And don't you like the wide-waled piqué skirt? Palm Beach sported piqué last winter and so will the beaches this summer. If you are as crazy about cottons as I am, loving their freshness and crispness and inexpensiveness, you will have at least one piqué skirt in your trunk, and perhaps some piqué pajamas and a hat, and a purse, and even shoes. For our smartest Fifth Avenue shops are breaking out into piqué shoes.

If you still have a grudge against cotton, there is always flannel. Why not two or three little skirts like the one photographed on Page 69, in different colors? With a couple of sweaters you would have a half dozen changes. I must confess that I don't intend to do without either of them—piqué or flannel—this season, at prices as tempting as these.

LET'S sprint on toward evening. Time has passed when girls labeled themselves a "sport" type, or a "ball room" type. Nowadays, clothes are so versatile that you can play leading rôles at eight o'clock in the morning on the tennis court or at twelve at night on the dance floor, with equal success. So—don't concentrate on one part of [Continued on page 84]



Your Face in the Sun

By Mary Lee

MOST of you wouldn't admit it in the middle of a broiling hot day, but I claim that girls are at their loveliest in summer. Outdoor life wakes us up. Summer clothes are the prettiest, brightest, most varied clothes of the year. Summer complexions, warmed by exercise and ultra-violet rays, glow with beauty.

What is grander than a cool swim, or a restful bath at the end of a warm day? A quiet half hour of dressing in crisp, clean clothes from head to foot, a dash of perfume, plenty of fluffy powder, a true outdoor make-up—and, to end the day right, a summer evening with a moon!

What is more exciting than packing a bag full of summer things for a real vacation? Or, if you're very lucky, packing a trunk for Europe? Yes—summer is grand, and should be full of good times and light-heartedness. And—good looks! That goes without saying. Yet there is a pessimistic minority among you who still believe that summer is hard on beauty. I'll have to answer all of you at once, in this article.

I'll admit that there are plenty of girls who are better looking, for some reason or another, in the spring, fall or winter. But when I look around me—counting you in the streets, in trains, in boats, motors and everywhere—I'm convinced that summer marks the peak of feminine beauty.

Some of you, perhaps, are lovely in summer in spite of yourselves, and I'll wager that there are plenty of you who've never learned that Old Man Sunshine can be an ogre if he's allowed to have his way entirely. Many of you complain to me, too, that the once unmentionable problem of perspiration dogs you in hot weather no matter what you do.

Now, we can't regulate the weather, so we just have to regulate ourselves. When you forget your flower garden in August, it dries up. And when you forget your skin in the same way, it, too, may get parched. Things like excessive sunburn, perspiration, hair bleached by sunshine in streaks, skins marred by deep freckles or blisters—these are the seasonal disadvantages that I do want you all to avoid.

NOT long ago I met a great explorer who had just come back from the tropics. His skin was seared into a leather-like uniformity; only his brow was untouched by the sun. I saw pictures of him in his sun-helmet, and I asked him why he hadn't guarded his face as well as the back of

his neck and his forehead. He laughed and said that all he wanted to save from the heat was his brain!

Then he added a word about his wife: "On the trip before this, when my wife went along, she came back to New York almost as creamy-skinned as the day she set out. Oh, she was tanned, of course, but no more than an ordinary Atlantic City vacation would have tanned her. She wasn't dried to leather as I am now!"

I remember seeing the explorer's wife at the time. I had asked her how she managed to come back from the tropical jungle looking so absurdly fresh and creamy that no one would believe she'd been there. She told me the amazing truth—that she had merely taken with her a complete line of cosmetics for ordinary summer use and had used them lavishly.

I'VE always loved thinking about this young, active lady-explorer, adventuring into hot, buzzing jungles, miles away from civilization, away from white people, yet using her creams and lotions and talcums and skin treatments as regularly as if she were at home in her own cool suburb! I'm sure that if, by some magic, she had found a bathtub, she would have had bath salts ready for the occasion!

She used toilet water for freshness, I know, and she told me that instead of a bath she had sometimes used cleansing cream, or a liquid cleanser, all over her body! In the absence of cold water, there was the mild fragrant astringent, and sometimes even a tiny bit of perfume.

She isn't the only woman who has proved that daintiness is the very foundation of charm. We all realize, every time we become conscious, that the perspiration glands of our bodies are working overtime. Now, we can't eliminate perspiration entirely—that is a process our bodies must go through to be healthy and comfortable. But we can do away with the unpleasant part of perspiration.

Some sort of deodorant or preparation to hasten the evaporation of perspiration should be in the beauty cabinet of every careful girl, even though she herself may not be conscious of needing these things. Games like tennis can't help but make the skin perspire. Young wives who cook a meal in a small kitchen know that it leaves them feeling hot and sweaty. Even sitting at a desk in a poorly ventilated office is conducive to excessive perspiration.

Remember No Girl Has Beauty to Burn. Put Yourself in the Shade Occasionally. Discretion and Daintiness Create Summertime Charm

Another point about these excellent preparations: if you've used a razor or depilatory under the arms, wait a day before applying astringent preparations. You know that removing hair leaves the skin tender, and even the mildest of these lotions may burn a little.

What we know nowadays about baths helps immensely to keep us cool and dainty. A harshly cold bath, you know, isn't the best way to cool the skin. After a hot day take a calm, tepid bath. It will normalize the body temperature and cleanse effectively. Bath fragrances, in the form of salts or the like, are deodorizing in their effect and also soften the water.

In extremely hot weather I'd advise patting the skin of the whole body with a freshening lotion after the bath. This tones up the skin and leaves it cool and petal-like. Be generous with dusting powder and talcum; don't hurry into your clothes—and you'll stay fresh and fragrant for hours.

THIS whole question of daintiness, in my opinion, is much more apt to be acute in cold weather, when many girls forget to change the clothes next their skin every day. Fresh underthings are a matter of course in summer, but they should be considered so the rest of the year, too.

And plenty of hosiery—it's a real economy to buy good stockings that are just thin enough to be dainty but not so thin that they give out the first time you wear them. You know, of course, that style experts frown on sheer silk stockings with cotton or light wool sports clothes. Good lisle or sheer wool may seem extravagant, but it's in the best of taste and marks you as one who knows the difference between a real sports costume and a fake one.

Change your shoes as often as possible, too. They last much longer and keep their shape if they aren't worn day after day but are allowed to sit in trees between wearing. All clothes should get a thorough airing at night, whether you are putting them on the next day or not.

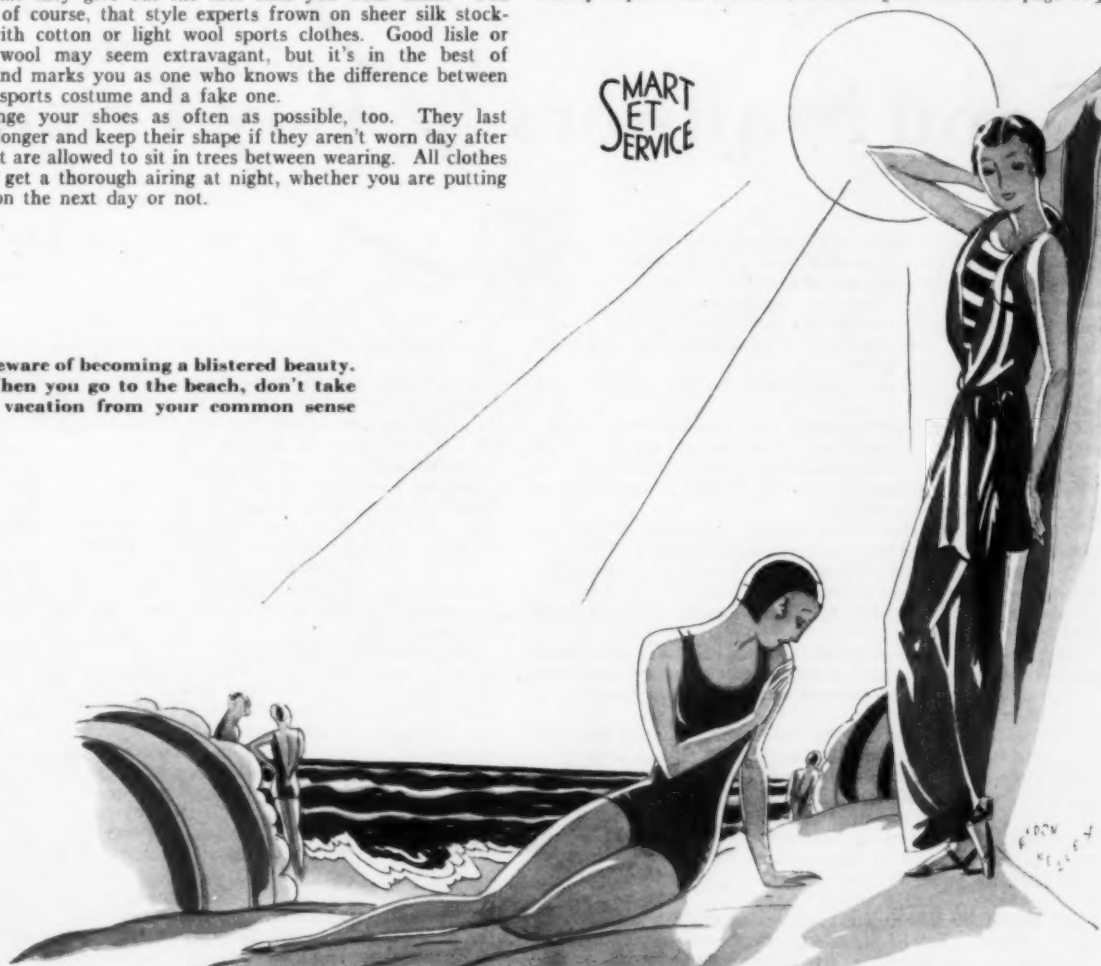
**Beware of becoming a blistered beauty.
When you go to the beach, don't take
a vacation from your common sense**

You can see that true summer daintiness isn't really difficult. And summer dresses add much to the effect of airiness that we want to achieve. But there is one thing that can mar the whole picture if you're not careful. That is to let your skin get badly sunburned. The sun brings color and a golden tan to many of us—but it can also produce the most excruciating pain and blistering. Excessive sunburn, like ivy poisoning, is nearly always the result of carelessness. You don't think about it till it's too late.

If you really want to tan a little bit—and those deep, tropical brown skins are seldom becoming to the average girl—go about it systematically. Expose your skin a few moments at a time, and don't ever let it blister. A delicate ochre tinge to the skin is much more attractive than the blotchy, muddy appearance of a skin that has really been burned.

Sunburn is always worse near the water because of the intensity of the reflection. If you happen to burn the skin, don't take a bath for a day. Wait till the skin is less irritated; use creams freely. Don't exercise much, if your skin has been deeply burned. Really serious sunburn seems to affect many of the body's functions. It may give you a headache or a mean biliousness because the elimination of waste matter in the body is being interfered with.

Many of you want to know about sunburn make-up; that is, powders and creams that make you look tanned. Most beauty experts have discovered that [Continued on page 99]





*The Polite Answer
to Every Girl's
Most Enthralling
Social Problem*

Good Manners and the Boy Friend

IN OUR social dealings sex does not enter into the question of correct deportment. Doing and saying the courteous thing applies alike to men and women. But from my correspondence, I infer that young girls have the impression that when the "boy friend" is injected into a situation, a different code applies. For instance a girl writes me—

"When a man calls on a girl should she take his coat and hat?"

Certainly. Why shouldn't she? She wouldn't think of letting a woman stand around holding her wraps. Of course she can suggest that he do it himself with some such phrase as "You can leave your things in the hall," if she really prefers to dispose of the situation that way.

"If a young man has taken me out and given me a good time, should I thank him?" queries another girl.

Of course, she should. We never hesitate to thank a woman, so why hesitate to thank a man?

"Should I invite a young man 'in' when he takes me home from the theatre?"

If it isn't too late and the girl's parents are still up, there is no earthly reason why this invitation should be withheld from a man when it would be graciously extended to a woman.

Another girl asks—

"When I am sitting on the porch should I rise when he comes up the steps or should I remain seated?"

Of course, you should rise. And a really charming hostess not only rises but offers her hand in greeting and introduces the man to everyone in the group, making sure that he is presented to her mother and father.

BUT the boy friend does complicate certain situations. For instance, when he stays on and on—you must know that maddening type of swain, for there's one in every crowd—

SMART
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SERVICE

until a girl doesn't know how to get rid of him, she asks, "Is it all right to tactfully remind him of the time?" There is no reason why you shouldn't.

"How do I accept a dance?" asks another girl.

If you want to dance, simply say, "Yes"—but if it is natural for you to be more cordial—add, "I'd be very glad to."

A question that seems to be a stickler is—"Shall a girl thank a man for a dance or does the man thank the girl?" By all means the man thanks the girl, for after all, she has paid him the compliment of dancing with him.

Another query that reaches me often is—"When a girl enters a taxi, on which side of the man does she sit?" Well, since the girl enters first she naturally takes the seat on the farthest side. The European rule of etiquette about a lady always sitting at the right does not prevail in America.

But the general question, "How do I treat the boy friend?" is asked me even more frequently than these specific ones. To such a question I reply that there are three models of behavior.

First—though I don't advise it—a girl might do as I did when I was young. Ours was the grand, chilly manner, the idea being to keep the "boy friend" in his place. But in doing so we made ourselves insufferable little prigs, stilted and unnatural to the point of hypocrisy and absurdity and, incidentally, made life as miserable as possible for the young man. Fortunately, this manner is no longer in vogue.

The second model of behavior was popularized by the flapper a few years ago. She made all the advances, did most of the inviting, and directed all of the entertaining from the moment of their meeting. Her manners were unconventional; her conversation sexy or racy; her affectations those of the most extreme sophistication; her voice blatant; and her posture [Continued on page 93]

BY HELEN HATHAWAY



*Original Dishes to
Satisfy a Gypsy
Impulse and an Out-
Door Appetite*

A PICNIC For Two

RECENTLY I had a letter from a girl who worked in an office in a city. She was planning a one-day holiday out of doors—one golden day to be spent on an island alone with her favorite young man. Being a very wise young woman, she wanted something extra nice to put in the lunch basket for that day.

She knew that the "loaf of bread and jug of wine and thou" business was something that had to be translated from poetry to prose or "thou" wouldn't be apt to linger long singing in the wilderness.

What to put in the picnic basket when you invite your favorite "thou" to follow the gypsy trail is a problem no smart modern girl should overlook. Sunburn, mosquitoes and snakes have their terrors, but a bad picnic lunch is more liable to spoil the happy day than any of these things. It isn't any more trouble to do the thing the right way, either.

If you have no campfire cooking equipment I do hope you'll get some this summer. The sporting goods stores carry a fascinating line of grills with folding wire legs that unfold and stick into the ground. The cooking fire is built underneath, and meat broiled by placing it directly on the grill. A nest of pans may be bought to fit the grill, and in these other foods can be heated or cooked.

The best cooking fire for this purpose is one where the fire has burned down to a glowing bed of coals. Ordinary wire bread toasters may be used for broiling, lacking the grill. If the toaster is to be employed, take several so that a number of people may have the fun of watching over their own sizzling, broiling meat and of deciding the exact moment when it is cooked and browned to their fancy.

THE following menus—which I think you will find simple and appetizing—are suggested as a change from the usual

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chop and steak variety. The recipes that follow are for those items on the menu which can be prepared right on the spot. The other incidentals, like relishes, rolls and cake, can be brought along ready to serve. If you want freshly made coffee, don't forget the percolator. Or, you might use powdered coffee.

MENU NUMBER I

	Clam Chowder	
	Broiled Deviled Beef Sandwiches	
Pin Money Pickles		Saratoga Potatoes
	Caramel Cake	
Fruit	Coffee	Toasted Marshmallows

CLAM CHOWDER

Cut six slices of bacon into small pieces. Place in a hot pan and cook to a delicate brown. Add four onions cut fine. Stir and cook five minutes. Add six potatoes cut into very small pieces. Put the potatoes in the pan and add four large cups of water. Cook until the vegetables are tender. This will take about twenty minutes after the water boils. Add one large can of minced clams or one quart of fresh clams and add one quart of milk. Heat thoroughly and serve.

BROILED DEVILED BEEF SANDWICHES

Shape chopped steak into cakes and spread the outside with prepared French mustard. Broil over a brisk fire and place between buttered bread or rolls.

BY MABEL CLAIRE

MENU NUMBER II

	Broiled Fish	
	(Bought or caught)	
	Minced Potatoes	
Cabbage and Apple Salad		Toasted Buttered Rolls
Apple Turnovers		Cheese
Coffee	Nuts	[Continued on page 109]

Your Own Home

Guest Room Ideas for Country Houses

By
ETHEL LEWIS



Mattie Edwards Hewitt

Rest assured—let this be your guest room slogan. And guarantee it by providing the best beds



A dressing table where the light is good; matching chintz for curtains and slip covers; these express true hospitality

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DO YOU treat your guests properly? Of course, you entertain them and give them delicious food. But do you give them a really comfortable room—one that is as inviting and cosy as it can be?

So often the guest room holds the furniture that has been passed on from another room, or the rug that doesn't look good enough for your own room, or the curtains that used to be in the living room. Don't let it be a collection of discards. It should have just as much charm and distinction as any other room.

Is there plenty of closet space, room for hats and shoes, spacious drawers for lingerie, and tiny ones for the little toilet accessories? Have you included a comfortable chair or *chaise longue* for a moment's rest? You know how it is—guests do get most awfully tired with a continuous round of gaiety.

There ought to be a good light by that chair for reading; or one of your guests may prefer reading in bed, just before going to sleep. So you must have a good lamp by the bedside, too.

Above all things be sure that the beds are really comfortable,

for the weary guest will certainly appreciate them. And don't leave the room denuded of small accessories. It is true that a guest usually brings his or her own toilet articles, but a few things already placed on the dressing table will make it so much more hospitable.

IF YOU have a house with open space on the top floor, perhaps you can create a guest room like the one I am going to tell you about this month. From the photographs you can see how inviting it is—how cosy and livable. The guest in this room is doubly fortunate, because there is a fireplace, but that is not really an essential.

Because the walls are so cut up, the same color is used on both ceiling and walls. In that way you are never conscious of where wall stops and ceiling begins. The woodwork is the same color as the walls, as is usually the case in the smartest rooms. When chintzes are used at the windows, plain rugs are more restful than patterned ones. In this case the deep-pile Wilton is a contrasting color and the [Continued on page 89]

The Party of the Month



ANAGRAMS

By
Edward Longstreth

EVERYBODY is playing Anagrams, and it makes no difference whether you are up on your Anagrammar or not, you can still have fun with words. Anagrams can be played alone or with a hundred people. It is a game so elastic that it will stretch from the Dumbest Deborah to the Wisest Child and cover all the intervening degrees of intelligence.

What is even more to the point, it has become all the rage, and if you want to be popular you must learn to play it. It is nothing unusual to see people staring intently at a five-letter word in a street car advertisement, wondering anagrammatically how they can "capture" it, and suddenly with a convulsive fit, muttering, "I can take it with a W."

However, to begin at the beginning, you first buy an anagram set, or else make a set for yourself out of squares of cardboard.

There are some shorter variations of this game (one of which we will explain later) that do not require actual letters, but for real serious competition you can't do without these little squares.

On one side of each square, there is a letter of the alphabet. Of course, you will not need as many duplicates of j, k, q, x, y, z, as of the others. The squares are all placed face down in the center of a table around which the players sit. They are then shuffled. The players draw one at a time from the center in turn.

If your friends are very young and simple-minded, you can begin with three-letter words, but it is better to begin with no less than four; and in case you and your crowd are quite bright, you can begin with five-letter words.

When you have drawn four letters with which you can make a word, spell out the word on the table in front of you. After you have drawn the fifth letter, and after all future draws, you must either use the letter drawn, or discard it into the center face up.

The other players then have the choice of taking up one of the letters in the discard, or of drawing one of those still face down.

AFTER your four-letter word is formed, you use your next draws to capture some word belonging to one of the

Take **OBOE** with a **Z** and get—something that concerns the United States Government

Take **SERUM** with an **M** and get—something that makes a hot time in the old town to-night

Take **WREATH** with an **E** and get—something everybody talks about

Take **TREBLY** with an **I** and get—a convict's hope

Take **REVISE** with a **C** and get—something that is seldom satisfactory in a restaurant

Take **NOTICE** with an **S** and get—only a part of anything

Anagrams unscrambled on page 99

other players. To do this, you must take *his word*—either his original four-letter word, or one he has made up since then—and by *adding your letter*, make an entirely new word by scrambling his letters and adding yours to them.

As an illustration of this: if you draw an **L** you could easily get his **GOAT**, but unfortunately it is against the rules to **GLOAT** because of the wild **OAT** which remains unscrambled in both words. But you can make off with his **GOAT** by adding an **S**, which gives you **TOGAS**.

There are only a few prohibitions that must be enforced in playing the game. For instance: the essential "rules" (**R U S E** plus **L**) are these:

No word can be captured by adding **S** to make its own plural.

No word can be captured by adding **D** to make its past participle.

No word can be used whole: that is you can not capture **LATE** with an **S** to make it **SLATE**; although you can capture it with an **S** to make it not only **LASTE** but **LEAST**.

ONE of the short versions of this game which we referred to above is nothing more nor less than an abbreviation of it. Instead of the formal use of letters, building and capturing words that are on the table, just one single word is used.

The hostess gives the word—an ordinary word of four or five letters will do. Then the guests try to capture the word with any letter that comes to their minds. The first one to speak gets possession of the word. For example: the hostess may say, "I have a word, and the word is **WEST**."

There will probably be a moment of vibrating, tense silence, and then maybe three or four will speak almost at once. And maybe not. The first one to speak, however, gets possession of this word, and in this imaginary case it is the boy friend who cops it by shouting "I can take it with an **E**; my word is—".

Well, gentle reader, what is it? (Hint: It is inspired by the thought that he is somebody's sugar daddy.)

Anyone who holds a word five minutes without having it captured, wins the game.

There is another variation of anagrams in our Anagrammar, and if you would like to have it, write your request to Mr. Longstreth, c/o **SMART SET**, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and enclose a self-addressed return envelope with a stamp on it.

Airedale

[Continued from page 33]

against her cheek. And finally she opened it very carefully with a paper knife.

There was a single sheet of paper inside. "My Dear Pat:"

He was angry. She could tell by this stilted opening. What had she done? She cringed ridiculously as she always did before his anger. Then she read on:

I resent very much your silly interest in my health and habits. I'm not a child. I had enjoyed pretty fair health for twenty-five years before I met you, and twenty-seven before we were married.

It's nice to have a woman anxious about you if you happen to love her. But I decidedly am not in love with you. I don't love you, Pat. At all. I can't imagine why you don't realize it. You seem to think you're being in Reno is just a game and that you and I will be reconciled. Well, we won't. Ever.

I'm surprised at your lack of pride. I never thought you'd try to hold any man against his will. In my case it is useless. I'm through. As proof of it I must tell you that this is the last you will hear from me except in the way of business. And I must ask you not to annoy me any more.

Leonard.

The single scrawled sheet fluttered down on the black silk pajama trousers and Patricia went very, very cold all over. She sat there staring fixedly in front of her and seeing nothing, while bits of thoughts tried vainly to find placement. She sat there a long, long time. . . .

WHAT a brutal, nasty letter! was the first thought which finally made the grade. Not like Leonard. Not like him at all. Almost as if someone else had written it in his hand. Some woman. If she didn't know him so well, she'd think a woman had dictated it, or at least suggested it to him. But that, of course, was absurd.

However, the fact remained that he very definitely did not care for her any more. He was frank enough about that. What was his phrase? "And I must ask you not to annoy me any more." She wouldn't!

Her anger mounted, at first slowly, until suddenly it was seething. She'd show him the kind of pride she had. She'd never write him, nor talk to him, nor even think of him again, even if he became the last man on earth. Some old Jewish gentleman away back in the beginning of all things certainly had the right slant when he wrote, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned".

As the first chore in the not exactly unpleasant task of forgetting him altogether, she picked up Margaret Leland's letter. Margaret was always a sure antidote for troubles. She was so original in her viewpoint and spicy in her comments on life and people. But Pat read it uninterestedly until a sentence leaped at her.

I wonder if you know, Darling, why you are in Reno. I'm sure you don't, because all your life you've been such a blind, trusting little donkey. So I'll tell you the reason. It's a pussy cat. And it's name—I know you'd be the last person in the world to guess it—is Eleanor Dryden.

Yup. Li'l Eleanor, your own very, very best friend! Why is it that when most husbands and wives learn that their particular marital bark has gone on the rocks they also find out sooner or later

that it was pushed there by the "best friend" of one of them?

The square little sportswoman told me all about it. It has been going on for some time. She said she has known for years that you've never understood Leonard. She does, of course. And I sez to myself, sez I, 'Well you ought to, Old Sweet, Leonard or any other man, becuz you've certainly had enough practice.'

It was as if Patricia's poor bruised love for an unloving husband had suddenly been killed by a final brutal blow. She wasn't a bit angry nor hurt about it any more. Only cold. Maybe that cold feeling was hate—or contempt. Very hastily, with tightly pressed lips she wrote a telegram to Mr. Leonard Dwan in New York.

Thanks for information. Sorry. Will never do it again. Honest. Pat.

When it was sent, she stepped to the telephone and gave a number.

"This you, Clay? This is Patricia. I've been thinking it over and, honestly, I believe you are mistaken—about my being an Airedale. I'm not at all . . . No, I wouldn't fool you, would I . . . Dinner to-night? Of course—Clay, you're a darling."

THREE weeks after Patricia received and reacted to her two momentous letters, she was the chief conversational topic among Reno's divorce colony. They talked of her according to their kind and class.

She had changed abruptly from a bewildered and discarded wife to a charming woman who was "seen about a lot" with one man. And the divorce colony, very humanly, was curious about two things: whether she really no longer loved her husband and whether she would marry Clay Sanborn.

Patricia, herself, was not sure about marrying Sanborn, but she was positive she no longer loved Leonard Dwan. She regarded him with a total absence of feeling, even when he thrust himself again upon her.

His first thrust came less than a week after his request that she cease annoying him. It was in the form of a bulky letter. Her feeling on receipt of it was her first proof that her love for him had died. She had returned it without comment.

Four days after that he telephoned her from New York.

"Pat," he pleaded, "I've made a terrible mistake. I'm sorry."

"I am, too, Leonard," she told him. "But it's too late now."

"I'll never give you up. Pat, dear—"

She hung up on him and the next morning she was awakened by a night letter in which he informed her that he loved her and would fight with every means in his power her attempt to divorce him. Her answer to that was to bring his telegram and her two momentous letters to George Eastern, her attorney. He looked them over.

"I don't think," he said, "you have a single cause for worry. He himself has given you sufficient grounds in his letter to you."

That settled one phase of her problem. Of the other she was not so sure. Clay Sanborn's courtship was constant, assiduous and unobtrusive, as became a master wooer.

Three days before the date set for her hearing—which would surely result in the granting of her plea—Sanborn asked for his answer.

ASLOW but strenuous ride up the long winding trail had brought them to a plateau a little before sundown. There they sat their horses and gazed up at the

beauty that was God's and down at the miniature metropolis which man had rough-hewn from the wilderness.

"It's beautiful!" she breathed at long last.

"Isn't it, Clay?"

"Yes," he said after a pause. "Patricia,

what is it to be?"

Though she waited a long time, trying to frame her answer, he remained silent. She heard the impatient stamping of his horse's hoofs.

"I don't know, Clay," she admitted.

"Truly I don't. You believe me, don't you?"

"Yes," he said again. "Is it because you still love Dwan?"

"No." Her reply was instant. "I guess

it's because—I don't love any man."

"I'm not asking you to love me," he insisted. "I'm only asking you to marry me."

She laughed. "I can't see the point of asking for marriage without love."

"I know this," he said. "When a woman

first loves, she loves a man. After that she

loves love. I want you to find love with

me. I know you will. Pat, you love me,

don't you? Look at me."

She obeyed, to find his gaze upon her.

His love was in his eyes. And all at once

she was weary of being alone, she wanted

someone. He sat so straight upon his

horse. So sure. There was strength in the

man, and devotion. Her heart went sud-

denly out to him. Her pulses started to

pound. He swerved his horse against hers.

She was in his arms.

"Will you marry me, Pat?" he whispered

hoarsely and his breath was warm on her

cheek.

"Yes." She met his kiss with hers.

"We'll go to France on our honeymoon,"

he told her. "Spend the winter on the

Riviera. We'll swim off the Lido. Watch

the sun drop behind the blue, blue Mediter-

anean. Go to Nice where the perfumes are

made. Acres and acres of flowers, Pat.

And none of them as lovely as you. Love,"

she heard his whisper in her hair, "and you

and all the world."

Leonard came in on the Overland that night. She found his note in her box after she had bade good night to Clay. She was still tingling from the touch of his lips on her fingers, half wishing they had been upon her lips.

The note was like a sudden, stinging cold rain, drenching her in the midst of warm sunshine. She read it and tore it up and

called the desk.

"I am not to be disturbed," she told the night clerk, and went to bed to toss till dawn.

When she granted him permission to see her next morning, it was to make it plain to him that she had found someone else and to tell him that their life together was ended.

Yet when he came in, it was as if she had never left him. All the time she had been away from him was as the time consumed in a long, weary journey. All the bitterness that their quarrel and his letter had raised in her was turned to a singing in her heart.

He was haggard. There were circles under the anxious brown eyes that pleaded mutely with her as they stood facing each other.

"Pat!" he said and his voice was shaking.

"Oh, Pat!"

"Len!" she cried. "You look terrible!"

She closed the door, trembling, behind them and took him in her arms.

"Why did you do it?"

"I don't know. A woman . . . Listen, Pat, she wasn't even true to me—"

It was an hour before Pat guiltily remembered that such a person as Clay Sanborn existed.

How to be FASCINATING—

JOAN CRAWFORD, *vivacious idol of the Screen*, reveals a Secret



Photo by C. S. Ball, Hollywood

JOAN CRAWFORD, adorable young M. G. M. star, in the luxurious bathroom designed by a New York artist especially for her slim beauty and built in Hollywood. At home, as in her dressing room on location, she uses Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "There's something about a smooth, soft skin that's irresistible. I never found anything like Lux Toilet Soap for keeping my skin lovely."

Joan Crawford

"THERE'S one kind of girl who always attracts," says Joan Crawford, the screen star whose vivacious loveliness has won conquests by the thousand. "It's the girl with exquisite skin!

"There's something about a smooth, soft skin that's irresistible, it seems. Just watch the girl who has it. She's sure to be sought after, the center of attention wherever she goes!

"The Hollywood directors found out long ago"—Joan Crawford shook her red-brown head in emphasis—"that a girl simply *must* have ravishing skin to win her public. Those great glaring close-up lights reveal even tiny flaws, you know.

"So you can imagine how carefully

every girl in Hollywood guards her skin!

"For a long time almost everyone I know has been using Lux Toilet Soap. It does leave the skin so soft and smooth!



GWEN LEE (M. G. M.)
"I find it wonderful!"

JULIA FAYE (M.G.M.)
"I always use it."



"If a girl wants to have the charm of temptingly beautiful skin, she ought to try this nice white soap. She's sure to be delighted with the results!"

Joan Crawford, you see, is one of the 511 important Hollywood actresses (out of a total of 521!) who are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

The lovely Broadway stage stars, too, have discovered that Lux Toilet Soap gives their skin just the gentle care that is so necessary for smooth skin.

And now the European stars are using this fragrant white soap! You, too, will want to try it. Order several cakes and begin to enjoy it—today.

LUX Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway
—and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

When you write to advertisers please mention THE NEW SMART SET MAGAZINE

An Honest Penny

[Continued from page 21]

"You look like a million dollars to-night," said Kirk, as they went back to the tall glasses which decorated their cover charge. "Isn't that a new dress?"

He had seen it many times before, but never with a pink slip under it.

"Not particularly new," said Madeline, in a tone which implied that she might have occasionally worn it before, but didn't remember.

"How's the act?" he asked.

"Just the same." That was true enough.

"Sure you're going on with it?"

A breeze drifted across their table and Madeline lifted her face to it. She was lovely.

"Why do you doubt it?" she returned his question.

He looked at her half shyly. It was so hard to tell what she was really like.

Kirk had listened to warnings about girls for years. Everyone was always warning him against them because he was so rich. But he was puzzled by Madeline.

He had met her three years ago, at a dance after a big football game, and been told that she was an out-of-town girl, coming from a city a couple of hundred miles away. He had liked her then, but had forgotten about her more or less, or at least allowed the fancy to get dusty, until he had met her one day on Michigan Avenue and renewed the acquaintance.

Now it was beginning to obsess him, and in his awkward way he was worried. These girls who were hell-bent on careers had to be side-stepped, they said.

The music began again and in its soft cadence they both waived all question and worry.

MR. HIRTZ watched Madeline. She was conscious of his deliberately psychological gaze trying to analyze her. She was aware, too, of Miss Murphy, redolent with corrective advice. But, most of all, the women pressed upon her. There were so many of them, all hunting for cheap clothes. They wanted to be decked out, but they wanted to be improved and flattered and assured that they were charming—all at a bargain.

Miss Murphy could do it. She was there to sell clothes and she sold six dresses while Madeline tried in vain to sell one.

"It's not my color," protested the dark woman.

"It makes me look too fleshy," said the fat woman.

And Madeline always tried another.

Again and again she came out of the fitting-room with a woman who said, "I'll think it over and maybe I'll come back." And after a little Mr. Hirtz' keen glance began to be unfriendly and Miss Murphy's faintly contemptuous. It was then Madeline turned ritzy.

She went into the fitting-room at four o'clock with a fat blonde lady who wanted something bright, something smart. That could have been endured, but not the rest. She tried on a purple chiffon and a red one and at last a striped dress in which she looked like a summer awning.

"I consider that smart," said the lady. Madeline was silent.

"Very smart," repeated her customer. "Don't you, girlie?"

Madeline looked at the dress, at the sudden bulge in the back, and had a wild impulse to laugh.

"If you want something striped," she evaded, "I'd get it."

"Stripes have always been good on me. Don't you think they're exactly what I ought to wear?"

Madeline picked up a dress silently and put it on a hanger, but the fat lady was not to be ignored.

"The up-and-down stripes," she repeated. "They give me the long lines, you see. This dress suits me perfectly, doesn't it?"

She looked at Madeline demanding. "Well," said Madeline, "I don't think stripes are very good on a person of your figure."

The lady drew herself up, and out. "I don't know what you mean—"

"Nothing," said Madeline, "do buy it if you like it."

"I did like it. But the pleasure I'd have in the garment has been spoiled," declared the customer temperamentally. "Take it off me, please." She spoke sharply. "And be careful of my hair."

Madeline drew the dress off and pulled the hair net with it. The lady gave her an acrid glance and on the way out she stopped to speak to Mr. Hirtz. He, too, looked at Madeline gloomily. As the five o'clock whistle blew he approached her.

"I have bad news for you, Miss Starr," he said.

"Bad news?" asked Madeline.

"I'm afraid you haven't the personality to work into this establishment. It takes a great many things, Miss Starr. Tact, and—a knowledge of psychology and—"

"You mean you want me to go?"

"We are sorry. But you have lost a number of sales to-day."

"But think how I've helped humanity," said Madeline, and went to get her hat.

"You can ask for your check at the desk," said Mr. Hirtz.

"Thanks," said Madeline, "but if I've lost so many sales, you'd better keep it!"

She was two blocks away before she realized that she had been both unbusinesslike and reckless. She needed that two dollars and fifty-odd cents. She was a fool, and such a weary fool!

There was nothing to do but go back to the dismal little room, knowing that in her purse was now one dollar and ten cents. Ten cents for bus fare. She was too tired to walk.

Back in her rooming house, she washed her hands thoroughly of the day's labor, of the silks and the vain, lazy women, of the tawdry bargaining and cheat of it all. She sat on the edge of her bed and wondered what to do. It was desperately irregular, but she called up Rennett at his home. He was curt with her.

"No, Miss Starr, nothing's come in. You better take a vacation and look me up in the fall."

She thanked him and hung up. Take a vacation—on what, she wondered? A dollar? She couldn't even afford to go home. And if she could, there was nothing to go home to.

AFTER a little, striking a blind alley everywhere she turned in her mind, she went out again, vaguely light-headed, and went down the street to get a cafeteria supper.

Passing *The Virginian*, she thought what a fool she had been to spend that dollar and a quarter for dinner last night. Probably the waitress had ten times what she had. At the thought of the waitress her mind stumbled on an idea, halted, refused to go on. She turned and went back to *The Virginian* where old Mose greeted her.

"You tell Miss Susan I want to speak to her," said Madeline, staying by the door.

Miss Susan came over, her thin, high-bred face looking tired to-night.

"Find your waitress, Miss Susan?"

"I did not, honey, and I tell you I'm

about distracted. I do need another girl."

"I'm looking for a job," said Madeline. Miss Susan laughed.

"Yes, I am. I'm in earnest. My act flopped, Miss Susan. I need a job."

"But child," said Miss Susan protestingly, and then, observing the tired, rather pinched face before her she grew serious.

"Sit down and have supper with me and we'll talk it over."

"I can't afford your supper," said Madeline, trying to make a joke of it.

"With me, my dear. My guest."

Madeline's tired eyes filled with tears and Mose, who had caught enough of the conversation to astonish him, looked as sober as Miss Susan and turned away.

"If you will," said Miss Susan, half an hour later, "I shall be delighted, Madeline. And, of course, the meals are free. The wages aren't large but there are tips."

"Tips!" exclaimed Madeline, straightening.

Miss Susan kept right on:

"I always felt that a lady could do anything. When I opened my first tea room, I felt the way you do. And then it came over me that we're not responsible for misfortune, but we are for our attitude toward it. As for the tips, if you don't want them, give them to Hilda or Clara. But I see no reason why it's wrong for you to turn an honest penny for yourself that way. People get a very reasonably priced dinner here and excellent service and they expect to pay for it."

STILL, the first night that Madeline took her tips out of her pocket, she cried for hours. Worry could not make Madeline cry, and insults only brought out the aristocrat in her—but the tips almost broke her heart.

They all tried to make it easy for her. Old Mose had a time getting used to it and finally decided to do his part by informing his cook wife that "when dat show-girl send down an order to you' kitchen you sen' up T-bone steak and chicken breast and the best whateber you got. Dat show-girl quality-white."

Madeline was deaf. She knew what service was and she gave it. In her black dress she looked somehow more of an aristocrat than ever, and many a man, finding her unresponsive, sought to excite interest by the size of his tip.

The amount that came in tips was rather astonishing. In a couple of weeks Madeline had paid most of her bills and even felt far enough ahead to buy a new dress that she found in a little shop, a plain dress of cool green that Kirk admired tremendously.

For she still saw Kirk. That was the one precious thing she hung on to. After all the heavy trays had been disposed of and the men's glances parried and the tips put in her purse and the silver sorted and the fresh cloths spread for Miss Susan's famous waffle breakfast, Madeline would go back to her room three or four nights in the week and get ready for Kirk.

Then there would be the long open roadster below and a spin along the boulevard or through the city and, to finish the evening, lancing in some place where she often saw Kirk's friends. She met some of them now and then, and her name and a mention of her father were her credentials.

He took it for granted, she knew, that she had to rehearse during the early evening hours, and every now and then he asked her about the act. She evaded direct answers and often wondered just how much she had lied.



Here's Economy

You get wonderful results with **Listerine Tooth Paste**—and it costs but **25¢** the large tube.

Look out, Europe, here she comes!

This is Mildred on her way to Europe—attractive, capable, the secretary of a well-known business man in Albany.

She has forgotten the sacrifices necessary to make this trip possible; the lunches she didn't eat; the little things she went without. They are all behind now. Europe and romance lie ahead.

There will be nice men on the boat who will dance with her again and again—so she thinks. *But she is mistaken. They will only dance once.*

There will be gay little bridge parties bright with badinage and the exchange of wit. *Sure there will—but she won't be included.*

Perhaps some attractive man will walk the moonlit decks with her and, recognizing the qualities that make her one woman out of a hundred, will ask her to marry him. Perhaps he will—but the chances are against it.

If you have ever come face to face with a real case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) you can understand how it might well be an obstacle to pleasant business, professional, and social relations. It is the unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you never know when you have it. It does not announce itself to the victim. Important to remember, also, is the fact that few people escape it entirely. That is because every day in any normal mouth, conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise.

Common causes are: stomach derangements due to excesses of eating or drinking, fermenting food particles in the mouth, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, and infections of the nose, mouth or throat.

The pleasant way to put your breath beyond suspicion, is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others.

Since it is antiseptic, full strength Listerine checks food fermentation. It is also a remarkable germicide* which attacks infection from which odors spring. Finally, being a deodorant, it destroys the odors themselves, leaving both mouth and breath fresh, sweet, and clean.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office, and drop a bottle in your bag when travelling. It puts you on the safe side; makes you acceptable to others. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the resistant *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) and *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)

Now and then it was on the tip of her tongue to tell him frankly what she was doing and all about it—what Scott had been like and the rest. But she always found she couldn't.

They were in the great lakeshore hotel where they especially liked to dance one night, when Kirk reminded himself that he had forgotten to tip the waiter.

"I forgot to give that old bird anything," he said. "Maybe I'd better go back."

"Oh, do," said Madeline and waited, a strange look on her face until he came back.

"He certainly lapped it up," Kirk remarked, returning with a grin. "I suppose they get used to it."

"Why shouldn't they?" Madeline asked with a strained note in her voice.

"Oh, it's all right. I don't begrudge them their small change."

"They need it. They earn it, too."

"I suppose they do. But personally I'd be a ditch digger or something, if I had to, before I'd do that."

He took her arm and drew it close into his as they got into the car. But she was rigid.

"I don't see why you should criticize that waiter for turning an honest penny," she said, in Miss Susan's very words.

He laughed at her.

"Forget the waiter, beautiful, can't you? Look at the moon."

But unfortunately Madeline couldn't forget the waiter. Not even for the moon.

KIRK did not dig ditches. He sold bonds. He took bonds more seriously than anything, except Madeline, and until recently the bonds had come first. Moreover, in spite of being a McWilliams—which was a drawback to begin with, because everyone who knew him knew that he didn't have to work—he was putting it over.

One day he had a prospect who lived along the lake drive, an old gentleman of fortune who did not come down to business but preferred to make business come to him. Kirk had been fishing for an interview for some time.

But when he reached the apartment at four, the gentleman was still engaged.

At six Mr. Cuddeback saw him but complained that it was his dinner hour and that his digestion could not be jeopardized by irregular meals. Kirk held on.

"I've waited a long time, Mr. Cuddeback," he said, "and I tell you that this issue isn't going to last much longer."

Mr. Cuddeback knew that.

"I tell you what, young man," he said, "come along and dine with me. Just around the corner. Pleasant, quiet restaurant—nicest place in Chicago, if you find it out. We can talk business as we eat."

Kirk accepted without enthusiasm. He had no penchant for little restaurants in by-streets. They were always inferior and had parrots on the plates and things like that. Still, for the sake of a big bond sale, he could stand worse than that. He followed, not much noticing where he went.

"There's very fine fried chicken to-night," said Mr. Cuddeback, settling himself and looking over the menu. "And you'll find it's real Virginia ham if you prefer that. Here comes my waitress."

Kirk was sitting with his back to the waitress.

"Suppose I take the chicken and you the ham, Mr. McWilliams," said Mr. Cuddeback. "One order of each, Madeline."

IT WAS the name which made Kirk look up almost unconsciously, his pulses stirring. It was his spoken name which made Madeline look down. Their eyes stayed on each other, horrified, stricken.

"I've been praising this place of Miss Susan's," said Mr. Cuddeback genially. "Do your best for us to-night, Madeline."

A look of something like contempt came over Kirk's face and instantaneously Made-

line's took on an expression he had never seen—the expression which had made managers sigh and had discouraged even the amorous Scott. Standing there, tray in hand, Madeline ritzed the scion of the McWilliams, with one scathing glance.

"Indeed I will, Mr. Cuddeback," she said. "The ham's especially nice to-night."

She brought them an excellent dinner, and Kirk ate it. He had to eat it, under the watchful eye of Mr. Cuddeback.

Once Kirk sought to catch Madeline's eye and failed. She was going about her business with apparent serenity; and, grimly, Kirk did the same. He sold bonds right over his shattered feelings.

The two men rose and, with a little smile of almost affectionate patronage, Mr. Cuddeback picked up his change and left eighty-five cents for Madeline. She looked at Kirk and he looked at her while her face turned scarlet, then white. She picked up the coins.

"Thank you, Mr. Cuddeback," she said distinctly—and lower, so that only Kirk heard. "My honest pennies, you see."

It was Kirk who flushed then.

Madeline lifted her tray and walked gracefully away. But after she was sure they had gone, she turned to Miss Susan with a face so deathly white that the good lady was frightened.

"You're ill, Madeline."

"Could I go home now?" asked Madeline.

"Of course, child, if you're fit to go."

"Yes. It's only the heat," said Madeline.

THERE was a letter waiting for her when she got back to her room, a letter which she had ceased to expect, with *Rennett Agency* in the corner. It was signed by Ed Rennett and it said that there was a chance for a singing act. *The Bonnie Briar*

Café wanted a new girl and would pay well.

Madeline gazed at the letter for some time. She had often wanted to get into the *Bonnie Briar*. It was quite a large and safe stepping stone, but to-night it looked like nothing but a jumping off place.

"What did you say?" she asked her neighbor, who had said something twice.

"There's a gentleman downstairs to see you, Miss Starr."

Madeline's heart grew numb. Then she went over and mechanically did her lips.

When she went downstairs she was wearing her most aristocratic look and in her hand was the letter from Rennett.

Kirk stood there, looking at her as if he had never seen her before.

"Do you mean to tell me," he asked, "that you have to do that?"

"I don't mean to tell you anything," she said. "Maybe I have a secret passion for carrying trays. You never can tell!"

"But your act?"

"It didn't go. The man in the team was a bum. But I don't see what you're so worked up about. Your precious dignity hasn't suffered, and you never have to tell anyone that you went about with a waitress—if that's what's hurting you. I've got a chance for another act now. But I'm telling you now that if that one goes to the wall I'll earn my living any way I can and not be ashamed of it, either. That's all."

"It's certainly not all," Kirk told her grimly. "It's no more than a start. Why, Madeline, until I saw you there to-night, I had no idea how much I loved you. We're going to get married. Right away. I can't stand it if we don't."

"Neither can I—" said Madeline suddenly, and between them the letter from the Agency was crumpled past reading.



"Hey, you! Get off that Alp and give a modern American girl a break!"

Are You Powdered to YOUR Satisfaction —and HIS?

Your powder! What would you do without it! Yet usual powders do have their faults—don't they? They fail—so often. Soon after powdering the distressing shine is back—just the right velvety beauty is lacking—or the fragrance does not entirely please. Still you must use powder.

Be assured of this: once you try Princess Pat—with its exclusive base of soft, caressing almond—you will say, *not* that you couldn't get along without powder, but that you couldn't get along *without* Princess Pat powder.

Just the Invisible Beauty You've Longed For. It has been every woman's dream to discover a powder that would velvet the skin, impart patrician beauty, yet—as powder—remain invisible. You have dreamed of this magic powder, longed for its cool, delightful "feel", visioned its perfection! But have you found it? Yes, if you've used Princess Pat; no, if you haven't.

How, you may say, can *one* powder be so different? Ah, but that's the story. There is no other powder in the world like Princess Pat. The fine domestic powders are not like it; the expensive imported powders are not like it.

The Exclusive Almond Base is the Chief Difference. Usual powders are made with a base of starch. Princess Pat does not criticize. But believes the more costly, the more soothing, clinging almond infinitely superior. Millions of women using Princess Pat believe this too. For Princess Pat goes on like a caress, as softly as a rose brushed across the cheek. It has a certain "pliancy". Thus when you smile, Princess Pat remains supremely smooth over the smile lines. It is as though nature had given you a new and perfect skin. *Of course* it clings longer than any powder you may try.

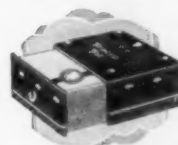
PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO, U. S. A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

With Princess Pat powder use the extremely beautiful Princess Pat Rouge. Shades: Summerton, English Tint (Orange), Squaw, Medium, Vivid, Theatre, and Nile. New! Princess Pat "Inner-Tint" Lip Rouge colors inside moist surface of lips, too.



Mary Brian, Paramount's fascinating star, smiles her joyous approval of Princess Pat almond base face powder.



Patented box—opens like drawer

Keeps the Skin Healthy—Protects Against Blemishes. You really select powder for *immediate* beauty, for make-up that is *perfection itself*. This perfection Princess Pat gives. But, in addition, the almond base is *good* for your skin. Think of that, when you recall that some powders parch and dry the skin. Princess Pat, on the contrary, *soothes and softens*, is delightful to the most sensitive skin.

Princess Pat prevents coarse pores—and blemishes. Its almond, held in contact hours and hours with the skin, is constantly bringing *permanent* beauty. And you'll definitely notice all these advantages. Select your cherished weight, medium or light, and your favorite shade, and let Princess Pat delight you. Seven shades: Olde Ivory, Flesh, White, Brunette, Ochre, Mauve, Summerton.

FREE

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. A-1037
2709 South Wells St., Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat powder, as checked.

☐ Summerton ☐ Olde Ivory ☐ Flesh
☐ White ☐ Brunette ☐ Ochre ☐ Mauve

Print

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

One sample free; additional samples 10c each

Clothes For a Good Time

[Continued from page 71]



Check—double check! Perfect for traveling—
heavy crêpe de Chine in beige, blue and green
—richly plaided, at Lord and Taylor's. \$12.75



You'll be "spotted"
on the beach and
pleased with your-
self at home in these
pajamas — polka-
dotted and plain
crêpe de Chines, in
navy blue, jade
green, orange and
black, and red and
black. (At) Gimbel
Brothers.) \$22.50

You'll be purse
proud and posy
proud if you buy
these. Cordé bags—
all pastel colors at
\$2.95. Piqué flow-
ers—white and pas-
tel—Square petals,
75c; Daisies, 95c;
Chrysanthemums,
95c; Bachelor But-
tons, 95c; Patent
Leather Flowers, 95c;
Smaller ones for 50c.
(At Stern Brothers.)

your wardrobe to the neglect of the other.

This month I am showing you two frocks of net—one plain, the other dotted (*point d'esprit*). Both utterly charming, now, aren't they?

The plain one was designed by that amazing young man, Norman Hartnell, who knows more about making young girls look adorably lovely than any young man has any right to know.

This dress speaks for itself, so I must add a few words for the black one under the bunny cape-coat. For it has slick sleeves—elbow ones with a dangerous frill on the bottom. And the back of the neck is high so that it can be generally useful. I saw one like this worn with bright red slippers.

If you're fashion-wise you'll see that hems on evening dresses are straight. I won't



say a word about the bunny coat—it's not necessary, is it?

Not to neglect the stay-at-home—how do you like the cape suit of wool crêpe, jaunty and gay for city or town wear? You won't mind so much having to stay in the city if you have clothes like this. The flat crêpe can be almost anything—it's *that* kind of dress. Useful and so well-designed, to look a little dignified and a little daring at the same time.

The negligée—well, you just have to have one on your vacation, and these "fit" into almost any scheme. The polka dot pajamas can be a "dual personality" number, too; good for the boudoir or for the beach.

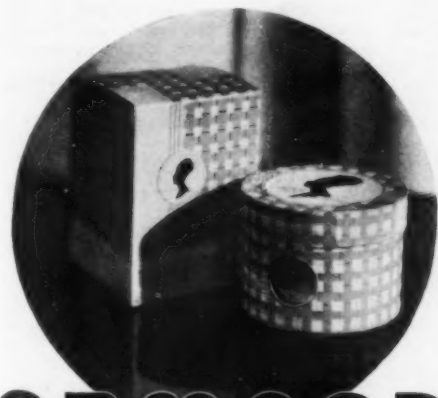
Cotton rompers by Best & Co. Beach accessories by Saks—Fifth Avenue. Complexion by Armand. Admiration by gentlemen!



Boys will be boys,
as usual, but...

girls will be girls again, this summer!

*Armand Cold Cream Powder, in becoming shades, \$1.
Armand Cleansing Cream, 50c and \$1.25.*



ARMAND
CLEANSING CREAM COLD CREAM POWDER
© 1930 by The Armand Co., Inc.

HOW CAY to get back into gingham . . . and flowered prints . . . and little-girl dresses with shoulder-straps! Ask any man if these new "feminine fashions" aren't alluring! Exit The Maiden's Prayer and enter her Big Opportunity!

*Fashion demands more feminine allure—
and this includes your face!*

There's a new skin-tone in vogue today—a creamy tone like pearls or exquisite ivory velvet. It's becoming to everybody—flattering, even, because it makes the flesh seem more vividly, alluringly alive! You can give your skin this caressing quality by the simple use of two companion Armand products. They're magical! And so fine and refreshing to use!

First, Armand Cleansing Cream, the basis of the new beauty. It purges the pores, softens and refines the skin texture, preparing it for Armand Cold Cream Powder. And here's the real secret of the new creamy-toned complexion. A rich, mellow powder that you apply more evenly and smoothly—never just dabbing it on! Then it rewards you by staying there—conserving the fair freshness of your skin.

Now, as you're planning new clothes—think of the new complexion demands, and ask for Armand products at the beauty counter.

The Vanishing Drummer

[Continued from page 61]

stepped up into the pit. The light there was scarcely sufficient for a close examination but it would have to serve.

Bending almost double to escape the notice of the workers in the auditorium, Miss Jennings made her way to the corner occupied the evening before by the vanishing drummer.

Shaking herself free of an uncanny depression, she scrutinized the floor.

Linoleum, cemented securely in place, covered the entire corner. Nothing there. A thin partition of boards separated the musicians from the audience. Still nothing.

She turned her attention to where, behind the drummer's seat, the curved partition joined the matched boards that formed the rear wall of the pit. This had to be it.

Here Miss Jennings decided to take a chance. Masking the flashlight as best she could, she directed its tiny pencil of light against the rear wall. Where it joined the curve of the front partition a noticeable crack appeared.

The light slid over the boards. At an intersection another crack was visible to her searching eye. That was it then!

The light snapped off. From her brief case Miss Jennings fished a long, slender nail file, bent to form a slight hook at the point. She inserted this carefully into the crack, caught the hooked point on the rear edge of the board and pulled gently. Nothing happened.

Removing the file, she repeated the process at the juncture of the wall with the curved partition. It would not budge.

Upon her knees again, she forced the file into the crack along the floor and tugged. It yielded.

A section of the wall, wide enough for a man to slip through sideways, swung out and upward smoothly—noiselessly. Without hesitation, she thrust her head and shoulders inside, letting the bottom of the panel rest across her back.

Her pocket torch flashed on, disclosing a narrow passageway between the brick wall and the beaver board. The beams supporting the beaver board inner wall had been sawed almost entirely away to make room for a slender person to squeeze by.

Miss Jennings wriggled through the opening and edged her way along the narrow passage. At the farther end she came to another panel, which yielded to the file, and her flash disclosed what at some former time had probably been a water tank.

Whoever was responsible for the panels and the passage had furnished the low circular room with a table raised less than six inches from the floor, and three thin leather cushions.

On the table were glasses, partially emptied, ginger ale bottles and two pint whiskey flasks. The floor was littered with cigarette butts, ashes, torn scraps of paper. The latter drew the detective's attention at once and she stooped to gather them together. On close inspection they proved to be bits of an automobile road map. But why should anyone go to the trouble of tearing up a road map?

The answer, obvious, flashed into her mind: *Because there is something on it they wish to conceal!*

"This may be the clue I have been looking for," she thought as she wriggled through the passage back into the pit.

OUTSIDE, she hailed a taxi and was driven rapidly to her office, where she sank into the comfortable chair behind her desk. Spreading the contents of the envelope on its glass top, she summoned Marjorie Dawson. The alert and pretty manager

of the New York branch came in promptly. "Anything new, Chief?" she asked.

Miss Jennings shrugged, indicating the scattered scraps before her. "Our problem," she said, "is to fit this puzzle together."

In an hour the job was done.

"Still, this doesn't seem to reveal anything," Miss Dawson remarked, as the last bit was pasted into place. "It's only the corner of an innocent road map, showing the northern shore of Long Island Sound."

Miss Jennings regarded the reconstructed map in silence.

The fact that it was without mark or sign of any kind made the riddle all the more puzzling, and strengthened her belief that it was not as innocent as its outward appearance indicated.

"Miss Dawson, I think I have it!" she exclaimed.

She reached for the desk lighter and pressed the release until the wick flamed hotly. Holding the map in her other hand, she exposed its entire surface evenly to the heat of the flame.

But still it revealed nothing.

"I'm on the right track, nevertheless," she insisted stubbornly. "This merely shows that whatever is there doesn't react to heat. Let's test it for rice water."

"We shall need iodine. A glass of water and the iodine from the first-aid chest, Miss Dawson, please."

The manager complied, sensing the object of her chief's mysterious procedure. From the brown bottle Miss Jennings poured only enough iodine to tint the water faintly, then stirred and spread it over the surface of the map with a fine brush.

MISS DAWSON leaned over her shoulder. "Something's coming out!" she cried. "See!"

On the map before them a faint dotted line appeared, following the course of the Boston Post Road through Larchmont and Mamaroneck. There, at an intersection, it turned off to the left, and then again to the right. A short distance beyond, where no road was indicated on the map, the dotted line curved sharply between two roughly drawn squares, made a half circle and stopped at a point marked with a crude X.

Miss Jennings sprang to her feet.

"Have Jackson stop at the garage and bring my car here," she ordered sharply, reaching for her hat and coat.

They were off—up Fifth Avenue to Broadway, to Fordham Road and through the Park. Once on the Boston Post Road their pace increased.

At Mamaroneck Miss Jennings studied the precious map, fixing the network of roads in her mind. From then on she drove more slowly, checking off the intersections with meticulous care.

"This must be it," she said finally, and swung off to the left.

They kept on for perhaps a quarter of an hour through a section of great estates. At last the road forked and the detective evidenced her relief with a faint chuckle. She took the right fork and the road began to climb. To the left was a precipitous ridge covered with brush and stunted trees.

"Watch closely now, Jackson," she cautioned. "Someone has marked in a road that does not appear on the original map."

The speed of the car diminished almost to a crawl.

"Here we are, Chief!" Jackson exclaimed.

They stopped before what appeared to be the abandoned entrance to an estate. A weed-grown driveway led up between stone pillars and circled to the left among the trees.

"This is the place all right," Miss Jennings

whispered. "Look at these two little squares on the map. They represent those pillars and mark the proper turn. The cross—whatever it is—that we're after lies beyond those trees."

The car swung into the driveway. Was it danger or mere enlightenment that awaited them behind the trees?

AT THE spot marked X on the map stood a rustic two-story house, its windows boarded up, the bark peeling in long festoons from its log sides, an atmosphere of desertion and decay hanging heavily about it.

"The lodge-keeper's house, probably," Miss Jennings told Jackson as she stepped out of the car.

Together they made a complete circuit of the building. The front entrance was boarded, like the windows, but in the back they discovered a door free of covering.

After a cautious glance about, they approached it.

"Try your skeleton keys, Jackson!"

The third key fitted, and twisted in the lock with surprising ease.

"Oiled!" he muttered.

The door, in answer to a slight pressure, swung open. Their electric torches stabbed the inner gloom.

The house was empty!

Stepping inside, they closed the door behind them carefully and proceeded to make a thorough search.

The first and second floors contained the customary odds and ends left by a moving family—a broken-down bedstead, cast-aside furniture, bits of crockery and clothing.

They moved and examined everything, but with no result.

"Nothing here, I guess, Chief."

"There must be a cellar, Jackson. There's probably a door that leads into it in the kitchen."

There was, but the cellar looked no more promising than the rest. It contained a furnace, parts of a washing machine, a pile of coal, and a battered packing case.

"Looks like bootlegging was out. What do you think, Chief? Dope, maybe?"

"I don't know what to think!" Miss Jennings stamped her foot on the board floor in exasperation. "We might as well go through the routine, though."

They searched thoroughly, but neither the furnace, the coal pile nor the other assorted junk yielded any clue. The packing case, too, was empty.

As Jackson was about to push it back into its place in the corner, the detective stopped him. She was staring at the spot where it had rested.

"What's that ring doing in the floor there, Jackson?" she demanded.

Jackson bent down and grasped it firmly. He lifted, but it did not move. A second attempt proved more successful. A heavy section of the floor swung back.

"Trapdoor!" he gasped in amazement.

TOGETHER they peered into a circular well sunk in the soft clay. Their electric torches followed a slender ladder.

Jackson made a move to descend first, but in her eagerness, Miss Jennings thrust him aside. The ladder swayed crazily under her weight as she descended. In a moment Jackson stood beside her at the bottom.

Before them opened a low tunnel, buttressed with heavy beams. Here, the detective sensed, their search would end—but how?

Jackson drew his gun, the click of the safety catch rasping like an unexpected explosion on their tense nerves. Bending al-

most double, they advanced cautiously into the tunnel and picked their way through a tangle of crossbeams and props.

A few steps and they stood upright in a trussed and buttressed chamber.

Their lights sprayed the walls and ceiling and focused, simultaneously, upon a jumbled mass in the center of the underground vault.

Franklin Houston's strange behavior was a mystery no longer!

The jumbled mass of machinery before them was a complete counterfeiter's outfit.

Jackson reached it first. "Twenties," he muttered, bending over the press. "These plates are a real work of art, Chief, though the rest of the outfit's plainly amateurish. And they're all ready to start running them off, for here's ink, paper and everything."

"So this is what we've been up against, is it?" she exclaimed. "A man who loses not only his own money but his wife's too, in Wall Street, figures that he'll get it all back in the easiest and quickest possible way."

"A woman! All the time his wife was worrying about a woman! Here's his woman, but I can fix her! Jackson, I seem to remember that a necessary feature of printing or engraving establishments is—"

She left the sentence unfinished and began poking about among the miscellaneous collection of bottles and tools under the press. Peering closely, she gave a relieved exclamation and reached for a jug half full of a colorless, oily liquid bearing a label inscribed with the cryptic formula (H₂SO₄).

Jackson watched her with an understanding grin as she removed the glass stopper and poured the contents over the nefarious plates.

"Now, Jackson, let's get out of here!"

As soon as the opportunity presented itself, Miss Jennings stopped and telephoned.

"Meet me at my office, Mrs. Houston," she said briefly, then hung up abruptly.

IN MISS JENNINGS' private office, an hour later, all was made clear to the eager woman.

"I don't care what he's done!" she cried, tears of relief in her eyes. "I don't care if he has lost our money, or gone in for counterfeiting—as long as he hasn't fallen for another woman. But what am I to do now, Miss Jennings?"

"That should be easy, Mrs. Houston. When they discover their plates have been destroyed, your husband will be furious. That is your cue. Surprise him with your knowledge, point out to him where his foolish recouping scheme would inevitably end. Forgive him his unwise speculation and show him that you are ready to begin all over again. If you love him, now is your chance."

That Mrs. Franklin Houston followed Miss Jennings' advice is shown by this letter, which arrived a few days later:

"Dear Miss Jennings,

Your plan worked beautifully. I have convinced Mr. Houston that he is married to a very clever and subtle woman.

My knowledge of his affairs surprised him into a complete confession and it may interest you to know that the woman with whom the first detectives reported seeing him, was a customer of his who had lost all her money in the crash of the Market. Her only assets at the time were a set of counterfeit plates left her by her husband, a famous forger and counterfeiter.

In order to get ready money to work out their plan, my husband went to work in the theatre, taking the manager and his assistant into the scheme when he discovered that they, too, had suffered through speculation.

They set up their outfit in the lodge on my grandfather's estate, which has been unoccupied during years of litigation.

We avoided bankruptcy by the narrowest of margins and I am doing my own housework, now, in a small apartment. But I am content, for I have my husband and his confidence wholeheartedly once more."



Why 85% of America's leading hospitals use Kotex absorbent

Because of its comfort and hygienic value, Kotex absorbent is used today by 85% of our great hospitals.

IF you are one of the millions of women who prefer Kotex because of its marvelous comfort and convenience, you'll be delighted to know hospitals approve it from the health standpoint, too. More than that—85% of all the leading hospitals of the United States actually use Kotex absorbent in their hospital work!

Please note the list of hospitals at the right. Famous hospitals . . . where patients receive the finest care that medical science can offer. These hospitals select Kotex . . . just as you do . . . for the comfort it assures. But they have another reason, too . . . they know its hygienic value.

Why Kotex is more hygienic

Kotex is made of a remarkable absorbent, known as Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. Cellucotton is five times more absorbent than the finest surgical cotton. It absorbs away from the surface, leaving the surface soft and delicate.

Kotex is made of layer on filmy layer of this wonderful Cellucotton. These layers permit circulation of air and keep Kotex light and cool.

Kotex has many other advantages which dainty women know and like. Corners are rounded and tapered so the pad is always inconspicuous. Kotex deodorizes, thus removing another source of embarrassment. And Kotex is disposable . . . there's no laundry, fuss or embarrassment.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

These Famous Hospitals are only a few of the hundreds that use Kotex Pads:

CHICAGO MEMORIAL
HOSPITAL of Chicago

PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL
of Philadelphia

LENOX HILL HOSPITAL
of New York City

UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL
of Baltimore

MT. SINAI HOSPITAL
of Milwaukee

CENTRAL DISPENSARY AND
EMERGENCY HOSPITAL
of Washington, D. C.

BAPTIST HOSPITAL
of Houston, Texas

KOTEX IS SOFT...

- 1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
- 2 Safe, secure . . . Keeps your mind at ease.
- 3 Rounded and tapered corners—for inconspicuous protection.
- 4 Deodorizes, safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
- 5 Disposable, completely, instantly.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Or singly in vending cabinets through
West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and
KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any
drug, dry goods or department store.

So This Is Love

[Continued from page 57]

would try out his scheme. She would stop going to school and stay at home. With her mind fresh, her energies unspent in dull routine, she would plod ahead in a workshop that also was her home.

WHEN Geraldine left her office at 4 o'clock for the Art Students' League three blocks away, she was mentally married to Albert. At a quarter to seven, as she folded up her evening's work, she was calm with the immensity of her decision.

Albert stood outside, leaning against the wall of the building as she emerged. His pipe, in the corner of his mouth, was up-tilted. She recognized him by his pipe.

"Darling!" said Albert.

She tucked her hand in the bend of his arm. He took her brief case. They walked toward Fifth Avenue to find that tiny restaurant Stella Grant had told Geraldine about, where you could dine for 85c without feeling sorry for yourself.

"Well, Gerry," Albert asked, "have you thought about me?"

Her eyes gave him the answer.

"I haven't forgotten you for a minute," he continued, joyously. "I told three people about you . . . Gerry?"

"Yes, Albert?"

"Know my idea?"

"Ye-yes."

"You do?"

She nodded, speechless.

"Well, will you, Gerry?"

"I think so, Albert."

He kissed her. They were standing in the middle of the sidewalk, and on both sides men and women were hurrying home from work. The passersby grinned, but neither Geraldine nor Albert saw them at all.

Was this love? Was it?

ACROSS the little table in a far corner of the restaurant, Albert bent on her a gaze of disconcerting admiration.

"You're lovely!" he told her. "The—"

He stopped, because the mulatto waitress had come up for their order.

Geraldine sat across from him, letting his admiration play over her like a beacon light. Then her natural practicality to the fore, she said:

"Albert, I've planned it out—everything."

He continued to beam.

"When we're married, I'm going to try your formula for becoming an artist. I've been thinking it over and maybe you're right. I certainly haven't had a fair chance this year, working at the end of a hard day in the office, getting peevish and sick before I even reach school!"

Albert held her hand.

"You've done wonders, Gerry," he told her.

She wished he would not use that masculine nickname. She liked her name.

"I shall draw all day," continued Geraldine. "When you come home at night you can inspect what I've done, and give me some criticism. You know pictures."

The compliment wakened Albert out of a reverie.

"Gerry," he protested, "I'm only a poor newspaper man."

The waitress was setting fruit cocktails before them. Albert began eating his with gusto.

"Albert," said the girl, lifting her spoon, "I'm a poor artist."

"You're beautiful," mumbled Albert, his mouth full.

She began to eat, too, but vaguely ill at ease. What was the matter with Albert tonight?

"If I were you, Gerry," he said, as he

finished swallowing, "I wouldn't get my head full of idealistic notions. Lord, girl, I had them when I was your age."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, Gerry, be sensible, darling," he said.

"How can we live in comfort on my salary?"

Sixty dollars a week, Geraldine calculated, was three times as much as she had been living on all year. Certainly two could do it without difficulty?

"I'd manage," she promised.

Geraldine said nothing more until the waitress had brought their minced chicken, potatoes and salad. Then she spoke, "Albert, I am not going to continue working at the *Chronicle*."

"No?" He was slightly sarcastic.

"I can't. It isn't my kind of work."

"Your kind of work," Albert repeated politely. Was he making fun of her? "Gerry, the tripe I write isn't my kind of work, either. I could write plays, if I had time."

What! Did he have ambitions? Was he longing, too, for success? She did not, deep down, believe he had the patience, the persistence, to turn out a play.

"But, Albert, you haven't the time."

"No, I haven't." His face was flushed now. "Why? Because I have no money, no chance to save for the future. I work ten hours a day, twelve, fifteen, twenty-four—and what do I get? The same \$60."

He leaned toward her. "The only bright spots are moments with you."

Her eyes held no answering glow.

"What has all this to do with my art work?" she murmured.

"Gerry!" His voice was frankly angry. "It has everything to do with it! You're to be my wife, my partner. Certainly you don't want to start out by being a burden to me?"

The question hit her like a blow.

"A burden?"

"You know, Gerry—" he talked quietly as if explaining to a child—"if we had children—of course, I would take care of you as best I could. If I were knocked out, hurt, incapacitated, you'd do the same for me. But why should I slave at work I detest so you can fulfil your dream? It isn't fair, Gerry. I want our marriage to be fair."

Yes, thought Geraldine, he was a modern man.

He had warmed to his subject, and talked at length.

RIDING downtown on the top of the bus, Geraldine snuggled against him and tried to understand. It was useless. Not that she did not want to work after her marriage. Indeed, she would be miserable in married idleness.

But the job at the *Chronicle* was not her lifework. She told Albert how much she hated that job.

"Then," said Albert, "you must find another one, dear."

She drew away at the brittle quality of his tone. Where was his peculiar charm tonight? Something had happened to her calm optimism about him. She was afraid.

Oddly enough, Albert did not sense her fear. His next remark came like a bomb.

"Shall we be married to-morrow, Gerry?"

To-morrow?

"I thought," continued Albert, "we could spend a week or so in your place. It's a comfortable apartment. Some day we'll get one like it. But my dump," he grimaced. "is no scene for a honeymoon."

Indignation rose up in Geraldine then. She wanted to tell Albert he had insulted her. But she did not know how or why.

"Honey, you won't mind working for a

living," Albert continued, in a tender voice. "You'll have me to come home to, and I shall have you. Some day, maybe, we'll both be rich enough not to have to work."

"We won't be rich!" cried Geraldine.

Albert looked at her, questioningly.

"How can you tell?"

"I can," said Geraldine. Riches and Albert did not go together. Lee would be rich—rich and generous. It was his rôle.

They had come to the end of their ride now, and she followed him down the steps of the bus to the quietness of the park beyond Washington Arch.

They were two slight figures against a great gray arch, specks smaller than the green bus, the flashing cars. She would draw that picture, and call it "Urban Love".

But it was love? Was it?

Suddenly Geraldine saw the drawing lying on her hearth, the drawing that was the symbol of her own weary experience. She was tired, so tired, of struggling to be independent. Her business in this world was to see the struggles of others and capture them on paper.

THEN came a thought brand new for Geraldine. She saw clearly for a moment of what stuff she was made. Love, that strange sensation for which she had longed, was a dream, nothing more, for people like her.

Overwhelming ambitions took the glow out of love. Ambition must be a part of love; love must encompass it—or else be discarded. Geraldine knew she could never discard her ambitions.

"Albert," she said, "I'm a really modern woman."

He nodded cheerfully.

"Albert, it's too bad you should want to marry me." She was sorry for him, a little, but the big thing was her discovery.

"Oh, I don't know, Gerry. I—"

"You won't marry me, Albert."

Her eyes, black holes in her white face, held him.

"You won't want me, when I tell you I—I love something else more. You aren't the sort to accept that. I know."

"Gerry!"

"I do, Albert. I love my work more."

"Oh, your work." He laughed with relief. "Your work!" It was a good joke.

"Damn your work!"

"Don't damn it," said Geraldine, "damn me. I'm it. It's me. I'm so modern, my dear, so very modern—" and her voice was sarcastic now, too—"that I not only won't stop working, but I won't let anyone stop me. I won't even love someone who wants to."

"Nonsense," said Albert. He was talking above her, planning their wedding.

She pulled away from him quickly, turned on her heel, and began to walk rapidly back toward Fifth Avenue. He ran after her.

"What's up, Geraldine?"

Her heart almost melted. He had called her Geraldine!

"I'm going," she said, unsteadily, "to send a telegram to Troy."

"Troy?"

"Yes, Albert. I'm going home."

He stood there in the middle of the sidewalk, where she had told him she would marry him. His face was unbelieving.

"You'll come back?"

Geraldine had a vision of a fast-moving train, a train with green plush seats and white towels for your head. She sat in that train, her feet on a green footstool, and on her knees was a drawing board, in her fingers a pencil.

"No, Albert," she said. "I won't come back."

Your Own Home

[Continued from page 76]

small hooked rug adds variety of pattern.

The most important thing in this room is the clever use of gay, colorful chintz. It is the first thing you see as you enter the room, and the more you see it the more you like it. Be extremely careful not to select a chintz which will grow tiresome. Here the same chintz is used for curtains and slip covers.

What real comfort this room has! The slip covers have box-pleated frills around the bottom, with a binding on the lower edge to match the trimming on the curtains. If you look carefully you will see that these slip covers are so well made that the chairs look as though they were upholstered. You can do them like that, too, but it will take careful work. Slip covers sometimes cover a multitude of sins, and you might be able to use an ugly old chair which can be brought right up to date with a cover of smart material.

The beds are stunning, aren't they? They provide both color and design. But it would have been all wrong to use that decorative chintz for spreads. You see how much better the plain color is, because it leaves the bed dominant. The spreads are edged with the same kind of trimming that is used on the curtains, and the scallops are the same.

The dressing table is so delightfully feminine that it makes you want to have one. It isn't hard to make, either. You can start with a bracket shelf, if you cannot get a really, truly dressing table; and the draping is the same no matter what is underneath. What a good idea it was to fit it into the space under the sloping wall! The seat of the dressing table chair is the same material as that used for the window seats, thus carrying that color over to the other corner of the room.

LAST, but never least, are the curtains. The chintz overcurtains are short—just to the sill. I think they are delightfully pert and cunning. The edges are cut in scallops and finished with a ribbon frill. The tie-backs are so unusual and charming with their double row of scallops and frills.

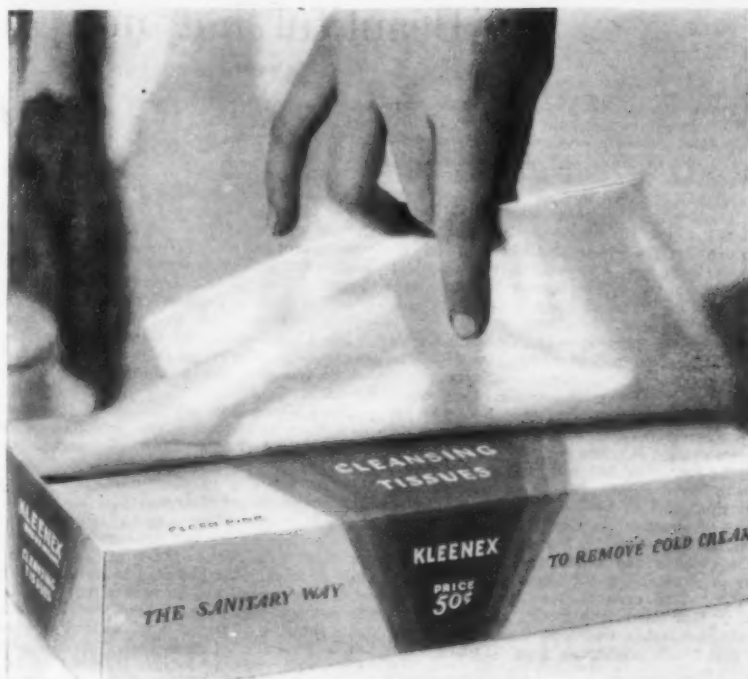
The valances have been handled cleverly, too. The upward curve of those on the cut-off windows creates the illusion of greater height and at the same time shuts out none of the light. They are scalloped and trimmed on the lower edge just like the wide straight valance for the double window. The sheer glass curtains with ruffled edges are looped back like the over-curtains.

Now a word about color. So many different color schemes could be used for this room that I thought I would give you your choice. Think of it first with soft yellow walls, a chintz with an apple-green background, and bindings of orchid. The dressing table is draped with orchid voile. The spreads are green, trimmed with the same orchid as the curtains. The rug is deep green and the window seat covers about the same tone. Little touches of yellow appear in the cushion and dressing table lamps.

On the other hand, the walls might be pale pink; the rug a deep, soft blue; the chintz have a cream background with many colors, the one picked out for the binding being blue. The spreads would be light rose, deeper than the wall, with blue edgings; the dressing table the same soft pinky rose, but the little accessories blue and yellow.

There is no end to the many possible color schemes that just need a little thought to keep the colors in perfect harmony.

And with all these ideas to draw on, there is no reason why you can't create the very loveliest room that any guest ever had.



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Helen Wright

Beautiful but not Dumb

[Continued from page 53]

Foremost among the stars to-day is "the Garbo", as everyone on the West Coast calls her. Aloof, serenely mysterious, she has become a sort of Mona Lisa of the films.

Yet Greta Garbo, the passion flower, the idol of half the men in America, is known to be the cleverest, the most sensible and businesslike woman in pictures!

Even in the beginning she showed it. Greta Garbo had just arrived from Sweden. She was a gawky immigrant to the films, and not one word of English did she speak or understand.

The first English sentence that the Garbo learned was "I tink I go home now." She used it everywhere, with every meaning. When directors were impossible, when managers and producers were excited with rage, she was serene. "I tink I go home now." When she got her way, she would come back on the lot. And her way was always right!

Producers on the MGM lot decided that her first starring vehicle should be "Women Love Diamonds". The Garbo shook her head at the title, and shook it still more firmly when she heard the story through her interpreter. Every means short of force was used to curb the temperament of the star. But the Garbo would only shake her head and say "I tink I go home now."

She didn't go home. But "Women Love Diamonds" was made with another star, and became one of the greatest flops in pictures.

Since that time, Garbo's ascent has been rapid. Did her beauty take her there? She couldn't have reached the heights without

it, but alone it wasn't enough. It was the fact that the Garbo has a keen business brain and a sensitive, intuitional mind.

NOR is Greta unique in this respect among the stars of the silver screen. Aileen Pringle represents a genuineness of culture and understanding that is rare among women anywhere; yet for a long time she has been a perfect movie type for the society beauty. For all her charming beauty she reads everything, sees everything, and appreciates André Gide as well as Milt Gross.

Ina Claire, envied of a thousand girls because she is Mrs. John Gilbert, has a library of the classics, and is an inveterate reader of them.

Since the talkies revolutionized the films, new stars have been in the ascendant. First among these is Miss Ruth Chatterton, star of "The Lady Laughs", "Sarah and Son", playing the rôle of the young mother not because she is the maternal type, but because there is a personality, a richness to her work which rises above her beauty of face and figure and fits her for the most difficult emotional rôles. Intelligence, in other words.

If you are of the present generation, ten to one your first big thrill at the films was at a showing of David Wark Griffith's "Birth of a Nation". Lillian Gish was the star, years and years ago. And Lillian Gish is a star to-day, with a talkie that is having unprecedented success and a stage hit on Broadway. Why has Miss Gish remained foremost among movie stars?

It is because of her remarkable mind, which has made her a friend of the *literati* on two continents. D'Annunzio, greatest poet of Italy, wrote, not of her beauty, but of her natural, mental charm. To-day Lillian Gish is one of the foremost feminine figures in the circle of New York's intelligentsia.

THE whole affair is summed up in the answer to my question given by Miss Mary Watson, charming manager of the Bureau of Occupations.

Girls have gone out from Miss Watson's Fifth Avenue office to jobs in a hundred fields, in a hundred places all over the world. She is fitted, perhaps more than any other one woman, to answer my question: "Are beautiful women dumb?"

"The very idea is an anachronism," smiled Miss Watson. "It answers itself, does it not? We know that the intelligence level is rising. Statistics prove that the average intelligence quota of women is at least five points higher than it was fifty years ago. And your own eyes will tell you that there are more beautiful women, too, than there were. More beauty and more brains. . . ."

"Everywhere, on every side, there is educational material, teaching the girl how to get the best out of herself, out of her mind and body. She is taught health; she is taught design and dress and a thousand new arts.

"More than that, she has learned the most fundamental lesson of all—that, in reality, men do not want women to be *beautiful and dumb*."

Milton's Paradise

[Continued from page 27]

away with the monotony of a metronome.

"Not bad," said Mr. Gimmick. "You missed the second tap on that roll, though."

Miss Maloney flashed him an angry glance. "Since when is a movie director a shark on dance routine?"

"A director has got to know a lot, Maloney—including how to spot mediocrity."

"You've got a nerve, Gimmick," declared the boy, "setting yourself up to criticize a wonder like Opal. Why, in New York—"

"That's just what I hoped you'd say," grinned the director. "In New York! What's that mean, except that she's working in front of a lot of saps who paid \$6.60 to kid themselves they're rounders. Hey, Frascati, give us the opener!"

THE day wore on through a series of trials, with Mr. Gimmick as a one-man Supreme Court. By four-thirty he had reduced the cast to a state of limp docility.

Mr. Gimmick, however, still bursting with energy, climbed on a table.

"You showed me enough to prove that we've got a pretty fair lot of fluff," he chuckled, "but it's not quite perfect. We've got love interest and gals, but what's needed is comedy and tears."

"You sure are a wonderful man," cooed Miss Maloney.

"Pipe down, you!" shouted Mr. Gimmick, much exasperated. "Seriously, ladies and gents, I admit I'm a sucker for sentiment. Old mammys and homesteads always get me, for some reason. Well, I'll find the answer, somehow; I always do. And now clear out until eight to-morrow morning."

Milton linked arms with the frazzled Opal and started for the door, only to encounter the rubicund Mr. Torrance and Dora.

"How's it going, youngster?" asked Spook.

"I don't feel a day over eighty," groaned

Milton. "Gosh, that Gimmick is a dynamo, and the way he talked to poor Opal—"

"So you're Opal Maloney," rasped Miss Delura. "I was watching you work for a while this afternoon, and it's very neat, even though you're in debt up to your eyebrows."

"How dare you talk to me like that! I don't owe a soul!"

"What about Jack Donahue, Georgie White and the rest of the Broadway stars? Say, dearie, if you left out what you've borrowed from them, all you could do is bow on and off!"

IF MR. ABRAHAM ZOOP had seen one of his shiniest cars roll up to a cheap stucco barn on Venice Boulevard he would have registered pained astonishment.

A closer inspection would have shown that Milton was fully conscious of this artistic *faux pas*, but he meekly followed Miss Opal Maloney into the flamboyant dining room of the *Palais Rouge*.

"But honey," he protested when they were anchored at a ringside table, "this is only a rotten little roadhouse. It's not the right place for you."

"I can't help it," snapped Opal. "I'm fed up with eating at the Beverly-Wilshire and the other human showcases. Gee, I never knew these movie people could be so snooty."

"They wouldn't be," soothed Milton, "if only you'd let me propose."

"I don't want to talk about love," said Opal, looking like a very wise and discontented doll. "I just want to forget I'm in Hollywood. You're a good kid, Milton, but I don't think I could stand the Coast if it weren't for the heavy salary."

"Go on, feel sorry for yourself," grinned Milton, who had grown used to her moods.

The so-called entertainment on the floor

had been progressing as they talked. And now a handsome youth in ordinary street clothes was singing about his dilapidated shack in Alabama. The queer part of the performance was that the handsome youth made one feel he meant it, and after staring at him for a moment, Milton turned back to Opal to find that she was crying softly.

"Oh, this is just too much!" she sobbed. "Hasn't he the sympathetic voice, though?"

"He's too good for this dump," agreed Zoop Junior.

"I can't stand this," quavered Miss Maloney. "First thing people will think I'm suffering from gin instead of sentiment. That boy sure is loaded with it. Sentiment—" she repeated. "Say, Milton darling!"

"Don't say it! I've got the same brain wave!" and Milton beckoned excitedly to the singer.

Milton introduced himself, glowing at the respect in the other's attitude, and learned that his name was Jimmy Kilpatrick.

"My specialty is discovering people," confided Milton, with a proud glance at Opal. "You've got sincerity to a marked degree, besides a good voice, and if you can satisfy the famous Eli Gimmick, I'll be glad to use you in one of my pictures."

LONG before noon of the next day the admiring Gimmick was completely sold on the softly slurred nostalgia of the new recruit.

"Kid," he told Milton, "the first time I saw you I thought you looked like the kind of a guy who'd hammer screws, but I was wrong. Wrong in a big way, though, like everything I do. What you've done is to pick me a future star that'll make managers wish their theatres had elastic walls."

"It was really Opal who saw his pos-

sibilities" said Milton loyally. "I'm only—"

"In your hat. You're just trying to give her some of the credit because you're soft in that quarter. It's a gift, I'm telling you, the same as your old man. He could dive into a bowl of alphabet soup and come up with *et cetera*. And when I see him I'll kid him along that Maloney is a wow, giving you the praise. He won't know the difference."

Milton's face clouded. He was forced to admit that Opal had lost some of her Broadway glamor, but, like a man with his first moustache, he preferred to believe otherwise.

The fifteenth day of unexpectedly smooth recording under the tremendous Gimmick brought 'Hips Ahoj!' to the famous battleship setting, to be staged that evening.

Backstage, Eli Gimmick showered commands on his platoon of sub-directors, and Milton watched tensely as several preliminary songs and scenes were recorded. Carlos Cabrillo and Miss Warrington delivered a saccharine duet, Rosie Redpath lured the comedian, and Jimmy Kilpatrick assured his listeners that:

*In Singapore or Siam,
No mat-tuh where I yam,
Mu-haw-thuh's the only girl for me!*

A few minutes' rest and then, with the orchestra beating its syncopated way into the air, the grand finale swung into action.

Milton, trembling with excitement, looked around for Opal, who was due for an entrance, and caught sight of her at the top of the spiral iron stairs leading to the dressing rooms. He threw a kiss.

Miss Maloney twinkled prettily at him and began descending. The next moment there was a frightened cry, the clang of a broken rail, and five feet two of kicking legs and torso came tumbling through the opening. The spangled bundle thudded against the floor and began to moan.

"My knee!" it sobbed. "Oh, I've twisted it all out of place!"

A dozen men, Milton among them, started forward, but a dapper figure sprang out and gathered Miss Maloney in his arms.

"Darling!" cried Jimmy Kilpatrick, showering kisses upon her. "Hey, somebody, get the doctor!"

YOUNG Mr. Zoop, a strange numbness at his heart, secured the medical man, and under his guidance, helped to snap the shapely Maloney limb back into place.

In the distance Mr. Gimmick could be heard shrieking orders to hold everything, and Milton hesitated between two fires.

"They need you out there," said Miss Maloney faintly. "Better go, Milton, dear."

"Dear!" exploded Milton.

"Why, sure. You've been more than that to give me a chance, not to mention my—my husband. You see, Milton dear, I married him when I was playing musical stock in Montreal, and I was afraid to tell you because I thought you'd cancel my trip."

"I—I guess I would have, all right."

"And he's so clever. Don't be angry, please. I never made you believe I loved you, now did I?"

"That's right," said Milton, somewhat surprised. "I guess it was sort of one-sided. Good luck to both of you."

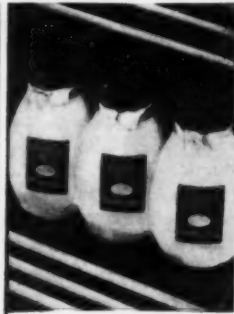
"Thanks," bowed Mr. Kilpatrick. "Opal's not going to work any more, now that—"

"Wait," warned Miss Maloney. "What about my dance?"

"Don't worry about that, dearie," said a scratchy voice, and Miss Delura pushed forward, a strangely gentle and soft-eyed Dora who smiled. "Let your maid slip off that dress, and in five minutes I'll be out there anklng through your routine."

"But can you—?"

Miss Delura looked a trifle shamefaced. "I've been practising for a month, getting ready to show you what a Hollywood-head can do, but there's no kick in getting



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the chance this way. Understand, dearie? I'll make Eli shoot the number with his camera on the promenade, and so far as the public'll ever know, it'll be Opal Maloney doing her stuff. In a jam like this, us blondes are all troupers. Am I right?"

"You're a honey," breathed Mr. and Mrs. Kilpatrick, and Opal added, "I think you'd better tell that trouper line to Milton; he looks kind of broken up."

But Milton had disappeared.

LONG after the Biltmore lights were dimmed and a tired but happy crowd of players headed homeward, the scion of the House of Zoop sprawled on a bench in nearby Pershing Square and meditated on the bitterness of Fate. So this was Life—

He felt terrible; he felt worse than when he was eased out of dear old Rutgers; he felt—ah, now he had it; he felt hungry!

A cafeteria beckoned from Hill Street, and Milton loped across to it, seized a

slippery tray and began trailing a few other night hawks in their search for food. Ripe olives . . . abalone . . . anchovy salad . . . and then he froze in his tracks opposite the vegetables, where a brunette angel was slightly obscured by clouds of steam.

"You!" cried the vehement Milton. "Turn this way; turn that way! I want you!"

"Peas-carrot-spinach-broccoli?" inquired the angel.

"The whole works!" shouted the new Columbus. "Listen, here, my card—" and after five minutes of eloquent promotion he left behind him a dazzled and beautiful damsel who celebrated her last day as a hashier by serving double portions to everyone.

The master mind weaved unsteadily to a table and tried to orient himself. Never had the lights been brighter; never had he felt more effervescent. This, indeed, was Life—off with the old, on with the new. New eyes! New lips! New mystery!

Are Women Good Sports?

[Continued from page 23]

not being game, the English noblewoman took it with a smile and was the first to greet the winners at Cleveland.

There at the meet her exhibitions were so daring that most of the critics gave her credit for being not only the greatest aviatrix in the world, but equal on certain days to Lindbergh, Goebel, Acosta, Williams, Doolittle and all the rest.

FEMININE world's champions, as a rule, know how to lose gracefully, and most of them are good winners. One famous exception however, is Suzanne Lenglen, considered by many as the greatest tennis player who ever lived, and the most temperamental.

I met the French girl for the first time at the Antwerp Olympics of 1920. She had just won the singles championship and a few of us had invited her to tea. Afterward, we asked her to play with us. We were track men, not tennis stars, but the way Suzanne battled, one would have thought that her title was at stake. She did not allow any of us a single point. We at least learned how her victims felt after she had finished with them, and our tempers were none the better for it.

As a girl, the little Suzanne did not care for the game. Her father's business was to furnish recreation and amusement for others. He was a good tennis player and he dreamed of a son who should be the greatest champion of France. His hopes were temporarily dashed when his home was blessed with a baby girl. He gathered the fragments of his broken desire and centered all of his ambition in his daughter.

Tennis became instinctive and before she reached her teens, there was no woman in Southern France who could match Suzanne Lenglen. Then her father took away the sole pleasure she had learned to derive from the game, that of beating her opponents. He allowed her only to play against men. Her natural ability, developed by this rigorous training, made it possible for her to become woman champion of France almost overnight.

Then she won the world's title at Wimbledon and defeated with ease all of the stars with whom she was matched.

IN ALL the world, there was only one player who was conceded as having any chance against her. She was a Norsewoman who had come to the United States and married an American. Her name was Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, and though she did not possess the finesse of Suzanne Lenglen or her court strategy, she did have a world of confidence and a great competi-

tive, fighting heart. She was afraid of no one, not even the French star, and when they were matched to play at Forest Hills, she was so utterly sure of herself, that Mlle. Lenglen's superb confidence was shaken.

In addition, the French girl was suffering from a cold and the effects of her first long sea voyage. Moreover, she did not have the kind of personality which appealed to an American audience.

When these two faced each other, Suzanne lost heart. For the first time, she knew fear. She found herself off her game and became frantic. She allowed another woman's will to completely dominate her own. All the critics agreed that she was superior in every way to Mrs. Mallory.

Before the match was ended, she allowed her illness to overcome her and defaulted, which left Molla Mallory with a hollow victory. The clever Suzanne had outwitted an opponent at the expense of sportsmanship. Though she still remained without an actual defeat ever having been marked down against her, she lost the esteem of sportsmen throughout the world.

Her courageous triumph over Helen Wills a few years later in France, when she was in far more actual danger than she had been from Molla Mallory, could not atone for the way she had behaved in America.

MRS. HELEN WILLS MOODY, the present world's champion, is a splendid sportswoman. She represents a different type, however. Where Aileen Riggan, Mary Browne, and Elizabeth Robinson are gay, carefree, delightful children of sport, winning with a smile and losing as graciously, Helen Wills has always been in deadly earnest about her tennis.

The moment she steps on a court, her smile vanishes. She is there to win, to give her best, to observe the rules, and to play the game. She never takes an unfair advantage of an opponent and she does not permit an opponent to take an unfair advantage of her.

Helen Wills Moody has the strength, gameness and courage of a champion and like the other stars we have mentioned, represents an even higher standard than our men athletes.

This small group of great feminine sports-women cannot, however, atone for all members of their sex who, as a whole, do not live up in every respect to that definition which says, "A sportsman is fair and generous; does not have recourse to anything illegitimate, and is a good loser and a graceful winner."

Good Manners

[Continued from page 74]

sprawling to the point of ugliness. But the manners of the flapper are *passé*.

It is the third method, that of the girl of to-day, which strikes a happy medium, and offers the most satisfactory solution of the problems created by the "boy friend".

WHAT I particularly like in the modern girl is her lack of false modesty and her acceptance of life as it is. For instance, between the acts at the theatre, she says to her escort, "Will you excuse me?" and goes straight off to the dressing room. If they have been motoring and stop for dinner or dancing, she asks the man she is with where the dressing room is; or, if he is as sophisticated as she, he makes it easy for her by saying, "The dressing room is at the top of the stairs. I'll wait for you here."

The practice which this modern girl encourages of going Dutch Treat is also commendable. When she knows a young man can no more afford to take her out than she could afford to pay for his dinner, she has sense enough to share the burden without making an apology on either side necessary.

But there are two instances in which this admirable girl is still showing questionable taste. Promiscuous telephoning is one.

In the old days, following an introduction, a man asked if he might call and a girl gave him permission. Now, after a meeting, there is an instant exchange of telephone numbers. The correct thing for a girl to do, even with a man's telephone number in her possession, is to wait for him to ring her up. But does she do this? Not at all.

She gives him a "buzz" the very next day. And, getting him on the wire, she uses all her ingenuity to angle him into inviting her out to dinner. It is only a very clever man who can avoid committing himself to an engagement with her.

Personally, I think this is going too far. It is not only a violation of good taste but it is very poor policy. Men don't like it. They want to do the telephoning and pursuing themselves. And when a girl usurps their privilege they resent it. She may get her "date" but she certainly loses her man.

There is one time, however, when it is perfectly proper to ring a man up. This is when you are inviting him to a party at which you are to be the hostess. But if you are doing the inviting you must also be prepared to furnish the entertainment, too.

NOW for the second failing of the modern girl.

A great deal of liberty is permitted in the matter of where a girl may meet the "boy friend". She may spend hours riding alone with him on top of a bus, or sit through two showings of a film at the movies, or meet him in a hotel lobby or even at the theatre.

But there is still a ban on going to his apartment or riding about till dawn in his car. Disapproval of these actions is expressed in the lifted eyebrows of the neighbors, and in the smirk of the doorman and elevator boy when she goes alone to the rooms of a bachelor. And while her "boy friend" may never question her modesty or dignity, he wonders at her lack of good taste and intelligence in subjecting herself to the criticism of these people, who obviously suspect her of indiscretion.

And one last parting shot, not at the modern girl but at myself. No one with any claim to good taste should use the term "boy friend". It, like gum chewing and pink nail polish, is taboo in polite society.

No one should use the phrase. But we all do.



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Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

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Today's Virtue

[Continued from page 66]

father; lay in being, for the rest of her days—a wife.

But first she must talk to Edwards. Honestly. Clearly.

A few days later she told Lathrop that she had to go to town and see her father's publishing firm.

"Why," said Lathrop, half laughing, half serious, "I don't know how I can endure to have you go. You'll see Uncle Bill, of course?" He stopped and said lightly, although his eyes were grave and urgent, "You'll have something to tell him, won't you?"

She shook her head and tried to smile. It was so terribly ironic and so deadly true.

She left the boy with Mrs. Downes. It was her first real separation from him. It was more, somehow, than a separation. She couldn't frame the thoughts which came to her as she bent over him . . .

WHEN Pamela arrived in town, she went directly to the publisher's office, transacted what business there was, and went from there to the doctor's. The same waiting room. People. They might have been the same. She sat there in the big chair and remembered.

Presently she was alone with Dr. Edwards. The first greeting was over. He was glad to see her. Not, she thought, astonished. Had Lathrop written? she wondered—afraid.

She said, desperately, "I came to talk to you about . . ."

"I know," he interrupted, looking away from her. "I've heard from John and from my sister. I've seen this coming, for a good many months."

"Oh!" She cried out to him, as she had not cried on those other visits. "Oh, Dr. Edwards, help me! Tell me what to do!"

He asked gravely, "You love him?"

"Yes."

She did not qualify it with adjectives, protestations. It was her heart and her soul.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

She said, helplessly, "I don't know."

"If you marry him," asked Edwards, "will you tell him?"

"Must I?" Her great eyes questioned him, and he knew she meant, "Would you?"

After a moment, he said, "John's my own, you know. Like a son. I am very fond of him. Of you, too, Pamela. I believe you will make him a good wife. But, as to telling him, you must decide that. If you don't tell him, you may be able to keep him in ignorance—and in happiness—all his life. But you won't be happy, not really. You'll always be worried. As far as I am concerned, you are safe. And that good little friend of yours will keep a close mouth. But . . . if John finds out?"

He was a wise man, tolerant.

"You see," he said to her, "I know you. You loathe deception. You hated the necessity for lying to John in the first place. And now? Pam, it is for you to decide. I can't decide it for you. But, whatever you do, I am with you. That is all I can say, my dear."

PAMELA thanked him and, later, rose to go. She held his big hand in both of her small ones, trying to draw some comfort from it. Then she went to Rachel.

But there was no security for her there. At any moment some one of the old crowd might come in. She couldn't get a train back before morning. She sat for an hour in the bedroom, talking of Bill, of Merton.

"And this doctor?" asked Rachel shrewdly.

"He's fine," was all she would say.

Rachel's heart ached for her; yet she dared not probe.

"Anthony?" asked Pamela after a time, with a great effort.

"Oh, running around. Though not as much. I avoid him when I can—he's always asking about you . . ."

Later she asked, "You won't stay here to-night with me, Pam?"

"No. I don't dare," said Pam flatly.

She'd have to go elsewhere.

She left Rachel presently and went to a small, quiet hotel for women in the Gramercy Park section, and spent the night there, sleepless, trying to convince herself that with Edwards and Rachel silent she was safe.

But she knew she was not. She knew, too, that it was not entirely a question of security. It went beyond the safety of not being found out. She loved John Lathrop too much, she knew now, to give him something less than her essential self.

Early the next morning she left the hotel and took a cab to Pennsylvania Station. It was in the station that Anthony Powell, returning from a week end, saw her.

He had known for some time what he had at first refused to believe—that she had definitely put him from her life. Watching her across the echoing station, he found her more lovely and more disturbing than he had ever dreamed. The only woman he had ever wanted . . . for long. He couldn't speak to her there.

He came up to the ticket window, and stood down the line, where he could hear her. She did not turn; she seemed terribly abstracted. He heard her voice.

"Merton," she said. "Merton, Pennsylvania."

And so he found her again.

SO PAMELA went back to Merton. She remembered, sitting there in the train, her first trip. Turned her thoughts from it and tried to plan her life ahead, when she had left Merton forever, after she had told Lathrop the truth.

But she did not tell him immediately. He was not at the station, as he had promised. He came instead, later that night, to Mrs. Downes'. He'd been operating all day.

"Lord, you've been away a year!" he said. "Bill and I have been pretty frantic!"

No, she couldn't tell him yet. Couldn't she, she asked herself, desperately, have a few days with him . . . before it had to end?

Two days, three, four went by . . . To-night, she thought, she would tell him.

But Anthony Powell came to Merton that evening and inquired guilelessly at the station and later at the post office. "Yes," said the young woman in the post office, a cousin of Janet Bedford. "Yes, a Mrs. Norris lived at Mrs. Downes'." She gave him the address Mrs. Powell asked of herself, in silence.

"Is there a hotel in Merton?"

"Well, naturally," she said.

Anthony went to the Merton House and checked in. Then he took a taxi to Mrs. Downes'.

Sarah met him at the door. Mrs. Norris was taking dinner with friends, she said, and looked at him curiously. But she'd be in before very long. Never stayed out late.

"I'm an old friend," Anthony told her, making himself very charming. "Perhaps she has spoken of me to you?" He saw his book, there on the living room table, picked it up and turned to the illustrations.

"No," Sarah told him, "she didn't tell us."

"I see. Well, I'll wait, if I may? I don't want to leave town without seeing her. Doesn't stay out late, you say?"

"No—because of Billy," Sarah said, expanding.

"Billy?"

"Her boy," Sarah explained, a little tartly.

Surely if this personable young man was such an old friend, he'd know about Billy!

Anthony Powell felt suddenly sick with excitement. He said, controlling himself:

"Might I see him while I'm waiting?"

"He's asleep," said Sarah, but led the way. She went downstairs a little later; someone called her. Anthony Powell stood at the archway leading into the alcove and looked at his son. This child was his. She had no right . . .

Good-looking little beggar . . .

After a long time he heard Pamela's voice. She was speaking to someone downstairs. Anthony listened.

"Wait for me," said Pam. "I'll be down in a minute. I want to run up and see Bill. He was fretful when I left."

Anthony heard her coming up the stairs. She came in reluctantly, for when she left this room again she would be leaving it, in a sense, forever.

In the alcove a night light burned. Bill must be asleep; she heard nothing. She put up her hand to switch on a lamp over her dresser. Then Anthony spoke:

"Well, Pam, you couldn't get away with it forever, could you?"

"ANTHONY!" she said, and then, again, like a cry of despair, forlorn, unbelieving and without hope, "Anthony!"

He stepped forward, came close to her.

"Himself, in person!" said Anthony gaily.

She lifted the hand which had dropped to her side and switched on the light above her dresser.

"How—did you find me?" she asked, wondering wildly what she could do. She couldn't demand that he go downstairs with her. Lathrop was waiting there.

"Saw you in the station. Never mind that now. You're going to pack up and come back to town with me. We'll be married quietly. We'll go away." His voice had risen.

"Hush," she said, mechanically. That recalled her to the entire situation. She gestured toward the alcove.

"I think you've forgotten Bill," she said.

"You called him Bill? Not . . . Anthony? Very like you, of course. No, I haven't forgotten him. You can board him somewhere," suggested Anthony, thinking rapidly. "Later we'll produce him. Oh, it's quite simple! No one need know when we were married!"

"I'll never marry you," Pamela told him hotly.

She looked at him with wide, clear eyes. Too clear. The well-shaped head of him, the lithe body, the long hands, the weak, craven mouth. She fought against the sickness of regret that shook her.

"You'll have to," he said, smiling, "now that I have found you—now that I know. Pretty story it will make . . . if you don't!"

"If you spread it," she said scornfully, "your own part in it isn't so heroic."

"Why not? I always wished to marry you, my dear. Come, make the best of it, Pam . . . I love you," he said.

And so he did, after his fashion, the fashion of desire. His eyes were warm upon her beauty and his hands shook a little. He came closer.

"No, no," she whispered urgently, longing to scream, to cry out, but not daring to raise her voice lest the boy awake.

"Who," he asked softly, taking her unyielding body into his arms, "has a better right?"

She struggled against him in desperation and now Bill did wake, suddenly, as babies will, and cried out clearly.

Pamela broke from the circle of Anthony's arms and went to the crib with little running steps. It was not hunger that had waked the child, she thought, frantically, raising his heavy, sleep-leaden body in her arms. She hushed him against her breast, rocking him there, and Anthony came for-



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ward and observed them both, still smiling. "A charming picture," he commented easily. "Come, Pam, give over. You can't fight me. After all," said Anthony, going to the point with the simplicity of surety, "I have rights, you know. In you. In him." "No!" Her eyes were dilated. "No! He's mine, do you hear me? Mine!"

DOWNSTAIRS Lathrop had waited, at first patiently, humming under his breath, whistling, walking about the overcrowded room, picking up Anthony's book, too, riffling the pages. He was happy, sure of happiness. She'd come down presently, tell him that all waiting was at an end.

Anxious, at long length, he went to the stairs and whistled. Sarah was out in the kitchen; the other girls in the house were out. Janet, as it happened, was at her cousin's, listening to the talk of the new man and his inquiry for "Miss" Norris.

Janet had a letter in her hand, from Nina Summers. A letter about Pamela Norris and Anthony Powell. "No one," said the letter, "seems to know where she is or where she has gone! No, she's not married, not that we know of. She and Anthony," the letter went on, "were supposed to be engaged. While he was ill I met her... in his studio." There was more. There was enough.

Listening, by the stairs, Lathrop thought he heard the child cry. Bill—sick?

He took the stairs two at a time. Reached the second floor back. He paused, hearing a man's voice. Turned the knob and walked in.

There, in the alcove was Pamela, the child clutched against her breast, the curly head dropped against her slender shoulder; and the man, a stranger, standing there, his hands in his pockets, his light mocking voice clear...

"You may be his mother, Pamela, but you forget that I—"

"What's all this?" asked Lathrop, quietly. Pamela raised her eyes, saw him for the first time. Anthony whirled.

"So!" said Anthony, foreign suddenly, theatrical.

"Please," said Pamela to Lathrop, "please go. I'll explain—later."

"I think we'll have explanations right now," Anthony remarked smiling. He spoke his own name, "as long as Miss Norris sees fit not to present us," he added lightly.

"Miss?"

"Who are you?" Lathrop demanded.

"I've told you my name. For the rest, the baby's father," said Anthony pleasantly.

"Norris?" Lathrop was still stupid. "But I thought... your husband was dead!" he said to Pamela, incredulously.

"Is that what you offered by way of camouflage?" asked Anthony. "No, my dear sir—she isn't married. She refused to marry me, some time ago. But I think she will change her mind—now."

IF PAMELA were white, Lathrop was gray. He said, finally,

"Is this true, Pamela?"

"Yes," she said, faintly. "John, I was going to tell you—to-night. Believe that."

"You are going to marry Mr. . . ." he paused, recalled the name with an effort, said meticulously, "Mr. Powell?"

"No, John."

Anthony said nothing, waiting.

"You love him?" asked Lathrop, straightforwardly, holding her hopeless blue eyes with his own direct gaze.

She shook her head. "No—"

"Then—" Lathrop turned and made a sweeping gesture of his hand. "Then—you get out!" he ordered Anthony, "—and make it quick!"

"Don't be so dramatic, my dear John," said Anthony, very nastily. "She'll have to marry someone. It might as well be me."

"Miss Norris," Lathrop said doggedly, "has done me the honor to accept my proposal. She is going to marry me—"

"No," said Pam, dimly. She laid Bill back in his crib, covered him warmly and turned, one hand on the crib.

"Yes!" said Lathrop. He looked years

"Ah, there's a lucky line, young sir! If you ask her, she'll say no!"



older. He turned to Anthony, "You'll go now, please," he said.

Anthony ignored him. He stepped closer to Pamela.

"Is this true, Pam," he demanded. "Are you going to marry this—gentleman?" The venom was indescribable. She looked helplessly from one to the other.

"Yes," she answered, finally, quite low. "Yes," she said, to be rid of him.

He bowed theatrically. His whole rôle was pitched in the key of good theatre. He said,

"I wish you luck . . . and as for you," he said to Lathrop, "I wish you happiness. Nice little bastard," he said conversationally, looking toward the crib.

Lathrop's fist crashed into the smiling face. Anthony staggered, caught himself up, a handkerchief pressed to his bleeding mouth. Pam turned, her arms across her agonized face.

"Get out . . . damn you!" said Lathrop.

AFTER what seemed a very long time they heard the door close. Anthony made his way down the stairs, feeling for the banisters. He was sick and giddy with the blow. He brushed past Sarah in the hall, but not until she had seen and stayed there, staring at him as he made his way out.

Pamela was crying. Lathrop took her arm and led, almost carried her to the big bed. He laid her down on it, and sat beside her.

After a moment she said, brokenly, "He saw me in the station, in New York, and followed me here. I—I never thought to see him again. Please believe me, John. I was going to tell you to-night. That's why I asked you to come in with me. I came upstairs to see Billy, to get hold of myself. It—needed courage," she whispered. "He was here. Waiting."

"You loved him," stated Lathrop, his heart twisted.

"Yes . . . very much. We were engaged to be married. He was—ill. I took care of him. That is how I met your uncle, John. Later, when I knew I was going to have a child I went to him. He—advised me to marry Anthony—if he'd have me," she said bitterly. "He didn't want to be tied down, so soon. He . . ."

"Well?" prompted Lathrop.

"He wanted me—to get rid of the baby," she said bluntly. "He was going away, on a trip, to do a book. He said that on his return we would be married. I refused. I went to Dr. Edwards. It was he who sent me here, as you know; he who suggested that . . . I pose as a widow. I didn't want to."

"Uncle Bill knows?"

"Yes, of course."

"Who else?" asked Lathrop.

Her heart failed her a little.

"Just my only woman friend, Rachel James, with whom I lived in town," she answered, dully.

"I see." He looked at her and cried out, "You didn't think *that* of me?" he said incredulously. "I wasn't caring for myself. But for you. And for Bill. We have to think of Bill," he said, his face graven in tired lines, "all the way. He's . . . an innocent bystander."

"Yes. I'll go away somewhere," she promised desperately. "I can't thank you enough for to-night."

"Oh, child, hush!" Lathrop told her, wearily. "Of course, you won't go away. Except with me. I love you," he said, "so much. You've—you've been through hell, Pamela. Well, it's over now. You have me," he said.

She whispered, "I couldn't. It's not fair to you."

"You told—him—you were going to marry me."

"To make him go away. How can I," she wailed, suddenly, "loving you as I do, knowing how you feel? Oh," said Pamela



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bitterly, "I thought I'd paid. Well, I haven't. I'll never be done paying!"

He looked at her with love and longing. He did not condone her error. He was too young, too much in love. He despised it. But he loved her. He had for her nothing but love and grief.

He lifted her in his arms and held her close to his heart.

"I love you," he said, "and you love me." It was the two of them from now on.

She was very tired. Very unhappy. She said, low, "If you'll have me—knowing."

He kissed her for the first time.

MRS. DOWNES walked in, without knocking.

"For heaven's sake!" she exclaimed.

"It's all right," said Lathrop, not moving, "she's promised to marry me."

"Well, that's good," said Mrs. Downes, heartily, "and it's about time. But what are you doing proposing up here . . . ?" She beamed. "I came up to see what it was all about," she went on. "Sarah met me with the wildest story of some man she'd let in to wait for Mrs. Norris."

Lathrop said, hastily, "That's all right. It was someone Pamela used to know. He came here to annoy her," explained Lathrop.

Mrs. Downes waved aside the explanation. "I'm glad everything's all right," she said, "and I'll go down and console Sarah. You'd better fix your hair—Pamela—as if I'd ever call you Mrs. Lathrop! Come on down with Johnnie. I've got some home-made wine, and I baked to-day. We'll celebrate."

She flew at them both, embraced them impartially and departed. Pamela rose.

"We'll have to go," she said wearily.

"Wait a minute." He caught her hand, drew her to his knee, "Don't look so sad, Pamela. Try and be happy. We'll be happy, always."

"But I've cheated you . . . cheated . . ."

Footsteps went through the hall. Janet Bedford, on her way to her room. Someone was with her. She was speaking animatedly, and her voice carried through the door which Mrs. Downes had left ajar.

"Nina Summers wrote me. She knew her, of course . . . engaged to that Powell Nell saw to-night in the post office. No, not married."

Pam said, dully, "It's begun."

"Look here." His face was terribly set; he took a letter from his pocket.

"This came, while you were away," he explained. "I was going to hold it over your head like a club, unless you promised to marry me. It is from the Manning Foundation. It asks me to go abroad and do laboratory and research work for them. England first. Later the Orient. I was going to tell you that if you wouldn't marry me, I would sell my practice—I've had several offers—give up my work at the hospital and go. Well, I'll do it, now. We'll sell out, be married at once, take Bill and sail."

She knew him as a doctor as well as a man and a lover. She knew what his ties in Merton meant to him. She said,

"No—you can't. I could never be happy if you sacrificed that much. Never. Either—I won't marry you; or, I'll marry you and we'll stick it out here."

"No," he told her heavily, "we can't . . . do that. It isn't fair to Bill. Janet—how much Janet will find out, we don't know. It doesn't matter. It will be enough. I won't have you facing the whispers and rumors of a small town. You have to think of Bill," he said.

"No, you first," she told him and clung to him in a desperation of love.

"Not of me. Bill. He's what matters most, really." He stopped and put it to her bluntly, for her own welfare. "Think of him in school, of the other children, hearing, guessing, adding . . ."

"No, not that!" He felt her shudder.

"Yes. You must face it, Pamela."

"I mustn't marry you," she said drearily.

He was impatient, his nerves worn ragged by the last swift half hour. He said,

"Don't talk nonsense, Pamela. You must. For Bill's sake, if for no one else's."

She said stricken, "Forgive me . . ." and then, "whatever you say, I'll do, John."

"We'll accept this offer," he decided, his heart heavy yet somehow free. "We'll go away, where Bill can have a chance. And we'll be happy—and useful. I've always," he told her truthfully, "wanted to do research work. But I couldn't do both; the hospital came first."

"It still does," she cried, remorsefully.

Then as he took her in his arms, to kiss her once more, this time with a bitter-sweet passion on his lips, she cried faintly and inevitably, the old, worn, pathetic cry, "Oh, if only I had known you first . . ."

"Hush!" he said, his mouth once more on hers.

And presently they went downstairs where Mrs. Downes, her table set and her kitchen in confusion, was waiting for them.

Sarah was there, with a veiled curiosity in her handsome, embittered eyes; and Janet, subdued and prim and congratulatory, but with an air of triumphant tension about her; and Miss Edwards, coming to the little feast after a telephone call from Pamela's impromptu hostess.

There was happiness, over and above all that had been and all that was yet to come. And presently Bill made his appearance, awaking again from a light sleep and sending his healthy young voice resoundingly down the stairs. Lathrop went up and brought him down, blinking in the lights, his fat cheeks rosy from slumber.

And Pamela, surveying her son in the arms of the man who would presently give that son his name, felt the tight band around her heart relax, the ice of fear melt, felt a glow of happiness and security flame through her. But there were Janet's watchful eyes . . .

No, not security . . .

ONE month later they watched, from the deck of a great steamer, an amazing sunset. Bill, perfectly unimpressed by his introduction to this new mode of traveling, was below, in charge of a capable nurse.

Lathrop, standing at the rail, a pipe between his teeth, was thinking of the hospital. Thinking of the good fight he had fought there, of the fight he had intended to carry on and from which he had deserted.

"A penny," Pamela offered, there at his side, "for your thoughts."

"The sunset . . . No," he answered, determined in honesty, "no, I was thinking of the hospital."

She knew.

"If only I could tell you how miserable I am about that. You'll have to," she said, "begin all over."

"Why, no," said Lathrop, cheerfully, "not quite. My book's in the publisher's hands. Good of old Bill to attend to all that for us. And I started something there in Merton which better men than I am will carry on after me. And this research business . . ." His eyes lighted suddenly with an authentic flame. "It will be great stuff, Pamela, if I succeed . . ."

He had forgotten her again, a little.

"It's better, this way," he told her. "If I'd brought the hospital up to the standard I wanted for it, there would have been nothing more to do. Nothing new. I'd have settled back and practiced and grown old and rusty and gray. This other work, that's new, and all before me."

And, as the sun dropped with incredible quiet into the vast wash of blue at the foot of the far Western horizon, he added, triumphantly,

"And I have you!"

Their eyes met, in perfect confidence. They were young, they were in love, the world lay before them.

Your Face in the Sun

(Continued from page 73)

there are certain types who can wear these make-ups successfully, and, if you are sure you belong to such a type, why go ahead and try them. But there are so many girls who just look jaundiced and ill when they apply sunburn make-ups that it's a toss-up whether these dark powders will really last.

If you have a little tan, you will, of course, match your powder to your skin. But it's probably safer not to try to apply an artificial tan unless you have plenty of time to do it right and are quite sure that it really improves your skin.

If your tan doesn't look flattering, don't let it fade into that late-summer muddiness, but begin using a mild bleach before summer is over. Some types of freckles respond to a slow, sensible bleaching process, but if you are of the freckle type—if your skin shows up freckles the minute you appear in the sunshine—don't depend entirely on bleaches to wipe them away like magic.

Freckles are part of the pigmentation of the skin and it's much safer to protect your face with a broad hat, your shoulders with

The PARTY of the MONTH

Below are listed the anagrams unscrambled from page 77:

OBOE plus Z gives BOOZE
SERUM plus M gives SUMMER
WREATH plus E gives WEATHER
TREBLY plus I gives LIBERTY
REVISE plus C gives SERVICE
NOTICE plus S gives SECTION

scarfs or collars that are cut rather high up on the neck, and your arms with long, if sheer, sleeves than it is to try to get rid of them by strenuous artificial means. Good liquid powder helps to cover freckles, and, again, a good protective cream applied before you go out into the sunshine will save hours of covering up or bleaching afterward.

ANOTHER summer hazard in this country is poison ivy—fortunately not all of us "take" it. But if you are susceptible, try to have it torn out from around a camp or summer cottage if you expect to spend a happy, carefree vacation in that spot. Good home remedies like baking soda, salt water, or even gasoline applied to the affected parts help to subdue the irritation, but prepared remedies can be purchased, too, that may be pleasanter to use. And—don't scratch it!

Now that we've talked about all the unpleasant things that hot weather may do to us to spoil our happiness, let's not worry about them, but remember that with every summer annoyance there is a matching summer pleasure.

The girls who are most popular in the summertime are usually the girls who really enjoy swimming, boating, dancing, tennis, hiking, camping, and all the rest. They may not be talented musicians, but they know what fun it is to sit around a beach fire with a ukelele and the moon making a witch's path over the water. They may not be rich enough to go to expensive resorts and indulge in expensive sports, but they know that just being happy and active and good-humored is worth many elaborate beauty treatments.

Do all the little things that assure daintiness and freshness of skin and hair and clothes—and, somehow, romance and summer nights will take care of themselves. They always do!

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The Husband Tamer

[Continued from page 42]

"A very little one," he warned her. "You see, my towel hangs right over the tub. Gloria will tell you which is yours; it's all frightfully complicated, but you get used to it."

Gloria smiled. Gregory was joking about the very matters that had driven him to polite rage less than a week before. It was all very amusing. Still . . .

"We have it all figured out," continued Gregory. "You and Gloria retire to the bedroom while I sit here. Before long she whistles three times and I crawl under the couch. That's your chance to make a slide for the bathroom. If you whistle twice on your way back I can come out, because Gloria goes next, and of course I'm married to her. Then when you clap your hands, I shut my eyes and you both go out and sit on the dining room table while I—"

"Don't be silly, dear," Gloria was surprised to find she had spoken. Gregory didn't mean to be provoking, but he might embarrass Marge. There was no doubt about it; Marge was looking at the floor and giggling nervously.

"There doesn't seem to be much room under the couch," she remarked suddenly. "and I'm not sure I can remember all those whistles and splashes and things. Unless Gloria is very particular—and I've really quite an ample negligée—"

"Don't worry, Marge. He's just being funny. Girls have been running around here so long that he doesn't notice at all any more."

"That's right," agreed Gregory cheerfully. "I think nothing of shaking two or three young ladies out of my bathrobe before putting it on."

Gloria and her guest retired to doubtful privacy, but conversation languished. Gloria was reminding herself that hers was a proved policy, but there was no denying the change that had come over her husband.

There was, of course, no conceivable argument against this platonic intimacy, except that he might come to pay no more attention to his wife than to these others. Perhaps some slight revisions of her plan were in order.

TOWARD morning Gloria had an annoying dream. She fancied herself alone in an enormous bed when Gregory strode into the room. Terrified, she noticed that he had sprouted several extra pairs of arms, in each of which he carried a girl. One by one he laid them down upon the bed, and one by one Gloria recognized her friends—all of them—even some she had forgotten.

"But they can't sleep here," she had protested.

"Why not?" demanded Gregory. "We're just one big family at Elmhurst, and if we can't have freedom in the twentieth century I'll get under the davenport."

Then all the girls sat up and screamed "fas-cinating", until the sound of their myriad shrill voices awakened her.

Morning found her rather tired and head-ache, but Marge was radiant. Gregory himself betrayed no diminished enthusiasm.

"If you're really interested in the workings of the law," he suggested, "why don't you two girls come down with me this morning and listen in on a trial?"

"I'm sorry," murmured Gloria, a trifle too quickly, "but I'm giving a bridge tea for Marge this afternoon and I'll need all morning to get things ready."

"Well," said Gregory, "couldn't we—"

Blithely Marge leaped at the uncompleted suggestion.

"Why, of course! I'd only be in the way,

and Gloria'll be glad to have me off her hands."

"Good enough."

Gloria could hardly believe it was her husband who had spoken. It had been darling of him to try to amuse Marge the night before, but if he were voluntarily taking her on when he could get out of it, it might mean—what did it mean, anyway? Until now, her pleasure in these visits had been largely derived from her husband's unstudied aloofness.

"And I can be back in plenty of time for lunch, can't I, Gregory?"

The way she looked at him! The way she pronounced his name, fixing her little mouth for the syllables as though loath to let them go. The way she turned to him, her big eyes gentle and trusting as a cow's.

"Nonsense," said Gregory. "There's no sense in rushing ourselves. I'm free this noon and I'll find you a sandwich or something. After lunch we'll pick out a cab that'll get you to the bridge-fight in plenty of time."

Gloria was stunned. Of course, there was no reason why he shouldn't take anybody he pleased to lunch, but that was just the tone in which he had been used to talk to her.

WATCHING them start off together, she decided she was going to have a really emphatic headache. How Gregory had fussed with the little fool, wrapping his favorite scarf about her throat because of the weather. What nonsense! It was a beautiful day.

Gloria pushed and straightened and dusted and arranged, first reviling the inconvenient dinkiness of the apartment, and then realizing with fury the enormous number of duties it imposed.

She ate a lonely lunch, choosing canned beans because she detested them. If she was going to be miserable she might as well do it properly. Then she took ten grains of aspirin without helping her headache. Then she cried for half an hour, and that helped enormously.

She greeted the first of her guests with a hand-chiseled smile, wondering what on earth had delayed Margery.

Any lingering suspicions she may have entertained concerning the possible success of the function were effectively banished by the first speech of the truant guest of honor.

"Oh, I'm hor-ri-bly sorry to be late, but I simply couldn't get away. Gregory took me to the dearest place—the Purple Pancake, I think it's called—and it was just too exciting! He ran into just loads of people he had known before he was married, and they talked and talked."

Gloria's smile exposed a row of set teeth.

"It was very naughty of Gregory to take you to that rowdy place," she confided. She wondered where and what the Purple Pancake could be.

Of course, she didn't care, but what would her guests think? It must sound just a trifle too Bohemian, especially to one who didn't know Gregory well. She placed an affectionate arm about Marge's shoulders and drew her into the living room. The afternoon passed—somehow.

Nor was supper that evening a marked success. It was brightened solely by the fact that dear Margery's train would leave shortly after they rose from the table. The food was uninspiring, consisting in the main of limp odds and ends left over from the tea.

Gregory had been inclined to complain of these aftermaths, but to-night he scarcely seemed to notice what he ate. It was Gloria who regarded the wilted provender without

enthusiasm, reflecting that Gregory had been right. He had been right about a good many things; was it possible the apartment was really too small for overnight entertaining?

ONE other problem occupied Gloria's mind as she phoned for the cab to take Margery to the station. Would Gregory offer to put her on the train? Was there any reason why he should?

Of course, if they were all able to go it would be a nice gesture, but Gloria knew that her headache made that out of the question. And she certainly didn't want to be left alone in the disordered apartment while Margery and her husband rode all over the city in expensive taxicabs.

Not, of course, that she really objected to their being together, but one had to consider the appearance of things. Then, too, she realized with a curious sense of discovery that what she now wanted was to be alone with Gregory.

"Your cab will be here right away, Marge," she announced. "Have you got all your things together?"

"All set," announced Margery, yet she seemed to be waiting for something.

For a few minutes they juggled idle fragments of conversation. Gloria was recalling all she had ever told herself about managing husbands. At length she decided that if Gregory wanted to take the little doll down to the station he could. She wouldn't say a word.

"Isn't it dark," murmured Margery, glancing timidly at the pale globe of the street lamp. "Why do you live in such a big place, Gregory, and so far from trains? We hear such terrible stories about hold-ups and kidnappings in Chicago."

It was coming now. Gloria shut her teeth resolutely as Gregory smiled and covered Marge's hand in an unnecessary gesture of protection.

"You mustn't believe all you hear," he offered. "Of course, if you're nervous—"

"Of course," a voice cut in swiftly, "if the dark frightens you, Gregory and I will be only too glad to ride down with you."

Gloria was amazed. Was it she who had said that? But what of her theory? In one moment she had abandoned her principles, gone over to the enemy, performed a typical operation of husband-herding. More than that—she simply didn't care.

Gregory was hers, to do with as she pleased, to lend or not to lend, as she saw fit. Marge could say or think what she pleased; there was no sense in spending all one's married life demonstrating how completely one trusted one's husband.

"But I couldn't think of it," rippled Margery. "It doesn't take three people to get me on a train."

"I hear your cab, dear," Gloria remarked sweetly. "Are you sure you don't mind?"

AGES later the door closed behind the departing guest.

"You look pretty frayed around the edges," said Gregory. "Was the bridge business too strenuous?"

"Why, not at all. This was the easiest visit we've had. You did all the heavy work yourself. It was awfully good of you to take her off my hands when you're so busy. And partly because you behaved so beautifully I'm going to let you have your way about taking out the wall-bed and putting in book shelves."

"But think! What will your friends do?"

"Oh, I've had all the important ones now," explained Gloria unconcernedly. "The rest can wait. . . I—I hope Marge's visit hasn't made your business suffer."

Gregory glanced at the glass panel which hid the condemned wall-bed.

"Not in the long run," he assured her, a curious note of triumph in his voice.

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The Matchmaking Queen

[Continued from page 29]

in favor of her daughter's hand, he might have escaped.

BUT first let me tell you how Queen Elizabeth picked a royal Princess for her son, Crown Prince Leopold. I heard all the details when I was in Stockholm for the wedding. I said it was quickly accomplished, but in this I erred. For no mother could have put this over had she not always made it a point to be a great pal and confidante of her son.

Like all three of the Belgian royal family's children, Prince Leopold had a tragic childhood. Thirteen years old when the war broke out, his country overrun by German armies, his father a General at the front, his mother in hospitals, he and his sister and brother were hurriedly sent to England for safety. But Leopold yearned to get back to his native land. Young as he was, he went to the trenches. His tall, rather slender figure shows the marks to this day. Too young to fight, he carried sand-bags, far too heavy for his growing body. Even now, his shoulders are bent from the strain.

Shy and reserved, at the age of twenty-five he had given no indication of any attraction to the marriageable princesses of his rank. A harrowing fear always tugs at a Queen's heart: "Suppose my son should become ensnared by some adventures and not marry at all; or suppose he marries someone below his rank and unsuitable for the country?"

Queen Elizabeth did not propose that any-

thing like that should mar the career of her son—destined to be King of the Belgians. She took the matter in hand. Up in Sweden two of Europe's loveliest princesses were still unmarried. They were nieces of the King of Sweden and through their mother, related to the British royal family. Indeed, one of the Princesses, Astrid, on special invitation of Queen Mary, was to visit Buckingham Palace in June.

With the late Queen Alexandra—who was a Danish Princess—as a shining example, there was precedent in picking another Scandinavian princess as bride of the Prince of Wales. Moreover, she was his favorite type, which means his opposite—a tall brunette, very lively and vivacious. And Astrid had a sister, Princess Maerta, now married to the Crown Prince of Norway, and destined to be Norway's future queen.

Anyway, here were these two lovely princesses. The Queen could go up there and look them over without any one being the wiser. All unsuspecting, Prince Leopold accompanied his mother. Their fortnight's journey away from Belgium passed unnoticed, the newspapers stating on their return that Her Majesty had been visiting hospitals in the Scandinavian countries. As the Queen is a student of medicine and surgery, this sounded plausible enough.

So well camouflaged was their arrival and entire sojourn in Stockholm that not even the Manager of the Grand Hotel, where they stayed, knew who they were. Rooms had been reserved for Madame de Retty and

her son, M. de Retty, from Brussels, though it was generally supposed that the quiet, mysterious lady was a Countess. They never used the main entrance and were out a great deal. With the collar of her fur coat pulled up around her chin, the Queen was inconspicuous and unrecognized.

THE day after arriving, she notified Princess Ingeborg, mother of the Princesses Astrid and Maerta, that she wished to call. It was a cold, blustery March day, with snow flurries in the air—a perfect day for a cosy tea-table set by an open fire. Immediately it was noted that Prince Leopold "fell" for the younger sister, Astrid, and she for him. It was a case of love at first sight.

Sensing the situation, during the rest of her stay, the Queen left the young people alone. Accompanied by Baron de Groot, Belgian Minister to Sweden, and merely introduced as "a Belgian lady wishing to study the latest hospital equipment", the Queen busied herself visiting hospitals and institutions.

She urged her son, who had never been to Stockholm, to go sightseeing. And, of course, Princess Astrid was his guide. Chaperoned only by a discreet lady-in-waiting who stayed in the background, Astrid took the Belgian prince to picture galleries, museums, churches and public buildings of interest. What a happy, jolly time they had together—unique in the courtship of royal couples—just like ordinary young people getting acquainted!

It was a good beginning. But the Queen's guiding hand did not stop there. Quietly she arranged for another meeting, six weeks away. Glorious, enchanting, romance-breeding Paris in springtime! The occasion was the christening ceremony in May of the infant son of Prince René de Bourbon de Parme—a cousin of Queen Elizabeth, married to a cousin of Princess Astrid. Queen Elizabeth took Prince Leopold with her to Paris where, as usual, they stayed *incognito* at the Hotel Meurice. Princess Astrid likewise came to Paris and the budding romance continued.

It was but natural that the Princess should stop off in Belgium, at the royal palace hidden in the great park at Laeken, on her way back to Sweden. All this the Queen kept out of the newspapers. For a blast of publicity and gossip at the wrong moment has been known to wreck many a royal romance.

Likewise, the invitation for the Prince to visit at the country estate of Princess Astrid's parents in the South of Sweden, was kept a secret. The Prince was invited for a fortnight, but he lingered on from July to August. It got to be rather difficult. Other visitors were kept away and when they did motor over unexpectedly, the royal guest was hidden in the garret or cellar. When the Prince came again to Stockholm in September, he traveled third-class and carried his own suitcase. No one suspected the romance, and when the engagement was officially announced by the King of Belgium, it took the world by surprise.

The wedding was planned for the spring. But this did not suit the young people who were madly in love and would not remain separated. The wedding took place in November, 1926, and I was among those present at the ceremony and at some of the nuptial functions.

At the gala performance at the opera, the royal box was resplendent with the entire wedding party: Four kings all over six feet tall and gorgeous in brilliant uniforms and decorations; three queens ablaze with historic court jewels. But, of course, the



Keystone

Elizabeth, Queen of the Belgians, caught in a sportive mood. Her Majesty plays shuffleboard quite as zestfully as she does the game of hearts

cynosure of all eyes was the bridal couple—Prince Leopold in uniform and Princess Astrid, girlish but dignified in a pink satin frock.

A tell-tale little incident proved how much in love this lovely Princess was. When the lights were low and she thought no one would notice, I saw her furtively unbutton one long white glove and her hand sought that of her fiancé, to hold it close between them. I saw the same confiding gesture at the wedding ceremony, beneath his officer's cap.

Princess Astrid had two marriage ceremonies—the civil one in the King's palace in Sweden and the religious one in the Cathedral in Brussels. And for each she had a wedding dress fit for a royal bride. In Stockholm she wore one completed by the strange little coronet of live evergreen poised on top of the wedding veil, a tradition among Swedish brides. In Brussels, she pleased her adopted country by fashioning her gown and veil of Belgian laces.

WITH this marriage safely out of the way, the Queen was able to concentrate on the future happiness of her only daughter, then eighteen years old. That was four years ago, and it was at this time, in May, 1926, that I had my first opportunity of meeting Her Majesty. Because she avoids meeting people except for some useful purpose, it is very difficult to get to see the Queen.

Only the combined request of the American Ambassador, Hon. William Phillips, and pressure from the Belgian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, persuaded Her Majesty to receive me. A telegram from Ambassador Phillips, reaching me at my hotel in Paris, informed me that Her Majesty would receive me the very next afternoon at the royal palace in Laeken, just outside of Brussels, at 3 o'clock.

This audience took place shortly after the Queen's secret trip to Sweden, and at a time when there was a fresh crop of rumors concerning an eventual union between Princess Marie José and the Italian Crown Prince. But there was no hint of either romance in our hour's conversation.

Etiquette, when conversing with royalties—especially with reigning sovereigns—prevents the mention of any topic unless introduced by the royal personage. Only, when the Princess told me of having been to school in Florence, and of how she loved Italy, a revealing light shone in her big, gray-blue eyes.

However, looking back on the conversation, I can see that Her Majesty emphasized two points which would be especially pleasing to the Italian royal family, looking for a healthy heir to the throne. Her Majesty said to me:

"I believe that every girl should be trained in the knowledge of efficient motherhood, before she marries. She must have learned how to take care of herself and of her babies. That is why I have sent my daughter to the infant welfare course in the Social Service School in Brussels. I also hoped her example would encourage other girls to do the same."

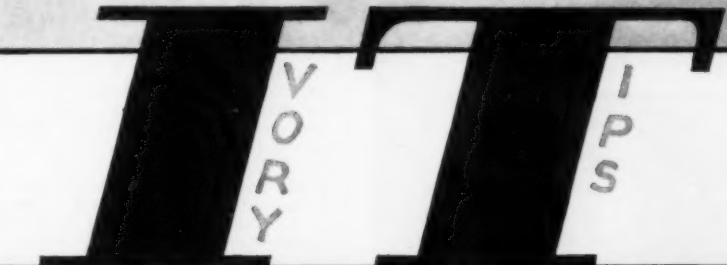
And then, when the Princess was telling me that swimming was her favorite sport, the Queen interrupted:

"My daughter is strong and sturdy, and when she goes in swimming in the sea at Ostend, we marvel at her endurance in the water."

But the Queen of Belgium is more than a successful matchmaking mother. Even though planning for a brilliant marriage, she wanted her daughter to be safeguarded against all eventualities.

"It is my opinion," Her Majesty said to me, "that every young woman must be so thoroughly proficient in some talent or profession that, no matter what her station in life, she could use that training to stand on her own feet and earn her own living, if

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ever necessity arose. For her specialty, my daughter has chosen music."

These were no idle words. Musicians in Belgium concede that the Princess has worked so earnestly at the piano, and later at the cello, that, should necessity arise, Her Royal Highness could be a concert pianist or a successful professor of music.

At the time of my audience, the Fates seemed to be set against the happiness of young Marie José. For Belgium had a Socialist government headed by a Prime Minister who detested Mussolini.

"Never can there be an alliance between the royal houses of Belgium and Italy while Mussolini lives!" it was feared.

Princess Marie José was growing thin and pale and threatening to go into a Convent. What possible way was there out of the dilemma? The Queen cannot mix openly in politics, and hers is far too honest a character for intrigue. Besides, she would not bring political disorder to her country, even to save her daughter's happiness. But the march of events forced the Socialist party out and a conservative government in. The political obstacle was removed.

But what really shaped the course of events were the Princess's frequent visits to Italy, planned by her mother. Was it not logical that she should become Italy's Queen, since she had been there to school, learned the language, and become an intimate friend of the entire royal family?

PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ and young Prince Umberto met for the first time in 1917. Brussels and most of Belgium were under foreign occupation; it was but natural that the little Belgian princess should be invited to come from Florence to spend part of her vacation with the sisters of Prince Umberto. In later years, she attended their weddings—that of Princess Yolanda to the Count Calvi in 1923 and of Princess Mafalda with Prince Henry of

Hesse in 1925. Princess Marie José lingered on in Italy on those occasions.

But the Queen of Belgium had not waited for any such obvious opportunities to arouse in her daughter a love for Italy. When Marie José was only fifteen, quite *incognito*, like the trip to Sweden, Queen Elizabeth took her three children—the Princes Leopold and Charles, and Princess Marie José—to an inconspicuous, little known beach on the Italian Riviera where they spent several weeks.

Of course, all this was very welcome to the Italian royal family. It is certain that, in the competition among Europe's reigning and ex-reigning families for Umberto's hand, it was the little Belgian Princess who had their support. Like a wise mother, the Queen of Belgium likewise tried to direct her daughter's activities in line with those of Prince Umberto.

For instance, newspapers three or four years ago announced that the Italian heir to the throne had suddenly become an enthusiast of winter sports in the Dolomites, and that he intended to develop these sports in Italy. There are plenty of high mountains around Turin, which is the Crown Prince's seat. His Royal Highness sent a picture post card of himself on skis to Princess Marie José.

But that Christmas vacation, Queen Elizabeth took her daughter to Switzerland where Her Royal Highness was coached in winter sports by a professional. Princess Marie José also became an enthusiast, and newspaper photographers were allowed to broadcast the news. No doubt a picture post card of herself on skis found its way to Prince Umberto.

At last Marie José's heart was gladdened and her Queen mother's efforts rewarded. Last October, Prince Umberto came to Brussels to claim the Princess's hand, and the wedding was celebrated with pomp and ceremony in Rome early in January.

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Women in Washington

[Continued from page 39]

only things that can modify his impressions of value of women as aides are time and the constantly increasing number of efficient women in service. But I did find that certain departments and bureaus were anxious to go on record as making every effort to give women an equal chance with men of the same ability.

"THE Department of Commerce," said Assistant Secretary Dr. Julius Klein, in his direct fashion, "is giving women an absolutely fair show. In the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, of which I was the head before coming to this post, we had women in what might be considered rather unusual places, for women."

"Elizabeth Humes, serving us as Trade Commissioner in Rome, Italy, might be thought to have a place more fitted to a man. Miss Humes was the first woman appointed United States Trade Commissioner. She worked here in Washington for several years. She specializes in chemicals. All the business houses to which she was sent liked her and were enthusiastic about her work. When we sent her abroad, she was missed so keenly that officers in Colgate, Bakelite, DuPont and other prominent corporations insisted upon our recalling her for the annual conference which they all attend."

"In the same Bureau, Mary K. Bynum is a coffee expert. In the course of her duties she has helped to shape international policies by her personal reports to the President upon trade with coffee producing countries."

"Ada L. Bush is Chief of the Special Inquiries Section of Domestic Inquiries; and if you don't think Miss Bush has an entertaining life, go over the requests that come to her from all parts of the country. Dr. Helen M. Strong is Chief Geographer. She has also been appointed by the President, a Member of the Geographic Board, its first woman member. Go up and talk to her. She tells us how to spell the names of the rivers and cities all over the world."

This was such a novel job that I consulted Dr. Strong, who came to the position she now holds from the University of Missouri, where she was an instructor. The reaches of her work are amazing. She has induced the map makers of the country to give us equal area maps, instead of the old Mercator maps where the countries appear out of proportion; she has induced text book publishers to accept the spelling and pronunciation of proper names as they are spelled and pronounced in the country in which they occur.

In the future, we of America shall all call foreign cities, rivers, mountains, by the same names and spell them the same way as the peoples who possess them, which is a big step in international relations. Also, Dr. Strong charts the far places of the world and gives advice on topography sites for factories, water supplies, navigability of streams, condition of roads for truck deliveries of American-made goods and weather effects on all classes of products—a fascinating service, created by her for our benefit.

SECRETARY of the Interior Wilbur is rated as distinctly friendly to the employment of women, and his two 1929 appointments—Bess G. Goodykuntz as Assistant Commissioner of Education, and Mary Stuart as Assistant Director of Education, Indian Service—established him firmly in the minds of Washington women as a friend at court. The Departments of Agriculture, Labor and Justice, despite the fact that a great many women hold positions in them, are still uncertain quantities.

And where, ask women in Washington, are women members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Tariff Commissions, the Federal Trade Commission, the Federal Farm Loan Board, the Bureau of Efficiency? There are none—as yet. But a few years ago there were none in many of the places now filled by women. Mary Anderson, Chief of the Women's Bureau, and Grace Abbot, who succeeded Julia Lathrop as Chief of the Children's Bureau, are Presidential appointees, although within the Department of Labor.

"But," says Miss Anderson, "remember we are but two among many Chiefs appointed by the President."

The well-known service of both of these outstanding women is mainly for women. Miss Anderson's modest staff of forty-two consists largely of investigators of the status of women in industry and Miss Abbot's Bureau of one hundred and forty are working steadily for the improvement of conditions in the bearing and rearing of children.

Genevieve R. Cline holds what is to this date the best position under United States Government service. Miss Cline was a customs appraiser in Cleveland, Ohio, which is a particularly important city in our foreign trade. In the spring of 1928 she was appointed Associate Judge of the United States Customs Court at New York City. The salary is \$10,000, and the commission is for life. She is a lawyer and entered the United States Service in 1914. She and Annabel Matthews hold the only \$10,000 posts to date.

WHAT does a girl do who wants to enter government service? First she should decide what department she wants to work with. Then she must assay her qualifications for it. The Civil Service Commission and the Departments themselves will help by sending all necessary information. If I were she, I should write Miss Jessie Dell, the one woman member of the United States Civil Service Commission, which conducts all examinations of applicants.

Miss Dell talked with me for two hours about women in Uncle Sam's employ and I am sure there is no stauncher champion of our sex than she. For over thirty years she has seen women come into the service, has seen them fight a good fight and has seen men still holding control. Her own rise from a clerkship to the third highest salaried position held by a woman indicates what material she is made of.

"Women are not yet given an equal chance with men, in government service," she said frankly, "but they are given a better chance than ever before."

Having decided upon the branch of service, a girl will have to take the Civil Service examination, either in Washington or at some place near her home. If she passes, she may still have to take personality and character tests, or she may not, depending upon the nature of the post she tries for. Then her chance for appointment depends upon her rating.

The choice is usually restricted to one of the first three, and the well known "pull" factor is here exerted. But "pull" won't put you among the first three; you must do that yourself. If you get among the first three, you are likely to get some appointment without pull, although it may not be the one of your choice. If you have any "pull", use it; it is the accepted way.

Do not hesitate to use family relationships, war service of members of your family, acquaintance with those mighty in politics. Remember that you are merely trying hard for a job, just as you would by using

friends in securing a commercial position. In certain cases desirable applicants are exempted from examination. Often they are the wives or widows or daughters of ex-service men or of former employees who are unfitted for service. Sometimes they are exempted, as listed in one report,* "because of the personal knowledge of the President of Miss S", and sometimes simply because the person wanted is so badly wanted and so obviously well-fitted for the post. In the main the posts are filled by examination—but there are loopholes!

Do not refuse to take an examination because it is stated that a male applicant is preferred. If you do not get that job you may get another you'll like just as well.

IF YOU are applying for postmistress, or for some particular post in your own part of the country, you do not need further information. You know your ground. But if you are to go to Washington, you must prepare for a rather unusual mode of living.

You will be able to live on your salary and wax fat if you choose, for of all cities, Washington offers the best American food at very low prices. Room rents also seem moderate from the New York standpoint, but some of the houses are far from modern. Since the giving up of the United States Government Hotels used since the World War, Washington suffers from lack of good housing conditions for women employees.

A few years ago a number of women, all in United States service and on moderate salaries, had the courage to get together and build a hotel for themselves. Rooms in this modern attractive building, the All States Hotel, are as low as \$25 a month, or \$40 a month with bath—if you can get one.

Housing and food are not all of life. Washington offers recreation in meetings and conventions with fine speakers, for those who like that kind of thing. There are libraries, art galleries and museums; and for the girl ambitious, both the Washington and the American Universities offer special courses beginning at five P.M., so that office workers may attend. There are free tennis courts, a good golf course in the public parks, few theatres, the usual motion picture houses, but hardly any dances of the right kind for the ambitious girl who comes in as a stranger.

This last is partly because Washington is like no other American city. There is no industry, except such as is essential to the care of the people who live there. As a result, it is a man-scarce city. There are men, but in the sense of social assets or matrimonial prospects, the ratio is sadly disproportionate.

During my recent stay in Washington I heard it quoted variously as seven women to one man, ten women to one man, and fifteen women to one man!

"And a skeleton chance you stand at the best of them," said one girl bitterly. "There are all the senators' daughters taking them all for stag lines, and the daughters of the house members and all the secretaries and so on. The young men here are spoiled to death. Of course, most of them you wouldn't want anyhow—" she added vindictively, "but there are some nice ones."

She spoke the exact truth. If conditions were reversed and men spent their lives in a city where they were seven to one woman I wonder what the records would show! What they show now is that the girls and women who work under these bad conditions—and they are bad, because they are abnormal, men and women being created in about equal numbers—are self-controlled moral citizens.

There are very few scandals to be found

*Feb. 19, 1929—46 rep. U. S. Civ. Ser. Com. p. 84 par. 6.

about government offices. Romances, working against such odds, are likewise few.

"If it weren't for the people from my state," confided one girl, "I'd just about give up. But fortunately they float in, and one sends another, and men do visit Washington, and—" she laughed—"well, I'm engaged to one who visited last year, in cherry blossom time."

"Go on working? Of course. Here? Well hardly. I'll leave the service and get a position in the city which is his headquarters."

When she leaves the service, she will be listed as taken out by matrimony, which is not quite fair.

WHAT can such a girl hope for if she does not marry, or if she marries and continues to work? I have shown that she can hope for preference, for travel in our land and abroad. She can by a certain length of service insure a pension for life. Her salary will begin at very varying rates; a stenographer may receive \$1440 or \$2500 a year as entrance wage. Nurses enter at salaries of from \$1680 to \$2300, clerks from \$1100 to \$2300.

College trained women receive larger salaries; economists in the Bureau of Home Economics headed by Dr. Louise Stanley receive \$3000 and \$4000 and more a year. What are called administrative and advisory positions rarely pay less than \$3000 a year and rarely more than \$6000. Chiefs of Bureaus, judges of courts—we have several women in such positions—receive \$7000 to \$7500.

Salaries are, as a whole, not as large as those in business but there is definitely more security. There is also that intangible spiritual reward that comes to the person who is interested in direct service to her country. Men as well as women are content to suffer a financial loss to this end.

The whole atmosphere of governmental service is opposed to the profit service of commercialism. There are, and always will be, men and women who feel that they work to better advantage in non-profitable enterprise. As it takes women of exceptional ability to secure the preferred posts against male competition, so one feels this undercurrent of idealism rising higher among the women employed than among the men.

In the United States Government to-day women have two missions other than self-advancement. One is the perfecting of the governmental machine for service to the people of this country. That is no small mission. In a democracy government should have a flexibility that makes it immediately and wholly responsive to any need of its people in any emergency under any condition. The women who are working in Washington are keenly conscious of this ideal of direct response and to our failure to live up to it and they are working at a high spiritual level of self-giving toward that end.

The other mission is as potent. For ten years we have been, as a sex, enfranchised citizens. The women who go to Washington are for the most part bent on demonstrating that we can excel as a sex in service to our country. They are gallantly determined to fight with their competing male rivals. They rarely lose sight of this factor.

But in ten years we have "carved a road". From this time on, women in preferred positions in government service are going to increase far more rapidly. Any young woman who wants to directly serve her country, who rather likes a fight on the sex merit question, who prefers security and distinction to a large salary, who likes a non-profit enterprise, who can stand years in a man-scarce city, and who has something to offer her country in ability and achievement can, I believe, find happiness and a reward not to be counted in the coin of the realm, in working for Uncle Sam.



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The Art of Making Friends

[Continued from page 49]

even a missionary would join in her ball game.

You must never, deliberately, strike up a conversation with a stranger. No matter how anxious to meet people you are, you must never do this, because it is entirely the wrong way to make a friend.

But, if you go often to the same beaches, courts or courses, you will see again many of the same people you saw before. Gradually you will get to know each other. Circumstances can introduce us with impunity, while we ourselves cannot.

ANOTHER way to acquire friends is to organize gatherings. These can begin with very simple numbers and swell to any size. Pounce on someone with a car, and suggest:

"Let's go on a tour. We'll get a crowd together. You furnish the car. The girls will bring sandwiches. We'll gyp someone for the gasoline. Then we'll all hie out into the country, away from the stuffy city."

"Whom could we ask?" the other will want to know.

Then you two connivers (you're really the conniver, but don't let the nice young man know it) will get your heads together over the list, and lo! a grand outing will soon be under way.

Study the most popular girls you know. You will see that they are excellent organizers. They are full of delightful plans. You must think of some too.

Make friends for yourself through other girls! Make yourself interesting to popular girls!

Let me explain the reasons for stressing this.

First, you must strike up friendships with popular girls. For if you are constantly seen in the company of "lame ducks" (unattractive, unwanted girls) you soon will be classed with them.

Second, the girl who sets out to find men friends, ignoring women, will never get very far. The distinctly man's woman is a definite type, and if you were not born that way, don't try to act the part. Personally, I never care much for a woman whom other women dislike. And, confidentially, men don't either.

Third, you will learn many interesting things from popular girls. Most important of all, you will see the machine of friendship operating successfully.

Lunch with these girls, go to the movies with them on off nights, lend them your new stockings, and invite their confidences—which you are never to repeat.

But—don't be like putty in their hands. No worthwhile girl admires a friend she can punch and bat into whatever shape she desires. Offer her the elements of friendship that we all want—sympathy, agreeableness, understanding and companionship. Be her admirer, but not her worshipper.

Sometimes, a happy young married couple will prove excellent sponsors for new friendships. The husband has his pals, the wife her old sweethearts. You can fill in many pleasant evenings with them.

Then there are many other places in which you can meet new people. Join any of the numerous societies within your reach, at which men and women gather socially. Join the young people's group at some church. Here you will find the finest type of people, and a great deal more fun than you perhaps anticipate.

COME now to the second element in making friends.

People must like you. And the first way to make people like you, is to like them.

Look for fine qualities in them to admire.

You must take thorough stock of yourself and see what you have to offer in friendship. Here again friend inferiority will come to your aid. From the level of a healthy humility, you can gaze admiringly upon the worthiness of others!

Let me reiterate some of the characteristics that will keep friends away from you:

Selfishness. You must not be greedy, always wanting things done your way, and for you.

Affectation. Affectation and posing are indications, not of a worthwhile friend, but of a shallow person. Nothing annoys a modern young man so much as a girl who "puts on airs". Sometimes girls affect this pose, because they are timid and afraid people will not like them as they are. Don't disguise yourself. You will be perfectly transparent beneath. Change yourself from within, but not from without.

Unreliability. Other people's time is as valuable as your own. Do not keep your friends waiting for you. Do not go back on your word to them. And don't, on the other hand, allow them to keep you waiting too long, nor go back on their words to you.

Temperament. Actresses cultivate temperament as part of their stock in trade. But temperament in the average person, is called "bad temper". You must control yourself. Never make scenes, either in public or private. You'll get much farther by smiling through a trouble than by sulking.

And don't be pathetic!

A certain charming young man I know was seen about with a very pretty, quiet young girl. Then, suddenly, he was seen with her no more. I asked him why. Here is what he said:

"I can't take her out because I pity her. She lets me. Wants me to. When I have a date I want to be happy. Ann is pretty, peppy and all that, but the poor girl does have a lot of troubles. I wanted to help her forget them. But every time she laughed, I expected her to cry the next minute. I know I'm a cad, but I just can't take her out."

It sounds cruel, doesn't it? But it is true.

YOU can let a man sympathize with you, understand you, want to help you. But you mustn't let him pity you, particularly if your troubles are not real, but merely hysterical—troubles that grow from self-consciousness and inferiority complexes.

Now, I would like to suggest some of the qualities that you must discover in yourself and offer to others.

You must be considerate.

You must be at all times genial and pleasant.

You must be willing either to start a conversation or to listen to one.

You must be impressed with people instead of trying to impress them.

You must act as if each new person you meet is the nicest you have ever met.

You must try to fathom your companion's thoughts and set yourself in tune with them. If a person doesn't want to be cheered, don't be a Pollyanna. Or, if he wants to be happy, don't quote Schnitzler.

Don't let a man spend more money on you than you think he can afford. Sometimes invite him home for a quiet evening.

Every once in a while do something entirely piquant and unexpected of you. If you always wear black dresses, suddenly blossom out in a bright-hued one.

And, above all, be natural.

Pardon My Glove!

[Continued from page 47]

Mr. Rooney cuffed an ambitious fly which was bothering him. It was done with the best left hand in the business, and the tensing of unused muscles brought a smile of delight to his face.

"Say! I know where I can make three hundred thousand smackers!"

"George!"

"I can take on this Battlin' Shawney," he went on excitedly. "I always wanted to punch his fat head!"

THE former Eleanor Vanderpool stamped a firm little foot.

"I won't have it, George. The idea is disgusting. You, who could be one of the literary giants of the age!"

"Aw—"

"I mean it. You promised me when we were married, George, that you were through with boxing."

"But, honey—"

"If you ever mention it again, George Rooney, much less do it, you and I—you and I dissolve partnership." There were tears in Eleanor's eyes. "And that—that's flat, George."

Mr. Rooney ambled listlessly toward his library and stared disconsolately at the bindings of ten thousand books.

He took up the newspaper. "Stock Market Crashes!" Yeah, he knew that. Mechanically he turned to the sport page. Sprawled across the top of the sheet were the words:

BATTLE OF THE AGES OFF!
Remsey Breaks Hand in Training
Million Dollar Gate to Be
Refunded

The literary giant, grasping mightily for the pen, wrote the one piece of literature which was truly his own creation. It was a telegram and read:

BILLY WATSON
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
NEW YORK

GET ME IN THE RING WITH THIS
SHAWNEY AND ILL BUST HIS HEAD

GEORGE ROONEY
EX-HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE
WORLD

MR. ROONEY did his training for the revived Battle of the Ages down in Dangerous Dan Doolin's Gymnasium. During the first workout Mr. Billy Watson groaned dismally.

"How much you weigh, George?"

"I dunno. Two hundred, maybe."

"And twenty!" said Mr. Watson. "Been livin' on sugar? Got lead in your feet? Or just your head? Shawney's gonna make a monkey outa you."

"He is, huh!"

"Yeah. C'mon—get workin' on that sand-bag."

Mr. Rooney flung innumerable and vicious punches at the sandbag. He pulled a half hour at fifty-pound weights, jogged a hundred and fifty laps around Mr. Doolin's gymnasium. Whereupon Mr. Doolin, who weighed one hundred and forty-two pounds, entered the ring with Mr. Rooney and punched him groggy.

"What's the matter with you, George?"

"I dunno. Guess my mind ain't on my business."

"Huh!"

A delegation from the press was received by Mr. Watson with open arms.

"Hello, gentlemen! Hello! Statement?"

Sure. My boy's gonna flop this Shawney inside o' five rounds. Five—yeah. He's got the best left hand in the business. How

about some pitchurs now, hey?"

Someone laughed.

"Going to give us a shot now, eh, George?"

The flashlights boomed. Mr. Watson produced mysterious bottles and glasses; Mr. Watson produced cigars; Mr. Watson hustled hither and yon, shaking a hand, patting a back.

And Mr. Watson's fighter, the late Heavy-weight Champion of the World, sat moodily in a corner of Mr. Doolin's gymnasium and wondered about Eleanor.

The gentlemen of the press, who once had been his friends, were making encouraging remarks within earshot.

"There never was a Champion that came back."

"Never!"

"Look at Corbett! Look at Jeffries!"

"Say, and this Shawney boy is good."

Mr. Rooney moved miserably toward his dressing room. The shower was cold, there were no towels, and he broke a shoestring. He wandered to his room above Mr. Doolin's gymnasium and sat on the bed. He wondered what Eleanor was doing. Gosh, he loved her! Tough to end it all like this. The least he could do was write her and tell her he was sorry.

He chewed a pen thoughtfully, and wrote:

Honey girl,

I guess you think I am a big bum to go back to the fight racket. I can not help it. I can not take none of your coin. I am sorry. I love you.
George.

He regarded the effort doubtfully. It wasn't the sort of letter a literary giant would have written. Mr. Rooney tore the letter in tiny bits.

UP AT the Polo Grounds, by the aid of arc lights suspended from the second tier stands, they were erecting wooden seats for the Battle of the Ages.

Down in Mr. Doolin's Gymnasium a great silence prevailed. Mr. Rooney was sleeping, while Mr. Rooney's manager chewed cigars and looked distressed. For Mr. Rooney's mind obviously had not been on his business. It had been out on Long Island Sound, while Mr. Rooney's jaw had been soundly punched by sundry sparring partners.

Up in his room Mr. Rooney was not sleeping. Mr. Rooney was chewing the end of a pen. Before him was a sheet of paper, and at his elbow was the frayed clipping of "My Fight With John Remsey". Mr. Rooney was deep in the throes of composition.

"Dear Madam—"

That sounded swell! For three quarters of an hour Mr. Rooney labored unceasingly.

"Dear Madam—"

My leaving you as I did was the result of the application of pure psychological logic. I had carefully planned the strategy of the campaign I proposed to execute when—Stock Market Crashes! In an attempt to assimilate as little punishment as possible I lost my money. I could not take yours. John B. Watson's authoritative volume on "The Social Significance of Psychological Phenomena" as well as the philosophy of Santayana and Ibsen were important factors.

Yours,

George."

Mr. Rooney, his letter mailed, slept soundly for the first time in two weeks.

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A Picnic for Two

[Continued from page 75]

BROILED FISH

Place the fish in an oiled toaster and fasten securely. Dust the fish with salt and pepper and dot with bits of butter. Broil over a brisk fire.

MINCED POTATOES

Boil the potatoes at home. Chop them fine with one half cup of celery and three tablespoons of parsley. Ten minutes before they are wanted at the picnic, heat two tablespoons of butter in a frying pan. Brown the potatoes in this, adding more butter if necessary.

CABBAGE AND APPLE SALAD

This should be prepared at home and carried in a glass jar. Chop one pint of cabbage and one apple fine. Dress with one cup of mayonnaise diluted with one half cup of cream and the juice of one half lemon. Add one rounding teaspoon of paprika. Beat well and mix with the cabbage and apple.

MENU III

Barbecued Sausages	Plum Conserve
Buttered Rolls	Toasted Corn
Pickled Gherkins	Watermelon
Cucumbers	Fruit
Assorted Cakes	Coffee

BARBECUED SAUSAGES

Fasten a small strip of bacon around the center of each sausage with a toothpick. Broil until both are a rich brown. Serve between buttered rolls.

TOASTED CORN

Select small ears of corn. Remove the husks. Put a sharpened stick through the end of the ear and toast over the fire. Or, the corn may be boiled in a kettle of water if you prefer it that way. It will take ten minutes in boiling water.

CUCUMBERS

Prepare the cucumbers at home. Slice two cucumbers thin. Let them stand for fifteen minutes in one cup of vinegar, three quarters of a cup of water, two teaspoons of salt. Drain the cucumbers and pack in a jar.

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One can of Crab Meat	Cherries
Tiny Tomatoes	Peaches
Rolls or Bread	Coffee
Butter	Ginger Ale
Russian Dressing	Saratoga Chips
Olives	Cookies
Crackers	Candy

MENU

Chicken Sandwiches	
Tomatoes stuffed with Crab Meat	
Russian Dressing	
Saratoga Chips	Olives
Crackers	Cheese
Cookies	Cherries
Peaches	Candy
Coffee	Ginger Ale



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The Flying Knight

[Continued from page 37]

voices as the oncoming strangers protested loudly against the careening and jouncing of the car. He relaxed his taut muscles. That would not be Mueller, anyway. The automobile, a long black blur, skidded to a stop opposite the house.

"What ho!" called a man's voice. "Is that the Ordway house?"

"Good Lord!" groaned Dave. "It's Gerry Flemming."

FOR an instant he sat irresolute, on the point of concealing himself until the girls had sent his friends about their business. But even as his quick mind weighed the possibilities, a powerful spotlight darted from the car's windshield, swiveled around toward the house and flooded the porch.

"Well, well, well!" chirped the voice. "This looks like a party. Aren't you going to invite us up?"

"I'll try to get rid of them," muttered Dave, rising and limping down the steps.

But he was too late. The searchlight was snapped off. He could hear the sound of opening doors.

"Hello, Gerry," he said, blinded by the sudden darkness. "I'm glad to see you, of course, but I'm still trying to get over the shock of surprise."

"Aren't you a little selfish, Davey, dear, in trying to keep both of those beautiful ladies to yourself?" The feminine voice, clear and musical, brought the pilot to an abrupt stop.

"Barbara!" he exclaimed. "What on earth are you doing here?"

Before she could reply, Gerry was slapping him on the back and Talbot Henderson was helping Barbara down from the long, rakish Hispano-Suiza.

"Quit pounding me!" Dave protested. "I've got a couple of busted ribs. I can hear them rattling around like castanets."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," purred Barbara. "As soon as we get back to St. Petersburg, you must go straight to Doctor Van Sickle."

"And now, Davey, please take us to the nearest hotel. We've been driving for hours and hours and we're simply famished. We have two suitcases full of your things; Gerry even remembered to pack your dinner clothes. So run along, now."

"Listen, you nitwits," Dave gasped. "You're sixty miles from the nearest hotel. This is the house of two young ladies who picked me up when I crashed in their back yard. Come on up and I'll present you to them. Then we'll all try to figure out what to do."

"Delighted," drawled Talbot, who had seen the girls in the clear flare of the searchlight.

"Aren't you glad to see me, Davey?" pouted Barbara, as they walked up the path.

"Of course I am," declared the flyer, a little too vehemently.

Barbara glanced at him out of the corner of her eye, but the expression on his face was blotted out in the darkness. The graceless Talbot chuckled maliciously.

INTRODUCTIONS were speedily effected. Joan and Sally met the visitors with perfect poise. Gerry and Talbot instantly made themselves at home, enjoying the situation hugely.

"I heard you say that you hadn't had dinner," said Joan, "so I've asked Hannah to put something on the stove."

"That's too sweet of you," murmured Barbara languidly, and let it go at that.

Dave twisted uneasily in the darkness.

"Gerry," he said, "what gave you the ambition to drive this far? For years you

haven't had the strength to do anything more violent than lift a cocktail glass. Now, suddenly, you leap into your car and drive a hundred miles. Why, Gerry, why?"

As Gerry lighted a cigarette, he looked like a church deacon. A huge pair of horn-rimmed spectacles gave his scholarly, ascetic-looking face an expression of unsophisticated benevolence that was utterly at variance with his carefree disposition.

"It's all Barbara's fault, Dave," he sighed.

"She got all hot and bothered about your note. I told her the tree had never sprouted that would even dent your skull but she made such a perfectly fiendish to-do about it that we simply had to come. Spoiled child, Babs."

So saying, he changed chairs, sitting down beside Joan with a huge sigh of relief.

"Has Dave been flirting with you, Miss Marbury?" Gerry asked solicitously. "He's a great trial to me. He behaves outrageously whenever I'm not with him. My time is completely occupied in going around after him, apologizing for his conduct."

"He's been fighting again," announced Talbot. "When he sat down just then he sounded like a stone rattling around in a tin can. I want to hear about it and to know what the other fellow sounds like, looks like and feels like."

"And I," said Barbara, restlessly, "would like to spend a few minutes in close communion with a mirror."

Joan rose instantly and led her into the house.

"Do we dress for dinner, Dave?" asked Gerry.

"No, you goat," snapped Dave. "Unless you're planning to drive back to town for a dinner dance as soon as you've eaten."

"He isn't going to drive anywhere," interjected Sally. "If you knew what it means to us to have you all here, you wouldn't even suggest it."

"I didn't suggest it," retorted Gerry, "and you couldn't get me away from here with a load of dynamite, even if our little Davey isn't all full of hospitality and good cheer."

JOAN, quiet and dignified, came to the door and announced the second dinner of the evening.

"Whoops," shouted Gerry. "I'm famished!"

Dave tried to draw him aside to whisper that the girls had scarcely enough money to supply their own table but Gerry, thinking that his friend meant to scold him for bringing Barbara, slipped out of his reach and gallantly escorted Joan into the candlelit dining room.

"We may as well go in and have coffee with them, Dave," suggested Sally. There was a lilt to her voice that soothed the flyer's misgivings.

So, with Talbot, whose rotund face and figure testified to his complete disregard of calories, they all went into the house.

If the cupboards were scraped bare to provide provender for the unexpected guests, it was not evident from the dinner. A fruit cocktail, gleaming crimson and orange in crystal-thin glasses, stood appetizingly at the places of the three strangers. Talbot edged around the table to capture a chair next to Sally.

"Where's Barbara?" shouted Gerry. "I want to eat!"

At that moment Hannah entered and in a stage whisper that penetrated to the farthest corner of the room, said:

"Miss Joan, dat omelette gwine fall flat-ter'n a pancake if y'awl doan' set down."

"Barbara!" called the irrepressible Gerry, in a voice that caused the water to tremble in the glasses.

"Coming, darling." Her voice was calm. "We'll teach the spoiled young one a lesson," declared Gerry firmly. "Please sit down, Miss Marbury. If Talbot and I wait any longer we'll eat you out of house and home."

The two men finished off the fruit cocktails with alacrity, then sat back and demanded that Hannah produce the omelette. Joan's eyes met Dave's in mute interrogation. He grinned mischievously and nodded.

The hostess gave the signal and Hannah entered behind a huge blue platter, upon which was a fluffy golden omelette.

Then Barbara entered the room, exquisitely beautiful in a soft daffodil gown. Her coppery hair was molded to her small head in shining waves. Her eyes were deep pools of amber, insolent, challenging Dave's.

The flyer's breath caught in his throat as he rose from his chair. Yet even as he marveled at the beauty of her, he was conscious of a sudden flood of resentment that she should have dressed for dinner with such care. He saw her eyes, rapier-like, clash with those of the silent Joan, who was regarding her coolly, impersonally, waiting for her to come to the table. Sally, seated, was staring at Barbara with down-right hostility.

Talbot, whose mild blue eyes were not as vague as they looked, was instantly aware of the undercurrent of antagonism among the girls. When all had been seated, he turned to Dave, whose smoldering eyes were still fixed upon Barbara.

"NOW, old timer," Talbot said. "The pangs of hunger that made a roaring lion out of a purring tabby have been partially assuaged. That being so, I'm ready to listen to your story. Where did you get the puffed right cheek and the mouse over the left eyebrow? Why do you curse silently when you raise your left hand? In short, who put you through the laundry mangle and why?"

"Please, Davey, dear," murmured Barbara, placing her long, slender fingers on his.

So he told them, beginning with his sudden decision to fly over to the East Coast and ending with the fearful beating he had received at the hands of Mueller and his assistant. When he had finished, Talbot whistled softly through his teeth.

"I suppose, old timer," he said softly, "you aren't planning to leave here without kissing Mueller good-by?"

"No."

"In that case," said he, relieved, "I think I shall install myself here as a paying guest. If Miss Marbury hasn't room for me, I shall sleep in the yard and probably catch my death of cold." He turned swiftly to Dave, his round face alight with a gay, reckless grin. "Listen—didn't you say that Mueller has an airplane?"

"At least one," nodded Dave. "An amphibian."

"Well, I flunked every course at logic in college. The profs thought me a little dim. But it seems to me that if friend Mueller did you out of your plane, it's only fair that he should replace it."

"Your logic is perfect," scoffed Joan. "It's your psychology that is weak. Mueller is not given to generosity."

"Perhaps not," he agreed amiably. "But you haven't the least idea how persistent I am, or what a good team Gerry, Dave and I make when we go on the warpath. I do the thinking, Gerry cheers, and Dave, being direct and purposeful and strong, does the fighting."

DAVE turned a delighted face toward his friend.

"Go to the head of the class, Fatty. I've always wanted an amphibian."

"If you boys are going to cook up a lot of deviltry," objected Barbara, "we'd better all get into the Hispano and go somewhere."

"Tell you what we'll do," suggested Talbot, his cheery eyes glowing in anticipation. "We'll stroll over to the blighter's place and see what we can dig up. If he comes buzzing around with his plug-uglies, we might even have to slap him down. We'll pick out a pretty plane—I like the ones with the blue wings—and Dave can fly to St. Pete. The rest of us will follow in the car."

"Isn't he likely to try to take out his hate on the girls?" asked Dave anxiously.

"It doesn't matter," said Joan quietly. "He's done about all the harm he can already."

"Why haven't you called in the State Police?" asked Barbara.

"There's nothing I can prove against him," replied her hostess. "I can't prove that he has girdled our trees, or that he broke our Ford, nor can I complain to the police about the way he looks at me."

"Oh, I see," said Barbara, in a tone which indicated that she did not see at all.

"Well, let's get going," said Dave, briskly. "We'll get this little chore over with to-night and then be on our way back to St. Pete."

"You are all staying here to-night," said Joan firmly. "If you left now you'd hardly get back to town before morning. We have plenty of room, if you don't mind the shabbiness of everything."

She looked at the others evenly. "Perhaps Dave was too chivalrous to tell you that Sally and I are very poor and have not been able to keep things up as we should have liked. You will find the beds quite comfortable, I think, and we will be delighted to have you stay."

"That's wonderful!" exclaimed Gerry, who, having always had more money than he could spend, was unable to comprehend that even one more large meal might work a hardship upon his hostess.

THERE came the sound of a knock at the front door. Joan rose and left the room. The others heard her voice, chill and polite.

"Good evening Mr. Mueller."

"Evenin', Joan. Ain't you goin' to invite us in?"

Dave's face became grim. He reached for one of the heavy silver candlesticks in the center of the table, blew out the flame and deliberately placed it on the floor close to his right hand.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Mueller," came Joan's voice. "We have guests."

"It's them I came to see," retorted the other. Those in the dining room heard the shuffle of feet.

"Sit still, Dave," whispered Gerry. "If he gets fresh we'll give him the bum's rush."

Dave's eyes were fixed in a hard stare on the doorway.

Joan reappeared, followed by the hard-eyed Mueller and the burly Italian, who kept both hands in the bulging side pockets of his jacket.

"Evenin', everybody," said Mueller genially. "Mind if I take a seat? Go right on with your eatin'." The burly guest dragged up a chair without further ado.

Dave's right hand touched the candlestick as he sat still, watchful, wondering how long he could control his temper. He noted, with a slight lifting of the spirit, that Mueller's swarthy face was badly marked. His nose was puffed, his lower lip deeply split.

Mueller's agate-hard eyes traveled around the room. Then his eyes met Dave's.

"Hello, kid," he said. "How you feelin'?"

"Didn't I hear Miss Marbury say she was sorry she couldn't ask you in?" Dave replied very, very quietly.

"Sure you did," assented the other, unruffled. "But me and Joan understand each other, don't we, girlie?"

Joan said nothing. Barbara looked up and gazed from her face to Mueller's with

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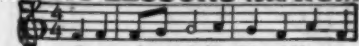
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a faint smile on her lips—no longer bored. "Did you have something on your mind, Mueller?" persisted Dave, tapping the table cloth with restless fingers.

But before Mueller could reply, Gerry broke into the conversation.

"Aren't you from Chicago, Mr. Mueller?" he asked politely.

"Yeah. Why?" snapped the other, apparently taken aback by the unexpectedness of the question. His face had lost its mask of geniality and was set in its accustomed harsh lines.

Gerry nodded thoughtfully.

"My friends consider me dizzy in many ways," he observed, "but I have a memory for faces that is quite serviceable. I'm trying to place you."

He squinted at Mueller, who stared back at him, frowning uncertainly. Then Gerry sighed and turned away. "Well, it doesn't matter. I was probably a little tight when I met you."

It seemed to the watchful Dave that Mueller was relieved. But the smile of amiability did not return.

"Well, I come here to tell you," stated Mueller flatly, "that the neighborhood is gettin' too crowded and noisy. You'd better all get goin' and be outa here before day-break, see?"

He glared at them menacingly. Talbot laughed. Mueller swung on him.

"What you laughin' at?" he demanded truculently. "If you think this is all a joke, ask your buddy here. Stick around and you'll get muscled worse'n he was."

"You don't understand," beamed Talbot soothingly. "It just occurred to me that this was the only really peaceful spot I've found for months and months. Until you accepted our invitation to dine with us, we were so quiet and contented! And now, as you hint, it is crowded and noisy."

Mueller eyed him in silence. Then, as though dismissing Talbot from his mind, he swung around to face Joan.

"Listen, girlie, if you know what's good for you you'll get 'em all outa here and not let 'em come back. See?"

And with that, he strode out of the room. The thick-necked Italian watched the diners disinterestedly until Mueller's footsteps crunched on the gravel path. Then, with a speed that was amazing for a man of his bulk, he, too, was gone.

IT WAS Gerry who broke the silence that followed. His eyes, behind the horn-rimmed spectacles, were glittering.

"I know that bird," he declared. "He's Snatch Cazzoni, the most famous gangster that ever came out of Chicago."

Dave remembered the name. He had seen it in newspaper headlines. But, not being interested in Chicago's domestic warfare, he had not bothered to read the accounts of Cazzoni's activities.

"I'm surprised you all didn't recognize him," Gerry went on. "He's had more publicity than the Prince of Wales. I've seen him in person just once before. He was at the Chicago-Dartmouth football game and the girl I was with pointed him out to me."

"He was, and still is, I guess, in absolute control of every racket that started in Chicago. He began with ordinary bootlegging, then bought out one closed-down brewery and distillery after another and opened them up. He wiped out all his rivals with bombs and machine guns until he got complete control of the town."

"What's he doing down here, then?" demanded Dave, impatiently.

"A few months ago one of his machine-gunners aimed at somebody right in the Loop. He got him, too. But the trouble was that he got five or six other people, one of them a prominent North Side minister. That was overstepping the bounds a bit, even in Chicago, and the good citizens got so steamed up about it that Snatch de-

cided he had better take a little vacation.

"He bought a big house in Miami and thought he'd spend a nice quiet winter. But the surviving rivals in Chicago began to play mean tricks behind his back. They killed some of his best men and then came down to Miami to see if they couldn't catch him in swimming, when he wouldn't be likely to wear his bullet-proof vest."

"Things got pretty hot there and after one end of his house had been blown away by a bomb, Snatch disappeared from the sight of man. He couldn't go back to Chicago, so he must have picked out this place as quiet and isolated enough to suit him until he could get back to business."

"What a ghastly man to have for a neighbor," whispered Sally.

BARBARA screwed a cigarette into the end of a long red holder.

"It's all been very interesting, Davey, dear," she yawned. "And now don't you think we'd better be starting back?"

Dave's eyes were hard as he watched her light her cigarette from the yellow flame of a candle.

"I'm not going away until I've settled scores with Cazzoni," he said evenly.

"Stick around, Babs, darling," chuckled Talbot. "We just want to pay a little call. If you're bored, you can shoot craps, or something, until we come back."

"You're all so sweet," shrugged Barbara. Dave looked at Joan, who sat silent, her deep blue eyes very thoughtful.

"Joan," he said suddenly, "we can't use your house as a base of operation against a neighbor. It isn't fair to you. Perhaps we'd better go away after all. We can come back again in a day or two and play around his place without getting you mixed up in it."

She smiled gently and shook her head.

"That's nice of you, Dave," she said softly. "I think it would be better for you to forget the whole affair. But I know you won't do that. You won't be content until you've settled with him. Well, I have a few scores of my own. His being near us makes a difficult situation almost unbearable. So, if you really feel like being foolish, don't worry about me. I'd like to go right along with you when you pay him your call."

She rose and left the room, returning immediately with a heavy automatic. She passed it across the table to Dave.

"Do you know how to use this?" he asked her.

"I'm a pretty fair shot," she admitted. "I shoot rattlesnakes with it."

He slid it back toward her.

"You keep it," he said. "We'll be leaving you three girls alone here. If we bungle matters at Mueller's you may find the gun handy."

GERRY wiped his glasses and rose.

"I haven't had a thrill like this since the war," he declared. "Let's be on our way. I crave action. Do we ride or walk?"

Dave stood up, avoiding Barbara's eyes. Talbot was whispering to Sally. Joan was staring down at the gun, frowning.

"If you are not back in two hours," she said, "I'm coming after you."

"Atta girl!" applauded Talbot. "Bring Babs along, too. With that disposition of hers, she doesn't need any gun. But don't worry. We're three seasoned campaigners. Why, we fought all through the Battle of Paris together."

And so Dave, Gerry and Talbot stepped out into the night. The moon had changed from a huge ball of molten gold to a thin disk of polished silver. A silence hung over the groves as thick and heavy as a sea fog. Beyond the kumquats was the jungle, watchful, poised to sweep over the clearing.

A long, black something, glistening in the moonlight, slithered across the path and melted into the dark underbrush.

"Brrr!" shivered the mercurial Gerry. "If that snake is an omen, our party is not going to be any picnic!"

"BE QUIET, now," whispered Dave. "Mueller's landing field must be just ahead of us."

Like three black wraiths, he, Talbot and Gerry crept on between the long, even lines of tree trunks. They heard the sound of approaching footsteps and dropped flat on their faces. The slither of feet passed.

"Did you see him?" whispered Gerry. "I caught a glimpse of him. He was carrying a rifle or a shotgun."

"Must have been one of those armed guards," replied Dave. "Come on, let's go."

They crawled to the edge of a wide clearing, at the other end of which was a barn-like hangar, brilliantly lighted.

"Look," whispered Talbot. "There are four planes in there. Big ones, too."

The three boys lay in the shadow of a tree, studying the busy scene before them. Half a dozen men were working upon the airplanes.

"Three land planes and an amphibian," muttered Dave.

Beyond the hangar was the solid wall of the jungle from which the clearing had been hewn. It seemed that not even a snake could penetrate that living barrier of vegetation, yet from the midst of it suddenly appeared two pin-points of light. A motor car's headlights.

The car emerged from the narrow road, swung around in front of the open hangar door, disclosing itself as a small platform truck. The men who had been working upon the airplanes gathered about and began to carry odd-shaped bundles from the truck to the plane which stood nearest the door. A man dressed in helmet and overalls climbed into the cockpit. The motor roared, died away, roared again. The workmen still carried their bundles from the truck, stowing them carefully into the forward cockpit of the idling ship. The truck moved away.

The plane lumbered out of the building, bumping and swaying as it scurried across the uneven ground. And then it was off. Dave drew a long breath and looked at his companions.

"Look!" whispered Dave. "Those mechanics are leaving the field. They're probably going to Mueller's house. Let's have a good look at the hangar."

The workmen who had been busy in the hangar strolled slowly across the field and disappeared into the groves on the north side. Dave and his two companions made their way silently around the southern end of the clearing. They had covered two-thirds of the way to the hangar when Dave suddenly stopped short and dived headlong into the shadow beneath the nearest tree. The others plunged in after him.

"The guv'd is coming," warned Dave.

From the direction of the hangar came a dark figure walking along the edge of the field. They lay there motionless, ready for instant action.

He was opposite them now. The gun swung upward and pointed directly at the trio beneath the tree.

"Come outa there," whispered a harsh voice.

Then Dave rose, his hands over his head. Talbot, too, scrambled to his feet. Gerry, removing his horn-rimmed glasses and slipping them into the pocket of his coat, followed them.

"Next time you try to hide out in the dark, kid," said the guard, grinning at Gerry, "take your specs off first. They was shining in there fit to blind me. Now come on, you guys."

Gerry's lithe body catapulted forward like a stone hurled from a slingshot. His shoulder slipped beneath the barrel of the shotgun and struck the sentry in the pit of the stomach. The man reeled, staggered and the two fell in a heap. His right hand

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had been knocked away from the trigger, but his other was still gripping the barrel. He reached for the gun with his free hand. Dave, leaping into the fray, stamped on the man's left wrist. The fingers loosened. Dave kicked the weapon out of his reach and dropped upon him, seized him by the throat and shut off the yell before it began.

THE struggle ended as suddenly as it had begun.

"Guess we've done him in," panted Gerry. Dave placed his hand on the man's chest. "No. He'll wake up before long. We've got to fix him so he won't give the alarm for a little while."

They dragged the unconscious man into the grove and propped him against a tree. Dave unbuckled the sentry's belt, twisted the limp arms back around the slender tree trunk, and bound the wrists with the belt. He took his own pocket handkerchief, stuffed it into the man's mouth and borrowed Gerry's to bind the first tightly.

"That'll give us about ten minutes," he said cryptically.

They kept close to the jungle's edge as they approached the hangar, watching each shadow lest it hide another of Mueller's sentries.

The big building was deserted. Dave was first to reach the sliding doors. They were closed. He worked his fingers into the crack between the two sections and pulled tentatively. Without a squeak or a rumble, one of the sections began to slide.

"We can get in here," he whispered. "But if we get away with a plane, we'll have the gang about our ears and we won't have another chance to find out where that truck came from. There may be something down

that road worth looking into. Let's try it."

He turned and led the way toward the jungle beyond the hangar. A dozen yards beyond stood what had once been a pretentious Spanish house. The road swept around the abandoned dwelling in a complete loop. "Look here, Dave," called Gerry, who had stopped to glance into a walled patio.

The enclosure had been cleared of scrub. A section of the wall had been torn out, leaving sufficient space to allow the entry of a motor truck. At the farther end of the patio was a huge pile of burlap-covered packages similar to those the boys had seen loaded into the airplane.

Gerry walked over and poked one experimentally with his fingers. It was shaped like a ham, soft and yielding to the touch. He produced a penknife and sawed at the cords which sewed the burlap wrapping together. The thing fell apart and six straw-covered bottles fell to the ground. Talbot pounced upon them.

"Now I ask you!" he marvelled, tearing the straw casing from the bottle. "Six quarts of Scotch. 'Vat 69', too!"

"Let's go into the house," snapped Dave. "This is part of Mueller's layout."

They entered a great bare room which had once been the kitchen. Dozens of bottles, all bearing the labels of well-known brands, stood upon a rough pine table. A huge pile of burlap lay on the floor. Beside the bottles lay a huge pair of shears, a sailmaker's needle and a ball of heavy twine. Other rows of filled bottles occupied the opposite side of the floor. Three huge casks stood in a corner. Dave dipped a finger into one of them and tasted its contents.

"Water!" he exclaimed, puzzled.

In the next room were more burlap pack-



"Officer, could you see me across the street?"

ages, more filled bottles and case after case of clean, empty ones.

"I know the game now," Dave said. "Listen; we've solved the mystery of Mueller's presence in these parts. That big amphibian brings in good liquor from Cuba or the Bahamas. It is landed in this out-of-the-way place where there probably hasn't been a policeman or a revenue officer for years. It is brought in all wrapped in these burlap bags in half-case lots. Mueller's men open the bags and dilute the liquor, making two or three bottles of cut liquor from each original quart. They sew the cut liquor up in the same kind of burlap bags that it is first shipped in, load the stuff into land planes and take it up north."

"Pretty smart of him," Talbot commented.

"I wish we had a flashlight," said Dave. "We could find enough evidence in this one house to send him to Atlanta for several years." He glanced at the glowing dial of his wrist watch. "Man alive! We've been away from the house nearly an hour and a half. Joan said she'd come after us if we didn't return in two hours."

"If she goes barging around the landing field, she'll run straight into Mueller and his outfit," Gerry said. "That sentry will have roused up the whole gang by this time."

Dave stepped to the window. Then he turned to Talbot. "Fatty, the county road that runs past the girls' house must come straight through his development. There's another of these deserted houses right next to us and still another beyond that. I think you'll find the road just the other side of the third house. I wish you'd find it and walk down the road to Joan's. Tell the girls to stay there until we return. You can drive back in Gerry's car. Bring a couple of flashlights with you."

Talbot went out.

"Come on, Gerry," said Dave. "Let's look through all these rooms and then see what the other houses have to offer."

"WHAT'S the matter, girls," asked Talbot, amiably. "You look as though you'd been spending the whole evening playing 'Quaker Meeting', or something."

"We have been," Barbara retorted. "I'm fed up. Where's Dave?"

"He and Gerry are mucking about in a tumbledown Spanish rats' nest a mile or two up the road. Who'll lend me a couple of flashlights?"

"How did you happen to go to Cathay?" demanded Joan.

Talbot gave them a sketchy account of their activities, neglecting, however, to tell them of the armed sentry.

"I'm going back with you," Barbara said flatly.

Talbot stared at her in astonishment. "A girl's place is in the home, Babs, darling," he said.

"I'm going, too," said Joan calmly. Talbot turned and said: "Have you girls completely lost your minds?"

He bolted toward the door, then stopped abruptly.

"I promised to bring Dave some flashlights. Have you any, Miss Marbury?"

She had started to walk toward the hall. "I'll bring one with me," she smiled.

"You'll have to ankle every step of the way, then," he retorted, slamming the door behind him.

Hannah's portly figure was framed in the dining room door.

"Miss Joan, is y'awl gwine out?" she asked anxiously.

Joan glanced uncertainly at the other two.

"Yes, Hannah," Joan said. "We'll be back in an hour or so."

Hannah untied her apron and began to fold it.

"Miss Joan," she declared, "I ain't gwine rest in dis house alone one minute. I gwine

right along wi' you! I ain't gwine stay."

"Let her come, Joan," laughed Sally.

Barbara peered out of the window.

"Talbot has taken the car," she said.

"It doesn't matter," said Joan. "I know where they are. We can take the Ford."

TALBOT was brought to a startled halt by a sibilant whisper from the adjacent underbrush.

"Shut up!" hissed Dave. "You'll have Mueller's whole gang here."

"Where's my car?" demanded Gerry, appearing behind Dave.

"Back there in the road," replied Talbot. "I turned it around to face toward Joan's."

"Are the girls all right?" Dave asked.

"Well," Talbot said evasively, "They've been sitting around hating each other ever since we left."

"The second house was jammed to the ridge pole with liquor," whispered Gerry, as he and Talbot turned to follow Dave. "Now we're going to have a look at the house near the road. There's been a whale of a roar from over by the landing field. Guess the guard got loose and set them all hunting for us."

They crossed the wide, tiled porch of the deserted house.

"Let's have the flashlight, Talbot," said Dave, coming to a halt.

"Why—er—I forgot to bring it," said Talbot, lamely.

"Listen!" whispered Dave tensely.

The three stood silent. From the open door behind them came the sound of a popping engine, the grinding of gears. Dave blundered through the blackness, entering one of the great rooms which faced the house nearest the landing field.

"Come here, fellows," he whispered excitedly. "It's Mueller's truck coming through the road in the jungle."

They stood at the empty frame of the French window, watching the headlights circle the dwelling. Two men suddenly appeared in front of the lights and disappeared into the darkness of the patio. The truck came to a stop, the twin cones of incandescence pointed directly at the breach in the walled enclosure. Two more black figures dashed across the strip of light and followed the others into the house.

"From where I stand, it would seem wise to be easing along," remarked Talbot, thoughtfully. "Those birds are all carrying guns."

"Tell you what we'll do," suggested Dave. "We'll all beat it for Gerry's roadster and drive back to the plantation house. Then I'll duck through the groves and slip around behind them. The chances are that the whole mob is here and there is nobody guarding the hangar. I'll try to grab a plane, make a getaway and meet you in St. Pete in the morning."

The boys turned away from the window. They groped across the wide floor. As they filed through the arched doorway to the hall, Dave came to an abrupt halt. To his alert ears there came the soft tread of footsteps, the hiss of suddenly indrawn breath. Gerry and Talbot lurched into him, then they, too, became tense as they heard the alien sounds.

THERE, a dozen feet away, a close-knit group of black shadows were advancing toward the three men. Dave leaped, his hands outstretched for instant action. His hurtling body smashed into the nearest figure. A hot, searing flame streamed past his cheek. The report of the gun almost deafened him. His arms closed around a slender body which struggled like a wild thing. Through the biting odor of gunpowder there was a faint fragrance of jasmine. He staggered, trying to recover his balance and so to hold that slender body from crashing to the floor.

"Joan!" he gasped.

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he kissed her full on the lips. The rigid body which, but an instant past, had been fighting desperately, went suddenly limp in his arms. The blackness surrounded them as though he and Joan were alone in an infinity of space. He had forgotten everything but the unbelievable sweetness of those lovely lips crushed so hard against his own. A shrill shriek split the heavy air.

"Miss Joan, Miss Joan, where is you?" Joan's strong little hands pushed Dave away from her.

"Good evening, Hannah," chuckled Talbot. "You seem a little upset about something."

Dave swung around, furious. Joan had merged into the background of blackness as completely as though she had never been in his arms.

"Talbot, is that you?" It was Sally's voice, thin with terror.

"What are you girls doing here?" asked Dave.

"Miss Marbury simply couldn't exist another minute without seeing you, Davey, dear." That was Barbara, insolently.

"Miss Joan, please," begged Hannah, "let's us go 'way from here. I don't like this place."

"How did you get here?" asked Dave calmly.

"In Miss Marbury's quaint little car," replied Barbara.

"Listen, folks," said Gerry, "we must be moving. I just peeked out of the window and Mueller's men are heading this way."

"Get along, everybody," directed Dave hastily. "I'll stay here and see that you get away safely. Start your cars and wait for me. I'll join you in a few minutes."

Something cold and hard pressed against his hand. His fingers closed over it. It was Joan's automatic.

Dave turned back into the great room which faced the other houses. Mueller's men were now searching the abandoned dwelling next door.

"That shot came from that other house, I tell yuh!" The harsh voice sounded like Mueller's.

With sudden decision, Dave crawled over the windowless sash and dropped to the ground below.

Gerry and Talbot walked ahead of the girls. Joan, who was marching silently behind her cousin, felt Barbara's hand on her arm.

"Wasn't that Dave's voice calling you, Miss Marbury?" whispered Barbara.

Joan hesitated in her stride. Gerry, Talbot and Sally, who had not heard Barbara's voice, went on into the darkness ahead. Hannah, coming to a full stop behind her mistress, looked fearfully over her shoulder.

"C'mon, Miss Joan," she wheezed.

"I thought I heard Dave calling you," repeated Barbara.

"Why should he call me?" asked Joan coldly. "Isn't it your place to be with him if he requires anyone?"

"Perhaps it is," replied Barbara, her voice hardening. "But I've known Davey long enough to humor him in these little matters."

She turned abruptly and walked swiftly after the others. Joan took three steps after her, then stopped and looked back. Barbara's cold insolence was maddening.

"Hannah," she said with sudden decision, "you go with the others. I'm going back."

"Lawd, no, Miss Joan," Hannah panted. "I've gwine wif you."

Barbara, hurrying through the darkness, caught up with Sally. The two cars were standing silently in the shadow of a tall stand of palms. Gerry leaped into his roadster while Talbot cranked the creaking Ford.

"I'll drive this pogo stick," said he, climbing into the seat. "Come on, girls. Gerry'll wait for Dave."

Sally and Barbara clambered into the tonneau. Talbot fingered the throttle lever.

"Where's Miss Marbury?" he asked.

"She and Hannah have decided to wait for Dave," said Barbara in a low voice. "They'll probably be along together and ride in the Hispano."

"That roadster'll need a trailer," muttered Talbot.

He heard a crashing in the underbrush, so he pulled the throttle down and stamped on the forward speed. The Ford shuddered and leaped into the night.

Dave, bursting out of the thicket, jumped upon the running board of the low-slung roadster, which glided away without a sound. He settled himself into the luxurious cushions with a sigh of relief and pocketed Joan's automatic.

"Got away just in time," he said. "They were just surrounding the house when I ducked out. The girls all right?"

"Sure," Gerry said. "They're all in the Ford."

"DAVE!" whispered Joan, advancing slowly through the blackness of the hallway.

"Dave!" called Joan again.

She tiptoed to the doorway and peered into the great bare living room. Outside the windows, searchlights were swinging this way and that. There was the sound of crunching steps and of excited voices. But the room was empty.

She stood there, wondering what to do next. Dave had gone into that room, saying that he would stand guard while the others made good their escape. And now he was not there.

"Miss Joan, whar is you?" Hannah's voice held a sharp note of hysteria. "Dey's men comin' in de back doah!"

Joan knew a moment of utter panic. She heard the shuffling of feet in the rear of the house.

"Quickly, Hannah," she whispered. "Let's get out of here."

She grasped the hand of the negress and led her toward the front door. A harsh voice from the outer darkness struck her like a slap in the face.

"C'mon, you guys. If they're in here, we'll smoke 'em out."

She stopped abruptly, her heart pounding in her ears. They were cut off, front and rear. There was a patio leading off the dining room, she remembered, but she dared not hunt for it. There had been footsteps in that direction.

She must find a hiding place, instantly. She must remember what the house looked like when Anne and Ted Weymouth had lived here. She had been in Anne's room many times. Now she remembered. Of course. The great stairway was just behind her and to the right. She hurried through the blackness, impatient because Hannah's weight dragged at her.

"Please hurry, Hannah," she whispered.

Shouts reverberated through the hall. If one of those men should use a flashlight, it would be all over. If only Hannah did not pull so. There, they were around the corner now, hidden, for the moment, in the upper hall.

They stumbled across the threshold of Anne's room, now a stark, grim cell lighted by four long windows.

Joan heard the stamping of many heavy boots on the floor below. The stairway creaked as someone mounted it. The frightened girl glanced wildly around the room. The only remaining hiding place was Anne's closet in the dark corner.

The absolute blackness was worse than Joan had expected. Hannah's fleshy shoulder pressed against the girl's body. The negress was trembling as though with a chill. Someone was on the other side of the cypress door. The footfalls died away. The silence was as terrifying as the sounds had been.

And then the door burst open. The blinding glare of a searchlight blazed into

the closet. Hannah moaned and sank to her knees.

"Why, hello, sweetie!" Joan's blood chilled at the sound of Mueller's voice. A hand seized her wrist and dragged her to the closet.

"Where's your swell boy friends?" he mocked.

Joan could see Mueller's swarthy face, now. His beady eyes squinted down into hers. "They left you alone with the old nigger while they lammed away, huh?" he gloated.

His arm crawled around her waist. She pushed at his chest and kicked at his legs. "What's th' idea, sweetie?" he panted. "You and me'll go to Chicago. You can have anythin' you want. I'm rich, see?"

There was a queer scrambling sound from the darkness of the floor. Hannah, plunging forward on her hands and knees, threw herself at Mueller's legs. Mueller stepped aside in alarm. The guard pointed his flashlight down at the clutching, scratching negress, then with studied brutality kicked her in the stomach. Hannah screamed, pushed herself to her feet and shambled out of the room at a weird half-trot, waving her black fists above her head.

Joan turned on Mueller, clawing at his face, sobbing. His two heavy hands captured her wrists, held them helpless.

"C'mon, you little spitfire, we'll be going back to the hangar. By the time we get to Chi you'll come to your senses, see?"

He stooped swiftly, lifted her as though she weighed nothing at all and strode out of the room.

THE lamp-lit hospitality of the old plantation house beckoned genially to Talbot, Sally and Barbara as they left the Ford in the road and walked across the lawn.

"I don't blame you for loving this place, Miss Sally," said Talbot. "After coming back from those abandoned houses, this seems like a haven of refuge."

"But I don't love this place," declared Sally vehemently. "I hate it, every bit of it."

Talbot looked at her thoughtfully, then at Barbara. But Barbara's face was averted.

"Why do you suppose Gerry doesn't come?" interrupted Barbara restlessly.

"He's probably waiting for Dave," shrugged Talbot.

"He should have been here by now," Barbara complained, then, abruptly, she went into the house.

"Poor old Babs has the jumps," chuckled Talbot.

Sally hesitated, glancing from Talbot to the open door. Then she reluctantly entered the living room. Barbara was lighting another cigarette. She stared at Sally until the match burned her fingers.

"Did I hear Gerry's car?" she demanded tensely.

"Not yet," said Sally, wondering at the other's ill-concealed nervousness.

"Is Mueller really as beastly as he looks?" Barbara asked suddenly.

"I don't know," replied Sally astonished. "Why?"

"Would he harm Joan if he had the opportunity?" persisted Barbara.

"What are you talking about?" asked Sally.

Barbara drew a long breath.

"I've done something terrible, Sally," she whispered. "I told Joan that Dave was calling her. I sent Joan back into that empty house. Dave may not have been there."

"Do you mean to tell me that you sent her straight into Mueller's hands?"

"I—I—" Barbara's courage oozed out of her. "She may have found Dave," she finished lamely.

"So that's the kind of a sneaky, cowardly, spiteful cat you are, is it?" Sally burst out. "You knew very well what kind of a man Mueller was. What has Joan done

to you that you should do such a thing?"

"She has taken Dave away from me, Sally," Barbara said simply. "Dave was mine. He's always been mine, ever since I can remember. And when I saw the way he looked at Joan, I was too desperate to care what I did, just so long as I got Dave away from her and away from this place."

"Do you think Dave would go back to you now?" demanded Sally scornfully.

The muffled throbbing of a motor car sounded from the road. Barbara rushed out of the room.

"Gerry!" Barbara called, her voice shrill with anxiety. "Are Dave and Joan and Hannah with you?"

"No," he replied. "I dropped Dave off half a mile back. He's cutting 'cross-lots to Mueller's hangar. Didn't Joan and Hannah go in your car?"

Barbara leaped to the ground and began to run toward the roadster. Gerry extended his arms and stopped her.

"Quick, Gerry," she faltered, "turn your car around. We must go back and find them."

Then Sally and Talbot were beside her.

"Joan thought she heard Dave's voice," Sally said. "So she went back to find him. Hannah went with her."

Barbara gasped. It had not occurred to her that Sally would protect her.

"Let's get this straight," said Talbot gravely. "Joan and the darky are back in the abandoned house, perhaps in Mueller's hands. Is that right?"

"Yes, and we've got to go after them," declared Sally.

"You girls stay right here and wait," snapped Gerry. "Come on, Talbot."

He wheeled around and began to run back toward the car. Talbot hesitated, then reached out and squeezed Sally's hand.

"Don't worry, Sally," he murmured.

With that, he left her. Sally and Barbara watched the car glide away toward Cathay.

"Listen, Sally," whispered Barbara. "Isn't that a plane?"

From the direction of Mueller's hangar came the distinctive beat of an airplane motor.

DAVE crouched at the edge of the clearing. A few yards away was the open hangar door. Two men stood silhouetted in the light from within. One, in riding breeches and puttees, was probably a pilot. The other, who carried a shotgun, was apparently a guard. The two were smoking.

Inch by inch Dave crept toward the building. The unexpected presence of the two men complicated matters. He had expected to find the hangar deserted. At any moment Mueller and his men might return to the field.

He had now reached the corrugated metal side of the hangar. A dozen more feet and he would be at the edge of the open door. He drew Joan's automatic from his pocket and cocked it. Then, every nerve tingling in anticipation, he strode swiftly around the corner and into the light. The two men stared at him in astonishment. The shotgun swung upward in a gleaming arc but dropped again as its owner looked into the muzzle of Dave's automatic.

"Drop that shotgun," snapped Dave, "and put up your hands."

The shotgun clattered to the cement floor. "Both of you lie down."

Without a word the two men sat on the floor, then sprawled out at full length.

"You stay right where you are until I'm out of here," he warned them, kicking the shotgun well out of their reach.

Two land planes stood nearest the open door. Behind them stood the awkward-looking bulk of the amphibian. Dave realized that he could not move the airplanes out of the way unassisted. He would have to abandon the plan of taking the amphibian.

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"This is a nice monoplane you have here," he said, ducking under the wing. "Don't mind if I borrow it, do you?"

The man who had carried the shotgun rolled over and began to scramble toward the door. Dave wheeled, took careful aim and fired. A shower of flinty sparks and a puff of concrete dust flew up into the crawling man's face as the bullet ricocheted off the floor and struck the metal side of the hangar with a ringing clang. The man drew back instantly.

He again stretched flat on the floor, motionless except for his eyes, which followed Dave's every movement. The other lay still.

Dave peered into the cockpit of the monoplane. It was a two-seater, fast and trim. The pilot glanced anxiously at the instrument board, then grinned contentedly. His luck was still with him. She was equipped with a compressed air starter. Holding his gun ready for instant action, he clambered up into the cockpit, adjusted his safety belt with one hand and looked down into the two pairs of eyes that were still observing him.

DAVE pulled on the starter lever. The engine kicked over spasmodically. There was a puff of flame from the exhaust pipe. The motor backfired, missed, then began to turn over smoothly, rhythmically. There was no time to warm her up. Better take a chance with a cold engine. Dave advanced the throttle. The plane began to roll forward over the smooth floor.

He placed the automatic in his lap. No chance to use it now.

Dave cut a great circle around the clearing, looking down at the wide sheet of white light from the hangar door, but the two men whom he had outwitted were not there. He banked over and again cut across the hangar. From the wide-mouthed entrance slid the whirling propeller and spitting engine of another plane. So they were going to chase him, eh?

But he must signal to the girls, and to Gerry and Talbot. He turned due south. The dignified bulk of the old plantation house stood in the little clearing by the county road.

The two thin beams of an automobile's headlights suddenly sprang into being directly in front of the house. They swiveled around until they pointed toward Cathay. They slid ahead, passed along the uneven road and were extinguished by the overhanging boughs of trees.

Dave stared incredulously at the spot where the lights had disappeared. That must be Gerry's roadster—unless, perhaps, it were Joan's Ford, or Mueller's truck.

The roof of the great house swept up at the careening plane. The fat balloon tires on the little wheels almost flicked the ridgepole. That dark spot at the edge of the county road was Joan's Ford. But the long, graceful roadster was missing. Dave whirled his ship around in a terrific vertical bank.

There were two girls upon the lawn. The monoplane snapped viciously out of its dizzy bank and swooped again toward the house. Now he could see the girls—Sally and Barbara. Their arms were outstretched, pointing down the road toward Cathay after the car that had vanished. Joan was not with them, nor Gerry, nor Talbot.

The ship seemed to turn toward Cathay of her own volition. Dave saw only two sharp slivers of light, twisting and writhing along the county road, appearing and disappearing as the speeding roadster slipped under the spreading foliage. And then, the headlights were beneath the roaring plane. But in that moment, Dave had seen two heads in the driving seat. Two heads instead of three. Where was Joan?

There were flashing lights darting about the little clump of houses where the liquor

had been stored. He swept down on the jungle-submerged dwellings like an avenging angel. The great sprawling shadows were confusing.

He had forgotten the other plane whose whirling propeller he had seen emerge from the hangar door. It did not matter, anyway. Nothing mattered, now, but to find Joan.

There was a faint white speck on the ground near the corner house, moving slowly toward the county road. Dave did not know that his hands and feet moved on the controls but the plane dropped like a falling bullet, careening down past the tops of the pines. His eyes were focussed on that fast-growing patch of white in the moonlight. It was Hannah, struggling through the underbrush. Even as he recognized her, he saw her trip and fall headlong. Men were running away from the group of houses, converging upon a dark shape at the edge of the road which led through the jungle.

One of the flashlights fell full upon the dark bulk. It was the motor truck. The light veered away but the image remained stamped upon the pilot's memory. Upon the box seat was Joan's slender figure, struggling helplessly between two men, one of whom held her tightly in his encircling arms.

And then a new sound penetrated into his consciousness, a shrill drone that cut through the roar of his own engine. A huge black something swept across his line of vision. Instinctively he threw his ship into a twisting dive. The shadowy form of another airplane wished directly in front of him. From its inky fuselage came a vicious tongue of flame, pointed directly at his face. He ducked his head. The lead slugs whined past, biting a great chunk out of the cowl beside his face.

Dave jerked his ship out of her dizzy dive. He groped in his lap for his automatic. It was not there. It must have slipped to the floor. The gangsters' monoplane was turning in pursuit. Dave banked away from the attack, leaning over and feeling along the floorboards for the missing weapon. He must find that gun.

His index finger touched a cool, corrugated surface. Then his hand closed around the automatic. His spirits soared to tremendous heights as he took aim and fired.

THE headlights of a racing motor car appeared from beneath the trees directly below. They turned off the county highway and swept across the empty facade of the first deserted house. That would be Gerry's Hispano-Suiza!

The two planes ate up the distance between them as if by magic. The man with the shotgun would be aiming now. Dave pushed hard forward on the control stick. His plane swooped like a frightened gull. The shotgun blazed. Something snatched at his right sleeve.

The other plane was beyond the county road, now. Dave urged his own ship on, eager for another shot at the enemy. Below, Gerry's headlights were weaving among the dead houses.

Why didn't the other plane turn and fight? Dave stared at it through the glistening arc of his propeller. There was something curiously clumsy about the gangster-pilot's flying. The dark bulk of the ship was turning in an awkward, wavering half-circle.

A sudden vivid puff of crimson and yellow flared up behind the engine, swept back across the cockpit and enveloped the entire fuselage. The plane careened on, leaving behind a flame-shot plume of ruddy smoke like the tail to a comet. The whole blazing mass spun down to the ground.

Dave, horrified, saw it disintegrate with a dull, crumpling crash that could be heard above the thunder of his own motor. A wide pool of flame licked out in every direction. Dave turned away. He felt sick.

The county road slipped beneath his wings. He caught a glimpse of Gerry's headlights. Beyond, just at the edge of the clearing, Mueller's motor truck was bouncing, across the half-lighted field toward the hangar where stood the amphibian. All memory of the blazing wreck was instantly wiped from Dave's mind. He was again a fighting man. Joan was waiting for him, a captive on the truck.

GERRY'S roadster emerged from the tree-hidden road just as Dave's plane swept over the edge of the clearing. The brilliant headlights streamed across the stubble and, as the car skidded around on two wheels, focussed full upon the speeding truck. Between the two vehicles were a dozen men, racing across the clearing.

Joan was still on the box seat of the truck. The man who was holding her waved toward the idling amphibian at the hangar door. The plane's engine flamed from every cylinder. The man who held Joan looked back over his shoulder. He saw Dave's plunging monoplane and rolled backward from his seat. He landed on all fours on the bouncing platform behind the driver. Leaning over, he reached into the deep shadow beneath the seat. When he rose, he swung an odd-shaped rifle to his shoulder.

Joan rose, evaded the driver's lurching grasp and threw herself to the ground.

The odd-shaped rifle in the man's arms began to blink redly at the diving ship. Behind the blazing muzzle of the machine gun was Mueller's contorted face, fully visible in the glare of Gerry's spotlight.

Dave heard the bullets crack past. He was sharply conscious of that swarthy face and the need of reaching it before the bullets probed their way into his own body. He was adjusting his pressure on stick and pedals with expert care. He must not miss. A little higher, now. Not too much. Back, hard!

The plane leaped into the air. The right wheel which, but an instant before, had been below the platform level of the truck, swung up like a gigantic pendulum. It seemed only to graze Mueller's body in passing. But the man was swept away in a long parabola, turning over and over in the air before he crashed to the ground.

Dave looked over the splintered edge of his cockpit. Gerry's roadster was dashing about. The captured shotgun no longer blazed at the gangsters.

Three gunmen were running toward the slowly-moving amphibian. As they reached it, it began to gather speed, went on and disappeared in the darkness.

Dave's throttle was closed. He was whirling down in a dizzy spiral. Gerry's headlights were steady, now, pointing at Joan, who was running toward the car. The monoplane's wheels smacked the earth close by her side. Dave, thrusting his gun into his pocket, leaped out before the plane stopped rolling. The advancing headlights came to a halt. Talbot charged into the sparkling lane of light. But Dave was first. He swept the bewildered girl into his powerful arms. Blinded by the headlights, she tried to wriggle free, beating at him.

"Joan," Dave said, as if he were waking a sleeping child. "Joan."

AT THE sound of his voice, Joan's arms dropped to her side. She was utterly content to rest there.

"I'm all right, now, Dave," she said. "Put me down, please."

He did not wish to put her down. He could have held her for hours and hours. But the sound of Gerry's throbbing motor broke the spell. There were desperate men on that field and he, Joan and Talbot were standing in the direct rays of the headlights.

He carried Joan out of the light, then swung her into the driver's seat beside Gerry.

"Gerry," interrupted Dave, "drive back to the house with Joan. Tell Barbara and Sally that we're all right."

"Thank you, Dave," said Joan, simply. "I'll tell Barbara how wonderful you were."

The car jumped ahead toward the road.

"Come on, Talbot," Dave said, "let's get busy."

They walked over toward the now deserted hangar. Except for the still forms which lay on the field, there was no sign of Mueller's men. Mueller's sub-machine gun lay almost on the concrete ramp. Dave passed his automatic to Talbot and picked it up. The clip of bullets was half empty. From the shadows came a hail.

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"Get out of this light, Talbot," Dave snapped. Then, lifting his voice, "Well?"

"We give up!"

"All right, drop your guns and come over here," shouted Dave.

Nearly a dozen men came across the moonlit clearing. Dave and Talbot, their guns ready for instant action, watched them in silence. One man stepped forward. At sight of him, Dave's scalp tingled and his eyes narrowed into grim little slits. It was Mueller's Italian bodyguard.

"Listen," said the Italian, "we got enough, see? How about lettin' us lam away?"

The flyer steadied himself with an effort. "What's your proposition?" demanded Dave coldly.

"The Big Shot's croaked. So's three—four others. That lousy pilot's faded with the plane, him and a couple his pals. And we wanta get to hell outa here. The Big Shot's got two cars in his garage. Let us take those cars and give us enough time to get outa the state. We won't never bother you again. What do you say?"

"Who cares if a few gangsters cheat the electric chair by dying here in the back country?" commented Talbot.

Dave was deep in thought. Joan had been through so much already that the idea of dragging her through the sordid mazes of a murder trial was repellent, not to be thought of. After all, the deaths of the gangsters was a benefit to civilization. As a law-abiding citizen, he should let the majesty of the law take its course. But he had taken the law into his own hands all evening. Might as well finish up the job.

"You men take care of your own dead," he said. "Get them under the ground and out of the way. Then get as far away from here as you can go. Get started, now, before I change my mind. Leave that airplane where it is."

He turned to Talbot.

"Let's go," said Dave, restlessly.

The two boys walked obliquely through the field, glancing back at frequent intervals to see that the gunmen were not following them. But the group of hard-faced men were busy about their own business. One had started up the truck. Two others were loading something on to its board platform. Talbot shivered.

IT WAS peaceful, there in the long, straight aisles of the orange grove.

"You know, Dave," said Talbot, dreamily, "I'd sort of like to sell you a landing field."

Dave was not listening. In a few minutes he and his friends would be on their way back to St. Petersburg. He had decided to send a pilot back for the plane. It would be better never to come back here again. He could not bear to look into Joan's level blue eyes and see nothing there but friendliness.

"... and if you'd take the landing field off my hands," Talbot was saying, "I'd be tempted to buy Mueller's place."

"Pipe down!" snapped Dave irritably.

"I'm never coming back here. I'm through."

"Maybe I'll make Joan an offer for her place, too," Talbot ventured. "I might make one big place out of it. Have some men live here to run the groves and bring the garg down for shooting parties."

"Good luck to you," shrugged Dave.

A dancing white light suddenly appeared in the darkness beyond the next row of trees. The two boys stopped short.

"Who's that?" he called.

"Dave, is that you?"

He lowered the gun. It was Joan's voice. It set his pulses to hammering. He walked toward her, subduing an impulse to run, to grab her into his arms, to overwhelm her lovely mouth with kisses.

"Hello, Sally," called Talbot, joyfully.

"What's up?"

Joan and Sally were waiting side by side in the darkness.

"Sally," Joan said quietly. "You Talbot walk ahead of us, will you? I want to talk to Dave."

Talbot lost no time in stepping beside Sally. Together they turned and strolled toward the plantation house.

"I have bad news for you, Dave," Joan softly.

"What's the matter?" he asked, alarmed.

"Perhaps I'd better read you a letter," she replied. "I found it on the living table."

Her flashlight blazed down on a sheet of note paper.

"Dear gang!" she read. "Babs and I are checking out. We're getting too old for this milling about. Our nerves are shot and we yearn for the peace and quiet of the yacht and of folks who haven't forgotten how to loaf gracefully."

"It was Babs's idea, this beating it away. I have a hunch she's gone and done something perfectly hellish. But she's a good kid and can dance and play bridge beautifully. I had hoped that she and Dave would hook up, sometime, but she says she'd be bored with him."

"I had thought of waiting for you, Dave, and you, Talbot, but Barbara said you wouldn't want to come and that if you did, you could fly in your silly plane, or something. My conscience hurts, but Barbara's feminine intuition is too formidable to be ignored."

"One last word and I'm through. I think I'll shove off with the usual gang for a month's cruise in the West Indies. Babs says to tell you we'll need at least one set of chaperones—two sets would be better. If you won't join us, we'll see you at Montauk Point this summer. Pip pip—Gerry."

JOAN'S voice trailed off. Her face was troubled.

"I'm awfully sorry, Dave," she said unsteadily.

"Sorry for what?" he asked huskily.

"Why, sorry about you and Barbara, of course," she replied. "It was horrible of her to go off like this."

He reached out and gripped her by the shoulders.

"Joan," he cried, "did you think I was still in love with Barbara?"

"Yes," she whispered. "Weren't you?"

"For at least ten years," he said. "Barbara and I have been sort of half-engaged, mainly because we've known each other so long and because we hadn't fallen in love with anyone else. And when we broke it off, we were both tickled to death. Do you believe me?"

She nodded, her face averted.

"Look at me, Joan," he demanded. Her eyes met his. "I did not know until I saw you, so sweet, so beautiful, so courageous, that what Barbara and I had always felt for each other was friendship, not love. But now I know, for I know what love is like."

"I've had you in my arms, Joan, and I've kissed your lips, but I thought you disliked me and I was going away. Just as far away as I could get, hoping to run away from the pain of leaving you."

He looked deep into those soft blue eyes and read something in them that he dared not believe.

"Ah, Joan," he whispered, "couldn't you love me just a little? I'd spend the rest of my life trying to make you happy and trying to make you love me more and more. We'd fix up this wonderful old plantation so that we could spend whatever time we wished here. We'd cruise around the world together and see Paris—"

"Don't, Dave," she said softly. "Don't go on, or you'll think it is for those things that I love you!"

His arms had slipped around her waist. Her hand stole up to his head and gently pressed it down toward her face, where her lips were waiting.

(THE END)

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Take these three easy steps to instant loveliness now. Begin with the Eye Shadow, follow with the Eyelash Darkener, and finish with the Eyebrow Pencil. Then, from the height of your new found beauty, observe with what ease you attained such delightful results. This radiant transformation is achieved only by using genuine Maybelline products. Insist upon them.

Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER X EYE SHADOW X EYEBROW PENCIL

Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes



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Threesome

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